

THE
NATIONAL
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY

EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

VOL. XV. No. XXIX. JUNE, 1867.

" Pulchrum est bene facere republicæ, etiam bene dicere hand absurdum est."

NEW YORK:
EDWARD I. SEARS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
61 BROADWAY.

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NEW YORK: AMERICAN NEWS CO., 121 NASSAU STREET. BOSTON: A. WILLIAMS & CO.,
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1867.

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Every piano is constructed with their

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STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their newly invented "Upright" pianos with their "Patent Resonator" and *new* iron frame, patented June 5, 1865. This invention consists in providing the instrument (in addition to the iron frame in front of the soundboard) with an iron brace frame in the rear of it, both frames being cast in one piece, thereby imparting a solidity of construction and capacity of standing in tune never before attained in that class of instrument.

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Letter from the celebrated European Pianist, ALEXANDER DREYSSCHOCK.

Court Pianist to the Emperor of Russia.

St. Petersburg, September 29, 1865.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undiminished admiration of your *in every respect matchless* Grand Pianos (which I used at my last concert in Brunswick), and I desire nothing in the world so much as to be able to perform upon one of those masterpieces here. Send me, therefore, (care of Johann David Hoerle & Co. in St. Petersburg) one of your Concert Grand Pianos—of course at most moderate artist's prices—and inform me without delay, in which manner I can best remit the purchase money to you.

Respectfully yours,

ALEXANDER DREYSSCHOCK.

Letter from Willie Pape.

Court Pianist to the Royal Family of England.

London, England, February 4, 1866.

Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS—I am much pleased to see the rapid advances you are making and the numerous certificates you have so deservedly obtained. Should my humble opinion be of any weight, you may add that I give my *four hundredth* piano forte recital at Cheltenham on the 10th of this month, since my arrival here; that during my four annual visits to Paris, I have used the Grand Pianos of all the first European manufacturers, but have found **no instrument equal to the one I purchased of you.** In fact I consider one of your finest square Pianos equal to any one of the Grand Pianos manufactured here.

Truly yours,

WILLIE B. PAPE.

Pianist to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales.

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Distribution of Surplus in 23 yrs..\$2,200,000

Losses Paid in 23 Years, \$2,367,000.

Policies of all descriptions are issued by this Company.

Distributions of Surplus are to be made annually, beginning November,
1867.

Printed documents pertaining to the subject, together with the report of the Company for the past year, and tables of premiums, supplied gratis, or forwarded free of expense, by addressing

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STATEMENT OF THE
Washington Insurance Company,
172 Broadway, cor. Maiden Lane.
NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1867.

CASH CAPITAL - - - - \$400,000.

ASSETS, FEBRUARY 1, 1867.

| | |
|--|--------------|
| U. S. and State Bonds (market value)..... | \$352,622 00 |
| Bonds and Mortgages..... | 83,745 50 |
| Demand Loans..... | 192,835 00 |
| Cash on hand and in the hands of Agents..... | 39,198 63 |
| Unpaid Premiums..... | 19,248 16 |
| Miscellaneous..... | 53,467 65 |
| | \$741,116 94 |
| Unsettled Losses - - - - - | 29,916 94 |
| | \$711,200 00 |

A DIVIDEND OF (5) FIVE PER CENT, is this day declared, payable on demand, in Cash, to Stockholders.

ALSO, AN INTEREST DIVIDEND OF (6) SIX PER CENT. on outstanding Scrip, payable 1st of April, in Cash.

ALSO, A SCRIP DIVIDEND OF (10) TEN PER CENT. on the Earned Premiums of Policies entitled to participate in the profits for the year ending 31st January, 1866.

The Scrip will be ready for delivery on and after the 1st of April next.

The Scrip of 1861 will be redeemed on the 1st of April next, with interest, after which date the interest thereon will cease.

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THE EXERCISES WILL BE RESUMED AS FOLLOWS:

IN THE SCHOOL OF ART,

September 4.

PREPARATORY SCHOOL,

September 11.

IN THE

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND LETTERS

AND

SCHOOL OF CIVIL ENGINEERING,

September 20.

THE SCHOOL OF LAW,

October 2.

THE SCHOOL OF ANALYTICAL AND PRACTICAL
CHEMISTRY,

AND THE

SCHOOL OF MEDICINE,

October 17.

Examinations for Admission to the Department of Science and Letters will take place in the Council Room on TUESDAY, September 19, at 9½, A. M.

For Circulars, enquire at the University, Washington square.

ISAAC FERRIS,

Chancellor.

September 1, 1866.

PURELY MUTUAL.

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Its object is to afford the youth of our country the means of acquiring the highest grade of education attained in the best American universities or colleges. While its conductors mean that the classic languages shall be thoroughly studied, they have resolved to give a prominence to the higher mathematics and natural sciences not hitherto received in any similar institution in this country; thus combining the advantages of a first-class College and Polytechnic Institute.

Before receiving any degree, the classical student will be required not only to be able to translate with facility any classic author, whether Greek or Latin, whose style he has studied; he must also be able to express his ideas orally as well as in writing, with more or less fluency, at least in the latter language; whereas the mathematical student seeking similar distinction must extend his scientific knowledge so as to embrace the differential and integral calculus, together with astronomy, chemistry, &c.

The Faculty believe that neither the classics nor the mathematics claim more earnest attention, in order to constitute a sound and practical education, than the vernacular language

and literature, and accordingly their study is never intermitted at this institution, but is continued throughout the whole course in every form which has received the approval of the most experienced and successful educators.

Besides being carefully instructed in the analytical principles of the language, every student is required not only to take part in oral discussions on rhetoric, logic, moral philosophy, &c., but he must also write English essays on various subjects, which are, in turn, subjected to the criticisms of the whole class, as well as to those of the Professor having charge of that department.

Although the regular preparatory schools of the college are the De La Salle Institute, 46 Second street, and Manhattan Academy, 127 West Thirty-second street, New York, another has been established at the college for the benefit of those who wish to send their children to the institution at an early age.

TERMS:

| | |
|--|-------|
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| Entrance Fee..... | 10 |
| Graduation Fee | 10 |
| Vacation at College | 40 |

German, Spanish, Drawing, Music, and use of apparatus in the study of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, charged extra. School books at current prices.

No student received for a shorter period than one term of five months—no deductions made when withdrawn during the term. The pocket-money of the student is deposited with the treasurer.

Payment of half Session of five months in advance.

The sessions commence on the first Monday in September and end about the 3d of July.

A public examination of the students is held at the end of the session, and gentlemen are invited to examine them then, and also during the class hours of term time.

For particulars see Catalogue.

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This School has now THREE TERMS A YEAR. THE FIRST commences on the FIRST TUESDAY of September, the SECOND on the LAST TUESDAY of November, and the THIRD on the FIRST TUESDAY of March, each term continuing twelve weeks.

Three successive terms constitute the entire course, and entitle the student to become a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Laws. Each term is independent and complete as to the instruction embraced in it. The method of teaching is by lecture, examination, and practice in the Moot Courts. Two lectures are given each day except Saturdays, and two Moot Courts held each week, at which causes are first argued by the previously appointed disputants, then discussed and decided by the class, followed by the views of the presiding Professor. The law is taught both as a Science and an Art.

The immense *Law Library of the State* is open to the students, under proper regulations, and all the terms of the *Supreme Court* and the *Court of Appeals*, the highest Courts of this State, are held in the City of Albany.

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PUPILS WILL BE CHARGED FROM THE TIME OF ENTERING TO THE
END OF THE SCHOOL YEAR ;

for those who leave before the close a substitute will be accepted. The term for the following year will begin September 18, November 27, 1865 ; February 5, April 16, 1866.

Terms of Tuition :

| | | |
|--|-------|------------|
| Collegiate Department, including Latin, French, Vocal Music, and Stationery | \$200 | per annum. |
| Academic Department, including as above..... | 150 | do |
| Junior Department..... | 100 | do |
| Infant Class..... | 60 | do |
| Fuel..... | 4 | do |
| Charge for Drawing | 32 | do |
| Charge for Oil Painting..... | 60 | do |

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- ART. I.—1. *Sanchuniathonis Historiarum Phœniciæ libros novem, Græce versos a PHILONE BYBLIO, edidit Latinaque versione donavit F. WAGENFELD. (The Nine Books of Sanchuniatho's History of Phœnicia, translated into Greek by PHILO-BIBLIUS : revised and accompanied with a Latin version by F. Wagenfeld.)* Bremæ.
2. *Geschichte der Karthager, nach den Quellen bearbeitet. (History of the Carthaginians, from the Original Authorities.)* Von DR. W. BÖTTICHER. 8vo. Berlin.
3. *Scripturæ Lingueque Phœniciæ Monumenta quotquot supersunt edita et edita ad autographorum optimorumque Exemplarum fidem, edidit, additisque de Scriptura et Lingua Phœnicum Commentariis illustravit. (Monuments of the Literature and Language of Phœnicia, &c., with Commentaries.)* GUIL. GESENIUS. 4to. Lipsiæ.
4. *Réflexions sur quelques Monumens Phéniciens et sur les Alphabets qui en résultent. Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions.* Par M. BARTHELEMY. Toin. xxx. p. 405. Paris.
5. *Religion der Karthager. (Religion of the Carthaginians.)* Von DR. F. MÜNTER. 4to. Copenhagen : 1821.

THE fate of nations affords the most instructive commentary on human pride and ambition. What is better calculated to subdue the heart than the reflection that of all the States of antiquity which once exulted so much in their greatness and glory not one survives? All have passed away—many of them without leaving a vestige of their works to attest that they ever existed ; so that all we know of their story we learn from their enemies ; sometimes from

those whom they had subdued and sometimes from those who had subdued them.

It is needless for us to point out the many lessons of humanity which these facts teach; yet no study is more neglected. The large majority even of those who consider themselves enlightened affect to sneer at everything that is ancient as something pedantic, dull, and profitless. Nay, how many of those who call themselves statesmen take the trouble to avail themselves of the experience of the most enlightened nations of the past? Hence it is that there is so much national arrogance and selfishness at the present day; such a disposition to magnify our own efforts and to depreciate those of others, or ignore them altogether.

In studying the great nations of antiquity we learn to treat even our enemies with moderation and humanity; not, indeed, because the ancients always exhibited those feelings themselves, but because their history shows us how absurdly they acted when they did otherwise—as absurdly as the individual who oppresses his neighbor to-day, exulting in his power to do so, only to be oppressed himself to-morrow with still greater severity.

Another useful lesson we may learn from nations which no longer survive is that it was not those that possessed the largest territories that proved the greatest states, but generally the reverse; we find that even in those instances in which great nations possessed extensive territories their greatness was of comparatively brief duration. It is admitted by all that while Athens under Pericles was one of the smallest states in the world, it was at the same time one of the greatest; indeed, there was no state equal to it in the commanding influence which it exercised on the destinies of mankind. Subsequently, when Alexander was everywhere recognized as the conqueror of the world, his empire was not so truly great or illustrious as had been that small republic, and whatever greatness it did possess did not long survive himself.

But even Athens does not afford a more striking proof that a large territory is not essential to national greatness than the small state known to the world as Phœnicia. In modern times the Republic of Venice, the Dutch Republic, Portugal, and Great Britain—all small in territorial extent—have each accomplished great and brilliant results; but not one of them has won so much renown as Phœnicia; nay, it may be doubted whether there is one to which the

world owes so much. Let those who would deny this remember what were the circumstances under which that small community became the greatest commercial nation of all antiquity and established colonies in every part of the world that was then known.

Had they been a warlike people, like the Persians or the Romans, their success in these respects would have been intelligible enough. But they acquired nothing by brute force; they made no war on any nation, at home or abroad, except in self-defence.* They were not wanting in physical strength or courage, but they used both for other purposes than subjugating or destroying their fellow-men. By this we do not mean, however, that their conduct was always exemplary. It may be that they commenced their maritime career as pirates; that they first plundered those with whom they afterwards carried on a peaceful traffic; although there is no evidence whatever of the fact. If they were robbers in their origin, so were the ancient Romans; so were both the Normans and the Saxons.

But, unlike all these, the Phœnicians depended on the arts of peace for attaining greatness; they relied more on the powers of the mind than on those of the body. This honorable distinction has been so universally awarded to them that their descendants have claimed for them the invention of letters—a claim which the most learned investigators of different countries regard as well founded. This we shall see as we proceed. For the present it is sufficient to remark that on none but a highly intellectual people could such an honor have been conferred even by mistake. That they possessed this character is beyond dispute; the fact is readily admitted by the Persians, Greeks, and Romans, in turn, each of whom took advantage of their peaceful habits in order to plunder them of the fruits of their intelligence, skill, and industry.

In sacred as well as in profane history the Phœnicians have

* It is true that Herodotus gives a somewhat different account on the authority of "the learned among the Persians;" but, according to the statement of the Father of History, the piracy of the Phœnicians consisted mainly in carrying off pretty women wherever they found them. Thus it is that he finds them guilty of having produced the Trojan war. He thinks they would have excited the Persians to war in a similar manner, were it not that the latter were a little more philosophic than the Greeks in regard to women. "Now," he says, "to carry off women by violence the Persians think is the act of wicked men; but to trouble one's self about avenging them when so carried off is the act of foolish ones; and to pay no regard to them when carried off, of wise men; for that it is clear that if they had not been willing, they could not have been carried off."—*Herod.*, lib. i, 5.

this proud distinction. Ezekiel, Isaiah, and Joshua, as well as the poets and historians of Persia, Greece, and Rome, speak of Tyre and Sidon as superior in the arts of peace to all other cities of their time; and who is so indifferent to the history of his race as not to feel an interest in the destiny of a people who are thus renowned in the most ancient records extant? We do not believe that there are many of our readers who can be charged with indifference of this kind, and hence it is that we have resolved to devote this paper to the story of Phœnicia. In doing so, however, we pretend to no new revelation; all the assurance we can give is that we have spared no pains or labor in collecting facts calculated to shed light on the character of Phœnicia as a nation; but to this we may add that we think that those who will have the patience to accompany us in our discussion will find that we have not been entirely unsuccessful in our efforts.

In looking at the extent of Phœnicia on the map it seems impossible to believe, at first view, that the inhabitants of so small a territory could have exercised so powerful an influence on the world as the Phœnicians have done. The narrow strip of land at the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean known as ancient Phœnicia appears no larger in a map of the Empire of Alexander than a county in the State of New York appears in an ordinary map of the United States. This will be easily understood when it is borne in mind that the whole length of the state from north to south, at the period of its greatest prosperity, was but one hundred and twenty miles, while it was less than twenty miles in breadth. Thus it requires little calculation to see that the State of New York alone is large enough to furnish territory for nearly a score of such kingdoms.

So early as the time of David the Phœnicians were a highly cultivated people. When Solomon built his famous temple he depended chiefly on the Phœnician artists for adorning it. There is, indeed, little doubt among archæologists that it was the Phœnicians who did all the fine work. Nor were they thus celebrated for their superior skill only among their immediate neighbors; they were similarly distinguished throughout the world. We find that whenever the earlier Greek writers wished to bestow high praise on any manufactured article or work of art, they styled it Tyrian or Sidonian—Tyre and Sidon being the chief cities of Phœnicia. Even in the time of Homer this pre-eminence on the

part of the Phœnicians, was universally recognized. In several instances the poet gives expression to the general feeling. Thus, for example, in speaking of the silver bowl which Achilles proposed as a prize in the games at the funeral of Patroclus, in order to convey the highest idea of its beauty and elegance, he tells us that "Sidonian artists wrought it and Phœnicians brought it over in their ships."* One of the finest descriptions in the whole *Iliad* is that of the shield of Achilles,† which was also of Phœnician workmanship. The simple fact that the author of such a description entertained so high an opinion of Phœnician art is evidence that it was of a superior order, for it is impossible to doubt that Homer was a competent judge, and he had no motive for exaggerating its merit. The views of the historians on the same subject show that he merely embodied the general sentiment; and we find the same superiority everywhere acknowledged in the writings of the Hebrew prophets, who, when denouncing the Tyrians and Sidonians most strongly for their vices, never deny them that pre-eminence in the arts and sciences which affords the most conclusive proof of a high civilization. But before proceeding any further in this direction, let us take a brief glance at the history of Phœnicia, and endeavor to form an opinion of the circumstances under which so high a civilization was attained.

Who the Phœnicians really were has never been satisfactorily explained; but the prevailing opinion among ethnologists at the present day is that they were Canaanites. It appears that their own account was that they were the descendants of Ishmael, and that having been overpowered by the more numerous descendants of Isaac and driven into the narrow tract of country now known as Phœnicia, they were obliged to depend mainly on the sea for their support. Many investigators accept this theory because it accounts so well for the early knowledge which the Phœnicians had of maritime affairs. Their Canaanitish descent is objected to by those who have not devoted sufficient attention to ethnology, on the ground that Canaan, being one of the sons of Ham, his descendants should be negroes; whereas nothing relating to them is better known than that they belonged to the noblest race of mankind. This, indeed, would be sufficiently clear from the fact of their being the progenitors of

* Il., 743.

† Il., xiii. 478.

the Greeks. Whether they were or not, the latter almost universally regarded them as such; which, it is almost needless to say, would not have been the case had they been negroes, for none had a stronger antipathy to the black race than the countrymen of Homer and Herodotus. Further than to make a passing remark of this kind, we cannot regard the objection alluded to as requiring any refutation; none but the most credulous would bestow a moment's thought upon it, since it might be as reasonably alleged that the Jews of the time of Herod were negroes.

In the second century, Philo-Biblius, a learned orientalist, translated into Greek, from the original Phœnician, the *Antiquities of Sanchoniathon*; but, with the exception of some fragments, the work was lost in the dark ages. Because the original disappeared altogether, the majority of modern scholars have long regarded those "*Antiquities*" as altogether spurious, their theory being that the work was forged by Philo-Biblius. There has always been a small number, the most learned orientalists and most judicious critics who, however, have never doubted the authenticity of the translation of Philo-Biblius. Thus did the matter stand until 1825, when an eminent linguist announced to the world that he had found the whole manuscript of Philo's translation.* After having been duly examined by a committee of learned men from several of the German universities, the manuscript was translated into Latin and copiously annotated by F. Wagenfeld, Director of the Lyceum of Hanover; and Dr. G. F. Grotefend, another German savant, wrote an elaborate and valuable preface to it.

It might be thought that the efforts and assurances of such men would command respect; so they did, indeed, but only among very few; the majority of the learned world ridiculed or abused Wagenfeld and Grotefend, according as their humor led them. Because there was no other Phœnician book known to be in existence, either in the form of a translation or in the original, nothing could convince them that this was genuine. It was in vain they were reminded by the minority that if there was no other Phœnician book, there were many Phœnician inscriptions, both on coins and on monuments; and that all the eminent writers of antiquity who pretend to give any account of the Phœnicians, give them the credit of having cultivated not only

* It was found in an obscure monastery in Portugal.

literature and the arts, but also the most important of the sciences. As a specimen of the treatment which the editors and translators received even from respectable critics, we will extract a sentence or two from an article on the subject in volume xx. of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. "Our readers will recollect," says the reviewer, "that in our 37th number we noticed, with severest censure, an absurd farrago of ignorant puerilities put forth by one Fredrick Wagenfeld, of Bremen, who was, 'like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once,' and brought forth his authentic volume without any authentication save the auspicious omen of a hundred aliases of name, place, &c." (p. 97.) The critic gives us a full page of this kind, without making any attempt at legitimate criticism; yet he did no worse than many others have done. Nowhere was the translator assailed with more bitterness than in his own country; the French critics were, indeed, more courteous, but not less skeptical or condemnatory, than others. Yet it is the general opinion at the present day among the most learned investigators that the manuscript translated by Wagenfeld was the genuine version made by Philo-Biblius, in the second century, from the original Phœnician. The scholar who contributed most to vindicate Wagenfeld was the Chevalier Bunsen. After a careful comparison of the new Latin translation with the Greek manuscript of Philo and with various specimens of the Phœnician language found on monuments and coins, that eminent Egyptologist announced his entire faith in the new work.* This attracted to it the attention of other eminent scholars; and the result was that many of those who had first denounced the whole performance as spurious retracted their former statements, alleging that their mistake arose from certain obscure and badly rendered passages in the Latin version.

* In commenting on the subject in the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*, M. Ernest Renan alludes to the above facts as follows:

"Accueillie d'abord avec confiance, puis rejetée avec mépris, l'*Histoire phénicienne* de Sanchoniathon a repris de nos jours une subite faveur. M. Movers, qui d'abord l'avait releguée au rang des compositions apocryphées, s'est ensuite converti à l'opinion de ceux qui croient devoir la prendre fort au sérieux. Plus récemment, M. Evald et M. Bunsen ont essayé de montrer la grande valeur et l'origine purement phénicienne de l'ouvrage traduit par Philon. On peut dire que cette opinion est aujourd'hui l'opinion dominante en Allemagne.

"M. Evald et M. Bunsen me paraissent avoir suffisamment démontré que les fragments qui nous sont parvenus de l'ouvrage traduit par Philon de Byblos, renferment plusieurs cosmogonies de provenances assez diverses, quoique toutes réunies par d'évidentes analogies."—Vol. xliii, p. 265.

But no sooner are the learned satisfied that the works translated by Philo-Biblius were really Phœnician than another difficulty arises. M. Movers, an eminent orientalist, who had made a particular study of the Phœnician, declares that Sanchoniathon is not a proper name at all; that when reduced to its Phœnician form (*San-Chon-Jath*) it means the Whole Law of Chon, which consisted of the sacerdotal canons as they were taught in all the cities of Phœnicia. This rendering was generally accepted; and from this view of the case it followed that the supposed author, Sanchoniathon, was a myth. Philo-Biblius is again arraigned; this time he is accused in turn of ignorance and misrepresentation.* But his traducers are informed that in the Phœnician, as well as in other languages, one term may be used to express very different ideas; indeed, the Chevalier Bunsen proved to the satisfaction of all who had sufficiently studied the Phœnician that Sanchoniathon meant *collector*, as well as the *Whole Law of Chon*. It was then remembered that a similar mistake had been made in regard to the *Vedas*. *Vyasa*, which in Sanscrit means *collector*, was first regarded as the proper name of the author of those works; and it was also remembered that the word Homer (*Ὅμηρος*) means collector in Greek. None could deny, at this time, that the *Vedas* were genuine Sanscrit works. Still less could it be denied that the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were genuine Greek works; and this genuineness was not rendered the less indisputable by the fact that *Vyasa* and *Homer*, considered as individual authors, may be myths.

It is true that the works translated by Philo-Biblius, which, for brevity's sake, we will continue to speak of as those of Sanchoniathon, are not worthy of comparison,

* M. Renan agrees with most of the enlightened scholars of the present day in regarding Philo as incapable of the conduct attributed to him:

"Tout ce que nous savons du caractère de Philon repousse l'hypothèse d'une supercherie. Grammairien habile et bibliophile érudit, Herennius Philon n'est pas de la famille des faussaires. Son caractère, autant qu'on peut en juger par ses propres écrits, fut celui d'un polygraphe consciencieux."

After discussing the subject at further length, the same savant arrives at the following conclusion:

"Si Sanchoniathon était, comme on le suppose, une invention de Philon, l'antiquité ne l'eût connu que par Philon et ne lui attribuerait point d'autres ouvrages que ceux de Philon. Or il n'en est point ainsi. Suidas, au mot Σανχωνιαθων, nomme trois ouvrages. Des preuves directes établissent d'ailleurs que l'histoire phénicienne a été traduite du phénicien; une foule de jeux de mots et d'étymologies n'ont de sens qu'en se reportant à un original écrit en cette langue."

as literary performances, either with the Vedas or the Homeric poems, although they contain many passages of high merit. But it is not for their beauty they are valued, but for the light they shed on the early civilization of Phœnicia. According to the best authorities, from Eusebius to Bunsen, the work was compiled from materials communicated by a priest named Hierombalus; and the compiler is said to have been assisted by the registers of the principal Phœnician cities. This may account for the fact that it is partly a history and partly a cosmogony; it is not at all unlikely that a large portion of it, if not the whole, was regarded as sacred by the Phœnicians, for it commences with an account of the creation of the first man and woman. The historian proceeds to say that in process of time giants were born who settled in the mountains of Phœnicia, to which they gave their own names of Libanus, Berothis, and Antilibanus. The cosmogony of Sanchoniathon is now almost universally ranked as next in antiquity to that of Moses; the former is, however, entirely different from the latter.

According to Sanchoniathon, chaos and a spirit were the origin of all things. We are told that the spirit fell in love with its own principles, and that all things, animate and inanimate, were produced by this action. Nothing is said about an intelligent Creator in this cosmogony; no mention is made of a universal God, from which it is inferred that the early Phœnicians were atheists. It is true that Sanchoniathon speaks of the gods on several occasions, but they are always represented as having had a beginning and as having come into existence from some necessity of nature. Indeed, most of his gods are men who had rendered themselves illustrious by their actions. From this it is argued by a certain class of archæologists that the Phœnicians could not have been the descendants of the Canaanites, who, whatever were their faults, were worshippers of the true God; but so many nations have changed their religion, either voluntarily or under compulsion, that this argument cannot be accepted. It would be as logical to assert that because the Mexicans of the present day are Christians they cannot be regarded as the descendants of those Mexicans who sacrificed each other to their bloodthirsty divinities.

What we learn from the Greeks and Persians on the subject is that the Phœnicians were first believers in one God; that afterwards they permitted themselves to be so much influenced by their new neighbors that they combined with the worship

of Jehovah that of beings known among the ancients as natural gods—such as the sun, moon, stars, &c. The transition from worshipping the great luminaries and the elements, in proportion as they were useful, to the worship of men who had proved themselves benefactors of their race, was natural enough. To these they decreed divine honors, dedicated temples, &c. Several gods of this class are spoken of by Sanchoniathon, but the principal are *Chrysor* and *Elioun*. The former was the first mortal whom they deified, but the latter they styled the most high (*υψιστος*), and they regarded his wife, *Berouth*, as second only to himself in divine attributes and power. But when we come to examine what divine acts had been done by those pretended divinities, we find that they were the founders of the Phœnician nation.

That all this was wrong need hardly be remarked, but before we infer from it that the Phœnicians were an ignorant, barbarous people, incapable of sound reasoning, let us bear in mind that the Greeks and Romans, as well as the Persians, worshipped similar gods and goddesses at the period of their highest civilization, while producing those immortal works which have been regarded as models of excellence for thousands of years, and which the most highly-cultivated and nobly-gifted at the present day cannot pretend to equal, much less to surpass.

But before we say any more on this subject, let us give a brief specimen or two of the work which has excited more bitter controversy than Macpherson's Ossian, or any other work recently found, and for which a high antiquity has been claimed. Passing over the part of Sanchoniathon, which seems more like a series of fables than a faithful narrative of events that really took place, we come to that in which the colonizing expeditions of the Phœnicians are recorded. No student of ancient history of the present day would venture to deny that that adventurous people extended their commerce to India; it is generally deemed probable, if not certain, that they established factories near the present sites of Madras and Bombay. Be this as it may, we have an account in Sanchoniathon of an expedition to the Island of *Rachius*, which is believed to mean the Island of Ceylon. The arrival of the Tyrians, the manner in which they were received by the inhabitants and their king, and the general characteristics of the country, are described as follows

" Their landing-place was a low shore covered with high trees. After a night of storm and danger they found a good anchorage. The interior of the country contained many populous villages, whose inhabitants came to visit them, and led them to the chief or governor; he entertained them sumptuously for seven days, while a messenger was sent to the king to apprise him of their arrival. On the messenger's return, the governor conducted his guests to the king, who lived in the populous city of Rochapatta, in the interior of the island.

" They set out with a large force of spearmen in front, to do them honor and keep off the numerous elephants that greatly alarmed the travellers. The Tyrians marched next, then the villagers bearing presents; and the governor brought up the rear, mounted on an elephant and surrounded by his body-guard. On their journey they came to a river where there were many crocodiles that devoured some of the party.

" In three days they saw Rochapatta, surrounded by high mountains. As they approached it they were met by a multitude of people, some on elephants, some on asses, many in litters and palankeens (p. 675), but the majority on foot. They were presented in due form to King Rachius, and offered their gifts; horses, purple cloths, and seats (Sitzen) of cedar. The king's presents in return consisted of pearls, gold, two thousand elephants' teeth, and much cinnamon. He entertained them thirty days—ten in the chase.

" This island is surrounded by the sea, but on the northwest faces other land. It is six days' journey in breadth, and twelve in length; fruitful and well inhabited. The sea supplies stores of fish; the woods are full of animals; the cinnamon-tree plentiful; the elephants larger than elsewhere. Gold and precious stones are found in the rivers, pearls on the coast. It is governed by four kings, all tributaries, however, to one—the Great King—who receives cinnamon, elephants, pearls, and gold from them in tribute. The southern king rules the land of elephants; the second king rules the west, or cinnamon country, where the Tyrians landed; the third, the north or pearl district; the fourth, the east, or jewel tract. They are all brothers of the Great King.

" The latter possesses one thousand black elephants, and five of a lighter color, which are rare here, and found nowhere else. When one of these last is found, he is taken to the king at Rochapatta, and the discoverer is considered fortunate.

" The crocodiles are caught in pits or traps, or slain by arrows; but they are not the only pests of the island, for the winged insects (Fliegen) are so numerous and blood-thirsty that the royal messengers, in their journey through the woods, are often killed by them.

" These particulars were on their return engraved by Joram on a pillar in the court of the temple of Melikertes. This was overthrown by an earthquake (*εν τῷ πείσματι της γης*), but remains, and the inscription is still legible."

Because there are some remarks in this account which are not true of the island at the present day, certain critics do not hesitate to condemn the whole as spurious.* For a

* There is abundant testimony in all the principal languages of the world that the Phenicians had settlements in India:

" Lorsque le commerce des phéniciens, dont la marche est clairement symbolisée par les exploits de l'Hercule Tyrien," says M. Le Bas, " eut pris la route de l'Inde, il leur fallut des colonies de ce côté, et ils se firent céder par les juifs deux ports sur la mer Rouge. Plus tard ils en établirent sur les rivages de l'océan Indien et dans le golfe Persique, où l'on retrouvait, dans les îles de Bahreïn, les noms d'Aradus et de Tyr, ou Tyros."—*Précis d'Histoire Ancienne*, p. 150.

similar reason it is asserted that Sanchoniathon could not have spoken as he does of the Greeks in the following passage :

" But the Greeks, beyond all nations the most polished and mentally refined, at first, in truth, assumed several of these correct details as their own ; till, wishing to charm ears and intellects by the graces of fable, they subsequently exaggerated them beyond measure by novel and multifarious additions and an accession of ornaments. Hence Hesiod and the cyclic poets, turning everything into fable, claimed for Greece the wars, &c., of Giants and Titans, overwhelming the truth itself everywhere by their boastings. Our ears, accustomed from infancy to their fictions and preoccupied by notions existing through many centuries, once imbued with the falsehood, retain, as I have already said, what from that time gathers strength and fortifies itself in the mind ; so that to expel it becomes extremely difficult, and fact itself of no avail, while spurious and fabricated narratives obtain its place and estimation."

There is nothing in this that is inconsistent with its having been written by a Phœnician of the time in which Sanchoniathon is said to have lived, seeing that all historians agree in admitting that there was a close intercourse between the Phœnicians and the Greeks for many centuries ; it is by no means necessary to our purpose, however, to prove that Sanchoniathon is the real author of the remarks just quoted. Had no such work as that translated by Philo-Biblius ever been written there would still have been abundant evidence of the high civilization of the Phœnicians. Before we take leave of Sanchoniathon, however, we will extract another passage or two from the works that bear his name. We wish to show those of our readers who may not have devoted any attention to the subject that there is poetry as well as prose in Sanchoniathon ; but our limited space requires that we select what is brief rather than what is beautiful. For the same reason we have to omit explanatory remarks which would assist the reader in appreciating the beauty of the quotation ; but did we pursue a different course we should fill our whole article with observations on Sanchoniathon alone. It must suffice, therefore, to snatch a fragment here and there from the volume before us, allowing the author to speak for himself. The following lamentation for a brother who has been slain by a rival in love is imbued with true pathos :

" The wood rings with the voice of him who bewails the fate of his brother. The heights of the mountains hear the wailing, and the rocks re-echo it. Brother, arise, this is not the time for slumber ; let us go, that we may comfort our mother. But he neither hears me calling nor beholds my tears. A youth came to me, saying, ' Thy brother has been devoured by wild beasts on the mountains ;' but, hastening hither, I find

on thy face a wound inflicted by a sword; and well I know him who slew thee. It is thou, Caranus, that hast killed him with the sword; but me shalt thou find armed!"

Elsewhere we have a beautiful episode in which two brothers—Melitherbes and Isroas—differ about a maiden whom the latter had taken prisoner. Demaroon, the father of the young men, allowed the captive lady to choose the one she preferred, and her choice was not her captor, who, it seems, had a hideous countenance, but his brother, who was handsome and prepossessing. The rejected suitor became enraged and declared war against his rival. The latter, instead of assailing him with deadly weapons, tried to soften his resentment with poetry, of which the following fragment may serve as a specimen:

"Hawk may slay hawk, and the falling cedar of the mountain smite her sister to the ground. Wherefore art thou desirous of strife? Wherefore encampst thou against thy brother? Thou knowest me as a warrior, yet will I not engage against thee in battle. Are we not two streams, O brother, poured out from the same source? Wherefore, then, seekest thou, O Isroas! war and battle against me?"

We take a somewhat similar passage from the Book of Sons, embraced in the same work—a portion of that in which Balmachanes mourns for his banishment:

"Ammisus drove me forth; my servants mocked me. But my servants would I scourge, and slay even Ammisus. Once I sat on Tyrian purple, and my garment was of the silk of Babylon; now is the rock my house, and my garment is the desert. But think ye that I shudder when darkness sinks afar, and the storm rushes through the trees (*περιρρέται τὰ δένδρα*) as a roaring beast? or that I shrink from the light of moonshine on the mountains, or from the yellow gleams (*επο τῶν πελιδνῶν πρὸς ὥπαν*) that dart forth from every cloud? Is the lion heartless in the darkness of his lair, or have ye seen the boar in dismay? The wild boar wanders fearless through the mountain cliffs, and the roaring of the lion makes every foe to quake!"

This is much in the spirit of the Book of Job, which is also believed by critics like Adelung and Benson to be the work of a Phœnician. But we must give one extract more from Sanchoniathon—a fragment of the *Song of Sidon*. This is compared by Dr. Grotfend with the lament of Ezekiel over Tyre: in order to afford the reader an opportunity of judging for himself he places the two passages side by side; and we will do the same. The Song of Sidon is as follows:

"1. Hath the sea rolled thee as a pearl to the shore? or hast thou descended from heaven as a shooting star?"

"2. The earth shines in thy lustre, and thy beauty is reflected from the waves of the sea. When thou, O queen of the waters! lookest

round upon thy ships, thou rejoicest as a fortunate mother at the sight of her children.

"3. But lift up thine eyes afar. Tears shall roll down thy cheeks to water the land; and the sea shall resound with the voice of thy wailing.

"4. For thy ships are broken to pieces in Tartessus, and the best of thy sons are laid on a foreign shore, a prey to the vulture and the fishes!"

The verses quoted by the Doctor from Ezekiel (chap. xxvii.) are the following :

"3, 4. O Tyrus, thou hast said, I am of perfect beauty. Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty.

"9, 10. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy caulkers: all the ships of the seas, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise. They of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut were in thine army, thy men of war: they hanged the shield and helmet in thee; they set forth thy comeliness.

"26. Thy rowers have brought thee into great waters: the east wind hath broken thee in the midst of the seas.

"27. Thy riches, and thy fairs, thy merchandise, thy mariners, and thy pilots, thy caulkers, and the occupiers of thy merchandise, and all thy men of war, that are in thee, and in all thy company which is in the midst of thee, shall fall into the midst of the seas in the day of thy ruin."

No doubt the Prophet of Israel is more truthful than Sanchoniathon, for the latter makes no pretension to divine inspiration; but in our opinion there is more poetry in the Song of Sidon than in the Lament over Tyre. The second verse of the former is in the true spirit of the Oriental muse. Even the Persian poets have nothing finer. Those who deny the authenticity of Sanchoniathon must needs criticize it, however; but it suffers little at their hands. This will be sufficiently understood from the fact that one of their most formidable criticisms is that which declares some of the imagery of the song as "erroneous and impossible," on the ground that it was the *oyster*, and not the *pearl*, which rolled to the shore. The poet should have stated it thus, and what an improvement it would have been! That is, if he had said, "Hath the sea rolled thee as an *oyster* to the shore?"

According to the same critics the poet dared not to have predicted such a fate for Sidon in the presence of her king; he would infallibly have been imprisoned, we are informed, most probably put to death. True, the Prophet of Israel denounces the fall of Tyre, and does not seem to have any fear of prison or death, although one is a Phœnician city as well as the other. Tyre had its king as well as Sidon. But we are told that Ezekiel spoke thus boldly because he was inspired; Sanchoniathon did not speak as he is represented, because he was not inspired! But are none fear-

less in the expression of their opinions but those who are inspired by the Holy Ghost? Have not some modern poets spoken quite as boldly, even in the presence of their king, as the author of the Song of Sidon? Nay, have they not done so at the risk of being put to death, not to mention imprisonment or banishment?

We do not notice these criticisms, however, because they possess any force; we refer to them only as specimens of the sort of logic made use of for the purpose of proving that there never existed in the Phœnician language any such works as those attributed to Sanchoniathon; that the manuscript of Philo-Biblius was an imposture; that Grotefend and Wagenfeld, and the several learned Germans who aided them in their labors, were unprincipled characters, &c., &c. But assuming all this to be true, what would it show against the Phœnicians? Would their renown throughout the civilized world be a whit less great than it is?

Does not even Ezekiel, while denouncing Tyre, bear the most emphatic testimony to its greatness? Nowhere does Sanchoniathon praise the Phœnicians more highly; if the words of the Hebrew Prophet are carefully examined it will be found that he fully justifies the highest claims for Phœnician civilization. If great skill had not been attained in architecture it would not have been correct to say, "thy builders have perfected thy beauty." A similar remark will apply to the expression, "the ancients of Gebal, and the wise men thereof," which shows that not only did the Tyrians give employment to their own learned men, but also to those of foreign countries. And we learn from the same passage that even the Persians, who, at the time, made the nearest approach to the Phœnicians themselves, were employed in the Phœnician army.*

Even so early as the time of Moses, Sidon had become a famous city; the great lawgiver takes occasion to inform us that it had been built by Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan. On the other hand, there is nothing in the whole Pentateuch from which we could infer that there was any city in Egypt of greater splendor. Then, again, we have the testimony of Joshua, who tells us (chap. ii. 8) that Sidon had become

* Still higher, if possible, is the glory which Isaiah awards to the same city: "Who," he asks, "hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, whose traffickers are the honorable of the earth."—Isaiah xxiii, 8.

rich and powerful before the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan. Some idea may be formed of the antiquity of Sidonian civilization from the fact that Sidon had begun to decline in the time of Solomon, for Tyre had now attained the ascendancy. Thus we see that the Song of Sidon in Sanchoniathon is more ancient than the lamentation of Ezekiel over Tyre. We have evidence of this in many forms : thus, for example, we learn from many sources that Sidon was subject to Tyre in 1015 B. C., when Solomon induced Hiram, the Tyrian king, to order the Sidonians to procure from Libanus the wood which he wanted for the temple of Jerusalem. This supremacy was maintained by Tyre for at least three centuries, for it was not until 720 B. C. that the Sidonians threw off the Tyrian yoke. Once more Sidon was free ; but although there is many a brilliant event in her subsequent history, she never recovered her ancient power and prestige. This we shall see more particularly as we proceed ; but we shall also see that even in her fall she was great and glorious.

The account given by the Greeks of the origin of the Phœnicians is very different from that given by either Moses or Sanchoniathon ; and those who read it will not be much disposed to question the truth of the charge of turning everything into fable made against the Greeks in one of the extracts we have given from Sanchoniathon. The Grecian account is that Agenor was the first king of Phœnicia. He was an Egyptian and no less a personage than the son of Neptune. We are told that he emigrated into Phœnicia in 1497 B. C., and in due time became the father of a numerous family. The most famous of these were his two daughters, Isaca and Melia, who married their cousins, Egyptus and Danaus. Agenor was so good and wise a man that he was but a short time in his adopted country when he was declared king. After a long and happy reign he was succeeded by his son Phoenix, in honor of whom the country was called *Phœnice*. We are informed that Agenor had several other sons, each of whom had become a king in due time. According to Herodotus, it was the immediate successor of Phoenix who occupied the throne in the time of the Trojan war. He was an ally of the Greeks, and as such did all in his power to induce Sarpedon, king of the Lycians, to withdraw from the Trojans and join his side. Further than this nothing is known of him, except that he is said to be the Phalis, king of Sidon, whom Homer honors with the title of "most illustrious."

Undoubtedly fabulous as this account is, at least in part, it shows the high opinion entertained by the most enlightened people in the world in their time of the ancient Phœnicians. We see evidence of this feeling, which often amounts to the most profound veneration, in a thousand forms. Thus, for example, what higher respect could any people show for another than to attempt to trace their origin to them; for be it remembered that Cadmus, the Phœnician, is regarded as the founder of Athens; and he has also the credit of having contributed more than any other individual to enlighten and improve the Athenian people. Danaus, another Phœnician, son of Agenor, has the credit of having in every respect greatly improved the intellectual and social condition of the kingdom of Argos. In short, nothing is clearer than that the Greeks derived the chief elements of their civilization from the Phœnicians.*

If it be denied that it was the Phœnicians who originally colonized Greece, the fact cannot be demonstrated at the present day, although nearly all the testimony we have adduced to show the high civilization of the Phœnicians has a strong tendency to that point. But it is different with the relation of Carthage to Phœnicia; that the former was originally but a colony of the latter is beyond dispute. The Carthaginians were as much Phœnicians as the Sidonians and Tyrians. Let us bear in mind, then, that if the Greeks derived the most important elements of their civilization from the Phœnicians it is equally true that the Romans derived the most important elements of their civilization from the Greeks. Thus the Carthaginians, in their wars with the Romans, had to contend with a nation that had derived its knowledge from the same source they did themselves. This was well understood by the Romans of the Augustan age, and hence it is that Virgil has sought to prove his countrymen the descendants, not of the Phœnicians or Greeks, but of the Trojans. But famous as the Trojans had been rendered by Homer, the Roman poet did not venture to depend exclusively on that fame as the foundation of his epic; hence he introduces Dido, not as a Phœnician princess, but as the founder of Carthage; and it is admitted by all who have read the poem that the fourth book, which relates her history, is the most highly poetical and attractive part of the whole.

* See V. Cousin's Introduction to History of Philosophy, second Lecture; Bailly *Sur l'Origine des Sciences*; Schöll Hist. Lit. Gr., lib. iii, c. 3; also Renandot *Sur l'Origine des Lettres Grecques*, &c.

Without proceeding any farther in this direction for the present, may we not then ask what people of the ancient or modern world has had a more brilliant destiny than the Phœnicians, since they are celebrated in the most ancient records, sacred and profane, now extant, of the human race—first in the books of Moses and again in the two greatest epic poems ever written?

If any of their chief intellectual productions had survived in a complete form, no further testimony would have been needed to show what a high degree of civilization that wonderful people had attained. Hence it is that the most imperfect or inferior work that could be proved to have a Phœnician origin would be of the greatest value; hence, also, the controversy as to the authenticity of Sanchoniathon, which, under different circumstances, would have attracted little attention; for although, as we have said, it contains some beautiful fragments, it affords by no means a fair specimen of what the Phœnicians were capable of at the period of their highest culture. It should be perfectly understood, then, that there is nothing worthy of Phœnicia, of all her great works, now extant. Her literature may be regarded as having entirely perished. As we have remarked already, nothing remains of it save a few passages accidentally preserved in a few foreign works, and some inscriptions found on monuments, in different parts of the world that once owned her sway, together with a few more found on coins.

Before we take any notice of these inscriptions, let us pause for a moment to answer the general query—If Phœnicia had an extensive literature, if she attained to any eminence in the arts, sciences, &c., could all have been lost? In reply, we will ask another question: How did the literature of the Carthaginians perish? Does any intelligent person doubt that they had such? Their enemies never attempted to deny the fact; on the contrary, they admitted that Hamilcar, Hanno, and Hannibal were authors as well as generals; they also bear testimony to the genius of Theodotus, Heracles, Hiempsal, and Hypsicerates. These and hundreds of others wrote valuable works, but it was the policy of the Romans to destroy every vestige of Punic civilization. The sentence *Delenda est Carthago* was not confined to the doomed city, which for so many centuries was the only one on earth capable of rivalling Rome; it extended to everything that was Punic. Even works formerly translated from the Carthaginian into Latin were either totally destroyed or means were adopted to cause their origin

to be forgotten. But every student of history is so familiar with the fate of Carthage that it is needless to say more of her here than that, in spite of her heroic resistance, she and all her productions were completely blotted out of existence.

The fate of Sidon was but little, if anything, better than that of Carthage. Josephus informs us, in his *Antiquities*, that about 150 years after Sidon cast off the yoke of Tyre, Apries, king of Egypt, invaded Phœnicia with a powerful army and captured Sidon. It was subsequently taken by Cyrus; but this prince had too much respect for the productions of the intellect to suffer them to be destroyed. On the contrary, in consideration of what the Sidonians had done for civilization, he generously allowed them to retain their own king; and we learn from Diodorus Siculus (l. xxiv.) that in the war of Xerxes, Tetramæstes, the king of Sidon, commanded a fleet of forty-eight ships, which were chiefly instrumental in securing the victory gained by that prince over the Lacedæmonians. Soon after, however, the Persians commenced a system of oppression which the Sidonians found intolerable; they rose in rebellion, and, with the assistance of Nactanetus, king of Egypt, succeeded in expelling the Persians from their territory. But the latter had now grown too proud to submit to this. Darius Ochus raised a large army for the purpose of reducing the Phœnicians to obedience and invading Egypt. The commander of the Egyptian auxiliaries entered into a plot with the Persian king by which he placed the king of Sidon in his power and induced him to betray his own people. When the Persian army approached, the Sidonians, true to their ancient spirit and valor, prepared for a vigorous resistance. Hermes, their king, under pretence of carrying out their wishes, marched out of the city with a large army, taking with him a hundred of the principal citizens, who, he said, were to take part in a general assembly of the Phœnician States. But instead of attacking the enemy or holding any assembly, he marched directly to the Persian camp and delivered up the hundred citizens to Ochus, who caused them to be immediately put to death. The terrified Sidonians, finding themselves thus betrayed on all sides, sent a deputation consisting of five hundred citizens of the first rank to implore the mercy of the conqueror; but Ochus put them all to death, as he had the first hundred. No hope was now left them, for they had previously burned all their ships so as to prevent any more treachery. Rather than give so unprincipled an enemy the

satisfaction of subduing them, they shut themselves up, with their wives and children and most valuable effects, in their houses, and, setting fire to them, perished, to the number of forty thousand souls. Nor did the traitor king escape the general destruction; for Darius Oclius, either exasperated at the ruin of the city, or detesting the traitor, who could render him no further service, ordered his throat to be cut. Whatever was capable of being destroyed by fire perished; nothing was left to the conqueror but gold and silver melted into large lumps, which were afterwards found among the ruins. This catastrophe took place 351 B. C. Now, need we add a word to show that there is nothing strange in the fact that no Phœnician books or specimens of Phœnician art have reached our time?

It will be admitted that it is no reflection on Phœnician civilization to say that a passage of some sixteen lines in the first scene of the second act of the *Pœnulus* of Plautus is the longest specimen of the Phœnician literature and language now extant. Of these lines the first ten are Carthaginian and the remaining six are Lybico-Phœnician. The whole has been rendered differently by different orientalis- t; although all competent to undertake so difficult a task agree as to the general sense of the passage. The scholars who have devoted most attention to it are Bochart and Gesenius. The former, whose interpretation agrees pretty closely with that of Plautus, is of opinion that the Phœnician is to be read in Roman characters as follows :

1. N'yth alonim valonuth sieorath jismacon sith
2. Chy mlachai jythmu mitslia mittebarum ischâ
3. Liphoreaneth yth beni ith jad adi ubinuthai
4. Birua rob -yllohomalonim ubymisyrlohom
5. Bythlvm moth ynoth othi helec h Antidamarchon
6. Ys sideli : brim tyfel yth chili schontem liphul
7. Uth bin imys dibur thim noenth nu' Agorastocles
8. Ythem aneti hy chyr saely choc, sith naso.
9. Binni id chi lu hilli gubylim lasibit thym
10. Body aly therâ yun' yann yss' immoneor lu sim."

The following is Bochart's Latin version :

"Rogo deos et deas, qui hanc urbem tuerentur, ut consilia mea contemplantur: prosperum sit ex ductu eorum negotium meum. Ad liberationem filii mei a manu praedonis et filiarum mearum.

"Dii (inquam id praestant) per spiritum multum qui est in ipsis et per providentiam suam.

"Ante obitum diversari apud me solebat Antidamarchus. Vir mihi familiaris: sed is eorum coetibus iunctus est quorum habitatio est in caligine (i.e. mortuus est). Filium ejus constans fama est ibi fixisse, Agoras-

toelem (nomine). Sigillum hospitii mei est tabula sculpta, ejus sculptura est deus meus; id fero.

"Indicavit mihi testis eum habitare in his finibus.

"Venit aliquis per portam hanc: ecce eum: rogabo nunquid noverit nomen (Agorastocles)."

This shows that the author was not an atheist, but that his religion was pretty much the same as that of the Greeks and Romans, for it commences with an invocation to the gods and goddesses who had charge of the city that they would liberate the sons and daughters of the person who addresses them from the hand of the robber. Then it proceeds to speak of the superior gods, their divine spirit, their providence, &c. Then the writer says: "Antidamarchus, who was a particular acquaintance of mine, was in the habit of lodging with me before his death, but he is now joined in the meetings of those whose habitation is in darkness" (eorum cœtibus junctus est, quorum habitatio est in caligine). But it is sufficient to say that the passage contains a continued discourse, and is very sententious; and there is no other specimen of the Phœnician language known to exist of which the same can be said. Gesenius admits that the version of Bochart is very nearly correct according to the manner in which he has arranged the original. He makes a different arrangement himself, which is as follows:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Yth alonim valonuth | siecarthi simacom syth |
| 2. Chym lacchu yth tunmay | 'sthyal mythibarum ischi |
| 3. Liphocaneth yth byn achi | iadidi ubynuthu |
| 4. Birna rob syllohom | alonim ubynysyrthohom |
| 5. Bytlilym moth ynn | echoth li velech Antidamaschon |
| 6. Ys sid dobrim thyfel | yth chyls choa them liful |
| 7. Yth binu ys | dibburu hinn ocaru Agorastocles |
| 8. Yth emanethi by chyr saely | choe syth naso; Bynni |
| 9. Id chi llu bily gabulim | lasibit thym |
| 10. Bedy aly thera ynnynu ysl ym | moncor lu sim." |

We also give his Latin version, which, it will be seen, differs little from that of Bochart:

- "1. Superos Superasque celebros huius loci,
2. ut, ubi abstulerunt prosperitatem meam impleatur iussu eorum desiderium meum
3. servandi filium fratris mei e manu praedonum et filias meas
4. virtute magna quae diis (est) et imperio eorum.
5. Ante mortem ecce amicitia (erat) mihi tecum, o Antidama:
6. (qui erat) vir contemnens loquentes fatua, strenuus robore, integer in agendo:
7. Filium eius est fama hic (esse) cognatum nostrum Agorastoclem:
8. Foedus meum (i. e. tesseram foederis), imaginem numinis mei pro more fero, indicavit
9. festis, quod hae regiones ei (sunt) ad habitandum ibi.
10. Servi ad ianuam: ecce hunc interrogabo, num cognitum ei sit nomen."

It will be seen that the principal difference is that while Bochart speaks of the departed friend as a man (*Antidamarchus*), Gesenius does so as of a woman (*Antidama*). Another discrepancy is that while Bochart translates "the liberation of my son," Gesenius renders the same phrase "preserving the son of *my brother* (*servandi filium fratris mei*)."

So complete was the destruction of Phœnician civilization that in Phœnicia Proper there are very few inscriptions to be found. None at all on monuments; and the few found on coins are not more ancient than the second century of our era. Those found in Cilicia, upon the other hand, date back as far as the epoch of Persian domination in Phœnicia. It is remarkable that more are found in the island of Cyprus than anywhere else. Near the site of Citium, on the southern coast of the island, thirty-three pieces of sculptured marble were found by Pococke in 1738, each containing an inscription in the Phœnician language. One of these marbles was subsequently brought to England by Dr. Porter, and is now regarded as one of the most valuable archaeological specimens in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in which it was deposited at the time. It is a striking peculiarity of the inscriptions of the Phœnicians that the majority of those now extant are bilingual. Sometimes the second language is the Libian, sometimes the Persian, and sometimes the Greek. Thus we learn what language besides the Phœnician was generally spoken in the countries in which the inscriptions are found. It is, therefore, a highly interesting fact that none of the inscriptions found at Cilicia or Cyprus are bilingual; all are pure Phœnician, which shows that when they were engraved this was the only language generally used in those places. Even at Athens several Phœnician inscriptions have been found; but all are bilingual—Phœnician and Greek. Three of these are of great value. One may be seen at the Louvre in Paris; another at the United Service Museum in London, and the third at the Royal Library in Leipzig. Each is on an elegant tombstone of Pentelic marble, and all are in memory of Sidonian or Tyrian merchants who had died at Athens. The translation of the Phœnician part of the inscription on the marble in the United Service Museum is as follows:

"The tomb for remembrance among the living of Abd-Tanith, the son of Abd-Shemesh, the Sidonian."

Nowhere in Europe have more Phœnician inscriptions

been found than in the island of Malta; but most of them are in so bad a condition as to be utterly unintelligible. Among those that are legible two are highly prized. They are the bases of two candelabra, each of which contains a bilingual inscription; one is preserved in the Public Library at Malta, and the other at the Museum of Antiquities at Paris, having been presented to Louis XVI. by Rohan, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta. The inscription on this has puzzled the most eminent archæologists; of some fifty translations that have been given of it by as many orientalists only two or three have the negative recommendation of not being absurd; the majority are utterly unintelligible. But the version of Gesenius is admitted by the best judges to be as nearly correct as it was possible for any modern scholar to render it: we transcribe his Latin interpretation, but it is the last inscription we can notice in the present article:

"Domino nostro Melcarto, domino Tyri. Vir vovens (est) servus tuus (i. e. sum ego) Abd-Osir cum fratre meo Osirchamar, ambo filii Osirchamari, filii Abdosiri. Ubi audiverit vocem eorum, benedicat iis."

The inscription may be freely rendered into English as follows: "To our lord Melcartus, lord, or god, of Tyre. I, thy servant Abd-Osir, am a pious man, as is also my brother Osirchamar, both sons of Osirchamarus, son of Abdosiris. When he (Melcartus) hears the voice of these, let him bless them."

Although, as we have seen, there are but few specimens preserved of the Phœnician language, there is but little doubt among orientalists as to its character. The most ancient specimen known is that on a Cilico-Phœnician medal supposed to have been struck in celebration of the naval victory of the Persians at Cnidus, in the third year of the ninety-eighth Olympiad, or 394 B. C.; and the most modern is that found on a triumphal arch at Tripoli, which was erected in the reign of the Emperor Septimus Severus, A. D. 203. That the language had been spoken and written centuries anterior to the former period is not to be doubted; and it is still more certain that it was in use for at least two centuries after the time of Severus, although it began to degenerate a century before our era, and from this time forward its sphere was gradually diminishing. But assuming that it was spoken generally only during the period the boundaries of which are indicated by the two inscriptions just alluded to, this would embrace nearly six hundred years. During this time it was spoken not only in Phœnicia

Proper and Carthage, but more or less also along the whole coast of the Mediterranean, in all the islands of the Mediterranean, and in all the trading parts of India and Persia. There are learned philologists who have no doubt that it was once spoken in all the British islands; nay, some respectable authorities, including Vallancey, O'Connor, and Sir W. Betham, go so far as to maintain that the Irish, if not identical with the Phœnician, makes the nearest approach to it of all other dialects; and their opinion is considerably strengthened by the researches of Pritchard and Adelung.

The more general opinion, however, is that the Phœnician was more like the Hebrew than any other known language. The best ancient authorities that are quoted in support of this view are Jerome and Augustin, the latter of whom lived at a time when the Punic tongue still flourished in Africa, and was himself a native of Carthage.* In several parts of his writings he gives expression to the same opinion. But one instance will suffice. In his commentaries on John (ch. 15), he says: "These languages (the Hebrew, Punic, and Syriac) are cognate." The testimony of Jerome is equally clear: "Tyre and Sidon," he says, "are the principal cities of the Phœnician seacoast; whence, also, the Pœni are corruptly called *Phœni*. Their language, in a great measure, resembles the Hebrew."† Many eminent modern philologists adopt these views. But it is fair to add that not one of them adduces any evidence which conflicts in the least with the theory of Vallancey, O'Connor, and Betham, although certain critics who know nothing of the subject have affected to be very witty at the expense of the latter gentlemen, forgetting, in their ridicule, that a language may have a very close affinity with the Hebrew and still be cognate with so ancient a dialect as that of the ancient Celts.

But whatever doubt there may be as to the peculiar character of the Phœnician language, there is no doubt as to its having once been as universal, at least among commercial nations, as the French is at the present day. Indeed, its sphere was wider than that of the French, although perhaps it was not spoken or understood by so large a number as the latter language is. But the French is confined to Europe and America, whereas there was no important state in any part of the Old World, in Asia, Africa, or Europe, in which the Phœnicians had not colonies.

It is equally undisputed that wherever they went they

* Contra Jul., 3, 17.

† Jer. Comment., 5, 25.

brought the arts and sciences with them; and they everywhere encouraged the cultivation of both. History fails to show that any people, not excepting the Chaldeans, Egyptians, or Hindoos, were acquainted with the mathematics, astronomy, and the mechanic arts before the Phœnicians, who not only cultivated them extensively, but brought them to perfection. Many of the discoveries and inventions claimed by the moderns as original had been known to the Phœnicians thousands of years previously. Moderns, like Kepler and Laplace, give them the credit of having been acquainted with the mariner's compass. That they must have been acquainted with some such instrument is certain; without it they could not have performed the long voyages they did. That they were the inventors of glass nearly all agree; and there is equal unanimity as to their having been the first "workers in metals" and the first chemists.* It is true that others may have been acquainted with those sciences before them; but we find no account of them anterior to their time. Nor is it from Sanchoniathon, or any other Phœnician, we have this fact; like almost every other fact relating to the same people, we have it from foreign nations—those who were frequently if not always their enemies, namely, the Persians, the Babylonians, and the Greeks.

If we had no other records of the Phœnicians but those on the most ancient of the monuments of Egypt, they would be sufficient to show that they must have been a highly enlightened and cultivated people; for they are described with singular minuteness in the mural paintings so finely copied by Champollion. In these paintings we see their modes of dress as plainly as if we had lived in their time. Even their complexion, color of hair, style of features, size, &c., are plainly shown. This fact is of great importance, because it entirely sets aside the thoughtless representation of certain fanatics that the Phœnicians were black. On these monuments, where all races are represented, the Phœnicians have the decided European cast of features. Far from being black or curly, their hair is long and flaxen; their complexion decidedly florid; their eyes are blue; they are tall in stature and well developed.

* "Inventeurs ingénieux, ouvriers habiles, ils découvrirent la manière de préparer la laine, de travailler le verre, de donner aux étoffes cette précieuse teinte de pourpre si renommée chez les anciens, de fabriquer toutes sortes d'objets de parure, et d'utensiles de luxe."—*Péris d'Histoire Ancienne* de M. Ph. Le Bas, p. 129.

Their general dress was a short cloak, thrown gracefully over the shoulders, reaching to the elbows, and confined at the waist by a golden girdle. The under garment was of the finest linen; this, too, was fastened to the waist, and it extended to the ankles. Another favorite garment was the flowing mantle. The predominant colors among the higher ranks were scarlet and purple. In some of the paintings the different classes or orders are plainly distinguished by their styles of dress. Thus the statesman has one style wherever he appears, the philosopher has another, the merchant another, the soldier another, &c.; and each is further distinguished by the manner in which his hair and beard are dressed. But it is the arms and accoutrements that show most; this is particularly true of the helmets and shields. None competent for the task can examine these without admitting that when Homer speaks of "Sidonian art" as of the highest order, he is correctly informed on the subject.

Long before the paintings giving the above curious information were discovered, the Greeks and others had spoken in terms of the highest admiration of the productions of Phœnician art. In speaking of the temple of Hierapolis, Lucian makes the following remarks:

"There are here majestic statues, in which one almost believes he sees the gods breathing in person: they perspire: they move and deliver their own oracles. Voices have often been heard in the temple by many people when it was closed. I have seen nothing elsewhere so rich in my life. Immense presents were sent to it from Arabia, Babylon, Cappadocia, &c. Cilicia and Assyria also make it their offerings. I have seen a large quantity of clothing there disposed in secret places, besides all that is observed in gold and silver. Nowhere else in the world are *fêtes* so frequent and so numerous."

We have already seen why it is that so few even of the names of illustrious Phœnicians have reached our time. It is easy to understand that those whose works are lost are soon forgotten, especially when no fellow-countrymen survive to bear testimony to their genius. Yet, as already remarked, there are still some Phœnician names that rank among those of the greatest of mankind. Thus we learn from the best authorities of different nations—Hebrew, Greek, and Persian—that Moschus, a native of Sidon, taught the doctrine of atoms, before the era of the Trojan war; and Diodorus Siculus tells us that it was a fragment of the work of this philosopher that suggested to Lucretius the idea of his famous poem *Rerum Natura*.

There are a few others who have bid defiance to the ravages of time, but we can only allude to one or two. We mention these in order to show that even in her degenerate days, and while bearing a foreign yoke Phœnicia gave occasional proof of the intellectual vigor of her sons. Thus, be it remembered that Terence, undoubtedly the best dramatic author that ever wrote in the Latin language, was a native of Carthage and had once been a slave. His Roman master, who had purchased him in the usual way, soon discovered that he was a person of fine talents, and not only gave him his liberty, but had him thoroughly educated. Even Virgil or Horace does not surpass Terence in elegance or purity of style; the comedies of the latter being universally regarded as the finest specimens of the Latin language.

Porphory, another great thinker, was born at Tyre towards the middle of the third century A. D. First he studied under the Christian Father Origen. Subsequently he went to Athens, where he became a pupil of the celebrated philosopher and critic Longinus. He wrote several philosophical works; but the best of them have perished. Yet another illustrious Phœnician was Heliodorus, who flourished towards the close of the fourth century. He was only nineteen years when he wrote a Greek romance entitled "*Æthiopica*; or, The Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea," which is universally regarded by competent judges as one of the best performances of its kind ever written. This may seem exaggerated praise; but we are sustained in our estimate of this romance by the opinions of the most competent critics of several centuries and of the most enlightened countries. We need only mention a few facts in order to render it needless to refer to any direct testimony as to the merits of "*Æthiopica*." Thus, had it not been a great work, is it likely that a poet like Tasso would have borrowed so largely from it as he has? for be it remembered that the circumstances of the birth and early life of Clorinda are introduced into the twelfth canto of the *Gerusalemme*, with scarcely any alteration, from the story of the infancy of Chariclea. Nor is Tasso the only Italian of eminence who has deigned to borrow from Heliodorus. Guarini, the author of the *Pastor Fido*, owes many of his finest scenes to the same romance. Were we to mention the number of French, English, and Spanish authors who have drawn their principal incidents from "*The Last of the Tyrians*," we should seem to indulge in Eastern hyperbole. But none acquainted with his "*Æthiopica*" would wonder at the

influence it has exercised. In the first place, it is written with great elegance and perspicuity, and is a model of unaffected simplicity. Then it contains the fullest and truest account we possess of the manners and customs of the Egyptians of the author's time. In no other work are the pirates of the Mediterranean so faithfully portrayed. Indeed, its chief defect is that its leading incidents are those in which outlaws take a prominent part, and that their conduct excites little aversion, but is regarded as a matter of course. There are not many who know that Byron is indebted to the descriptions of these robbers for some of the best passages in his "Corsair;" but such is the fact.

Few would have thought that the author of so amusing and ingenious a story would become a minister of religion. But Heliodorus carefully studied theology and was duly ordained a priest; he officiated for many years as such and when it was thought that he had fully proved his qualifications, he was made Bishop of Thessaly,* as a reward at once for his piety, his genius and his learning. Heliodorus wrote several other works, including an iambic poem on Alchymy.* But he was the last of his countrymen who distinguished himself as a great and good man. Long before his time Phœnicia had ceased to be numbered among the nations of the earth; she had passed under the yoke of several conquerors and had in turn paid them taxes.

Among the various vicissitudes which the country had undergone was that of its being relinquished by Mark Antony to Cleopatra; and the greater part of it was soon after bestowed on Herod by the Emperor Augustus. But little remained at this time than the soil. Not only had the people disappeared in hundreds of thousands; most of their cities had met with a similar fate; and those that still remained were but the wretched skeletons of what they once had been. All agree that no people of all antiquity were so tenacious of life as the Phœnicians. While constantly sending colonists in large numbers to all parts of the world, they were as constantly increasing at home. More than once Tyre and Sidon were utterly destroyed and their citizens put to death in incredible numbers by the combined scourges of famine and war; but again and again were they rebuilt. Even

* Socrates, Hist. Eccles.

† *Περὶ τῆς τῶν φιλοσόφων μυστικῆς τέχνης*, "On the occult science of the philosophers."

at the present day Tyre and Sidon, unlike Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, and many other ancient cities, have some vestiges left to attest their former glory. But Tyre, now *Soor*, is but a desolate, repulsive village. Its splendid harbor is choked up, yet it is visited by hundreds on account of the broken columns of granite, marble, and porphyry which mark the outlines of the ancient city.

The walls of Sidon, now *Saïde*, are still standing, though in a dilapidated state, but its harbor has been filled up, so as to be only fit for small boats. The present inhabitants of both cities are chiefly fishermen; and a more degraded race is nowhere seen. It is hardly necessary to remark that they are not Phœnicians, but the descendants of the lowest class of the Egyptian, Persian, and Roman soldiery who captured and pillaged the Phœnicians at different times. That noble people no longer exists. It was once thought by philosophers throughout the world that a catastrophe like this could never occur; they felt persuaded that whatever might be the fate of the mother country, then grown old, her vigorous and flourishing colonies would render it impossible to destroy the Phœnician race. But Carthage, the greatest and most powerful of all, was the first to perish, literally disappearing from the face of the earth.

So much for the pride and power of nations! For several centuries Carthage despised all nations save Rome; even the boasted Mistress of the World she began to despise towards the end; nor can we wonder at this, seeing that Hannibal continued to occupy large portions of Roman territory in the heart of Italy for nearly nineteen years, fighting many great battles during this time and gaining signal victories over the chosen legions of Rome. Few thought at this time that Carthage would perish before her rival; but the Romans were still young as a nation, while the Phœnicians were rapidly becoming effete in spite of their colonial empires.

- ART. II.—1. *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States.* By ALEXANDER WILSON. 9 vols. Phila.
2. *Birds of America: Ornithological Biography.* By J. J. AUDUBON. Edinburgh.
3. *A Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada.* By THOMAS NUTTALL, A. M., F. L. S.
4. *The Architecture of Birds.* By JAMES RENNIE, A. M., A. L. S. Chas. Knight: London.

IN the early days of spring, the birds—her blithe and welcome messengers—returning from their Southern hibernation, fill the air with life and melody. Many of the fraternity return with eager attachment to their last year's nesting-places, seeking their haunts in leafless coverts, chill with the winds of March; some, still faithful to their former union, hovering about their mates with tender twitterings, or soaring high above them in an ecstasy of song; others, gorgeously plumed sultans, attended by a throng of favorites—all making the young season vocal with their presence. If, from the myriads who enliven the earth, we would select the most brilliant and striking combination of colors, we need scarcely outstep the bounds of our own forests; from the minute gem, the ruby-throated humming-bird (*trochilida*), to the enormous black-winged condor (*cathartes*), who broods like a gloomy cloud upon our northern borders, an endless variety of formation presents itself. To delineate fully the manifold genera, their character, voice, architecture, and mode of life, would require volumes instead of the pages we here devote to that purpose; even in the former a complete and accurate account of their peculiarities could not be afforded. It is only the dweller in the woods and fields, the lover and student of nature, who hears the first song of the skylark, and who listens to the nightingale in his covert of rose-laurels through the beauty of the southern night, that can learn the secrets of their haunts. We are charmed with the brown-coated songster of the woods, that shy and distant voice of nature, who has by heart the whole repertoire of forest opera, the soul of the music that is in the falling of the leaves and the soft dropping of the summer rain; but we must not fail to notice at some length those species which form the legitimate quarry of the sportsman.

Hunting and shooting have been favorite diversions since the earliest ages, when every royal seat had its

paradise—a term synonymous with hunting-close—down through the later classic times and the reigns of Saxon and Norman kings, when even the egg of a heron, a bittern, or a hawk was worth a body full of plebeian blood, to the present day, when every country-boy has shot his lark or his yellow-hammer. To the true sportsman who scents the fragrant morning gales upon the uplands, or the salt sea air in the reedy haunts of the wild-duck and teal, the bodily recreation and the exercise of skill and patience are only equalled by the pleasure of tracing the hidden beauties of nature in her secret places; for nowhere are her harmonies more apparent than in the structures, the peculiarities, and the habits of birds. All these departments afford the widest field for study.

The anatomical frame is organized to afford the greatest possible extent of energy and buoyancy, the muscular system is fine and strong, and the respiratory function most highly developed. The wings, the chief organ of power, are of the frailest materials; yet they strike the air with astonishing force; and their plumage, soft and delicate, of non-conducting down and imbricated feathers, while it protects the body from sudden atmospheric changes, in no way detracts from the necessary qualities of action. The bones are light and thin, the lungs placed near the backbone and ribs; the air inhaled is not confined to the lungs, but passes through various parts of the body by means of membranous cells; the bones of the wings and thighs are penetrated by these cells, and many of the capillaries are submitted to atmospheric influence; this confined air, besides promoting the ease with which a bird sustains itself on the wing, seems to be necessary to respiration, as a rapid flight, causing resistance of the atmosphere, would otherwise retard it. A greater degree of heat is also probably due to this aëration of the vital fluid. In those species where the superficial development of the wings does not enable them to act upon the atmosphere in a degree sufficient to overcome the force of gravity, they assist the posterior extremities in the process of locomotion; as in the ostrich (*struthio camelus*), beating the air while the body is propelled by powerful leg action, and the penguin, acting after the manner of fins. Very seldom is the wing reduced to the position of a mere weapon, and never does it afford support or prehension.

Birds, as a class, are geographically distributed from pole to pole, but, as families, are confined within certain limits;

and many of the inhabitants of one portion of the world find their counterparts, with a trivial difference, in those of another. These laws of distribution are modified by habits of migration, and the passage of different genera takes place at different seasons and under widely opposite circumstances.

The ornithological kingdom may be divided into two great classes, Granivorous and Carnivorous; and some exceptional genera combine the two. The former have longer intestines and two stomachs; the food after entering the first of these is acted upon by a glandular secretion exuding from its surface; from thence it passes into a second digestive organ and finally into the gizzard, which is formed of two strong muscles, connected externally with tendinous substance and lined with a thick membrane of remarkable power and strength; it is here thoroughly triturated and prepared for the operation of the gastric juices. The disposition of this order is gentle; they live wholly on the defensive, rear their offspring with great care and tenderness, and rid the earth of insects and worms injurious to vegetation. This genus includes the many useful domestic species, such as the hen, peafowl, and pheasant, originally from India; the goose, duck, and pigeon, from Europe; the guinea-hen from Africa; the American turkey; the Chinese, Canada, and Muscovy duck, and the graceful and elegant swan of Europe and Australia. Deserts are avoided by this class, and but few are found in deep forest recesses; they fly only from severe winter storms, and return with early spring. Among them the diurnal migrators are wrens, creepers, blue-birds, swallows, larks, cross-bills, and several others; owls, butcher-birds, king-fishers, thrushes, night-hawks, and a number of aquatic birds are nocturnal travellers, while some species, such as herons, motacillas, plovers, wild-geese, cranes, and swans, fly southward both day and night; they all fly high, and in flocks, with a leader whose calls are promptly and cheerfully obeyed. Some of the water birds, coots, rails, penguins, divers, and guillemots, make their journeys by swimming, as their gait on land is slow and heavy. All these generally migrate southwest in autumn and northeast in spring; the habits of passage are not confined to the inhabitants of the northern and temperate regions; the tropical birds pass from one part of their range to another in certain seasons—for instance, the campanero, (*marhynchos carunculata*), whose voice is clear and sonorous like the prolonged tolling of a bell, is rare in Demerara at

the breeding season; then its solemn note is heard pealing through the forests of Brazil.

The members of the second class are particularized by long wings, powerful muscles, strong hooked bills, sharp claws, large heads, short necks, and strong muscular thighs; their sight keen and far, piercing beyond the range of human vision; their talons retractile, and admirably adapted to their system of aggressive warfare. Fierce and unsociable, they often drive their unfledged young from the nest, which is formed in gloomy forest depths and mountain solitudes.

The *raptors*, or birds of prey, who live mostly on flesh, mount high in the air, except when they descend in search of food; they are provided with a peculiar skeleton, the sternum being broad and ossified to afford an extensive insertion of the muscles; the fourchette is semi-circular and widely separated to resist the violent motions of the humerus in rapid flight. Their intestines are smaller in proportion than those of the first class; bills short and robust, compressed at the sides and curved at the end; the upper mandible is coated at the base with the thick fleshy substance of the cere, and in this the nostrils are generally placed. The feet are strong and short, with a rough sole and four toes, placed three in front and one behind, all equally touching the ground. The female is larger than her mate, taking the sole charge of the brood, sometimes being compelled to defend them from the attacks of the male. Their fierce and contentious dispositions and their ravenous appetites predispose them to solitude; their prey is usually entirely devoured, and the indigestible parts, such as hair, feathers, or bones, are ejected from the stomach in pellets.

Of this order are the vultures, ignoble gregarious birds, usually confined to warm climates; they feed on carrion, small animals, reptiles, and birds' eggs. They are of an indolent, disgusting figure, fœtid scent, and heavy gait; the feet and claws are destitute of the powerful armature of those birds of prey which attack large animals. Their manner of flight is slow and steady, and their sight and scent excessively keen. The American species embraces the condor (*cathartes gryphus*), who inhabits the Andes of South America and sometimes the Rocky Mountains. Its disposition is cowardly, but it has been known to attack large animals until by repeated wounds they fall and die; it then gorges itself upon the flesh. The female nests upon a few sticks laid together on

a rocky ledge and produces two eggs; the young are of a dull uniform brown, which gradually changes into dusky black, varied with white upon the wings; the latter do not extend beyond the tail. The neck is furnished with a white collar, and the male has a fleshy crest. The king vulture (*cathartes papa*) is of a reddish white color, with black wings and tail; the flesh tints of the head and neck being red, orange, and purple, and the collar bluish-gray; the whole under-parts are dusky white. It is found in America from the 30° north latitude to the 32° south, and is most numerous in the torrid zone. It derives its name of king vulture from its habit of driving off from their prey the common vultures or turkey buzzards of the Southern States. The female is somewhat smaller than the male, of a brownish black, and destitute of caruncles; the young are dark-blue, with white under-parts. Its food is snakes, lizards, rats, and carrion. The turkey buzzard (*cathartes aura*) inhabits from north latitude 41° to far south. Its plumage is dusky black, the neck feathered, and the wings not extending beyond the tail; the young are dark-brown, spotted with white; the eggs two in number, and hatched in some swampy solitude in the hollow of a decayed log.

This species congregates about settlements in search of food, and roost at night in trees, and in the winter season upon the tops of houses near the chimneys for warmth. In fine clear weather they amuse themselves by rising rapidly into the air in wide gyrations, until they reach the higher regions beyond the thin clouds. The carrion-eater most common in the north is the carrion crow (*corvus corone*). It is wholly black, with the neck feathered, and the wings and tail equal; the young are brown. It abides near settlements and farms in quest of food, and is strongly scented with a musky odor.

The falconinæ have the head well feathered, the bill hooked and commonly curved, with the lower mandible rounded, and both sometimes notched; the nostrils, round or ovoid, are open and situated in the cere. The tarsi are clothed either with feathers or scales, the toes placed three in front and one behind, and the nails are retractile, sharp, and hooked. These are the noble birds of prey; they are possessed of great strength and temerity, and sometimes employ stratagem to capture their quarry, which consists of fish, reptiles, birds, and small quadrupeds. Their vision is acute and their flight long-continued and rapid; the females are larger

than the males. Their voice is harsh and wailing, except, perhaps, the *falco musicus* of Caffraria, which chants a succession of notes, clear and sweet, at early morning and night.* Of this family are the gyrfalcon, pigeon-hawk, merlin, American sparrow-hawk, &c.

The aquilæ have a strong elongated bill, straight at the base; the feet are robust, toes stout, and armed with long, in curved nails, the tarsus fully feathered, and the wings long. They are among the most powerful birds of prey; they pursue their food with rapid flight, and birds and sometimes large animals are carried to their nests entire. Their sight is keen, but their sense of smell imperfect; sometimes when impelled by hunger they feed on carrion. Their habitations are fixed in mountainous places. Of this family are the royal or golden eagle, the bird of Washington, a bold and vigorous fisher, and the bald eagle of the sea and lake coasts of Europe, Asia, and America. Their food is fish, obtained by stratagem and rapine, fowls, and the young of sheep, deer, and pigs.

In the genus *astur* the bill is strong, with the upper mandible well defined, the tarsus long and scaled, the middle toe longer than those at the side, and the nails long and sharp; the wings are short and full, the flight rapid, but not high; they wheel in large circles, pouncing down upon their prey. In this class are placed the various hawks and kites.

The owl family (*strigida*) resemble the feline race in countenance, and, like the members of it, see best in twilights; but few of this family can endure the full light of day, these exceptions being known by the absence of the long, ear-like tufts of head-feathers and the emarginated tail. They frequent ruins and dark places, and hunt their prey by night; their sense of hearing is exquisite, and their flight soft and muffled, owing to the downy nature of their feathers; their feet are armed with powerful talons. They feed on bats, mice, and small birds, which they wholly devour; the indigestible matter is afterwards ejected from the stomach in pellets.

The omnivorous birds have strong bills of moderate size, edged at the sides, with the upper mandible notched at the point; the feet are small but strong, the toes placed three in front and one behind, the wings moderate in size and strength. Birds of this order are usually monogamous, and associate

* Vide Latham and Daudin.

in bands; they nest in trees, the male alternating with his mate in the labors of incubation and the rearing of the young. Their food is insects, worms, grain, and fruits, and their flesh is hard and unpalatable, with the exception of the rice-bird. Of this order are starlings, orioles, black-birds, ravens, crows, magpies, jays, titmice, cedar-birds, bob-o-links, &c.

The black-capped titmouse (*parus atricapillus*) is a noisy, restless little fellow, braving the cold of Hudson's Bay without any diminution of his liveliness. He is a visitor of orchards in search of insects and their larvæ; in length five and a half inches, with yellow plumage, tipped on the head and throat with black.

The blue jay (*corvus cristatus*) is eleven inches long, with a crest of light-blue feathers, erected at will, a narrow line of black upon the frontlet rising higher than the eye, and the back and upper parts a deep purplish blue; a collar of black runs from the hind-head, forming a crescent upon the breast; the chin, cheeks, and throat are bluish-white, and the wings rich blue, with black crescents tipped with white; the tail is long and uniform, of twelve light blue feathers, with transverse curves of black, tipped with white; and the breast and underwing white, tinged with purple. He is a universal inhabitant of woods and settlements, and possesses a variety of notes, from a clear loud trumpet-call to the harsh chatter of ducks; when alarmed he raises such a vehement outcry that one might well think a dozen birds were in their last extremity. His gesticulations are as numberless as a courtier's, and his mimicry is almost inimitable; he can be tamed like a parrot and is very sagacious and full of tricks. This species nest in apple and cedar trees, and line their habitations with dry fibrous roots; the eggs are five, of a dull white with brown spots; the male visits the nest secretly and silently. The food consists of chestnuts, acorns, Indian corn, and sometimes bugs and caterpillars; the same saucy thief also plunders cherry rows and potato patches. He will enter the nests of other birds, break their eggs, and even devour their callow young; he is very voracious in winter, and will eat carrion when he can find no better food. The jays are determined enemies to owls; whole flocks of them sometimes attack one of the latter, and cease not to assail him with repeated assaults until he is driven from their territory; while engaged in one of these battles their screaming and chattering may be heard for nearly a mile. Occasionally a

number of these tormentors will surround a hawk, teasing and mimicking him until one of their company is caught and devoured; and then their lamentations are heard afar off. This species collect in large bodies, except in the months of September and October; then they form into parties of thirty or forty to search for acorns. They are seen as far north as the 58° of latitude, and west longitude 141° .^{*}

The Baltimore oriole (*icterus Baltimore*) arrives in Pennsylvania early in May and leaves for the south in September. He receives his name from his colors of black and orange, the livery of Lord Baltimore; and is also known as hang-nest, fire-bird, and golden robin. His length is seven inches, his bill straight and strong, tapering to a sharp point, and colored black or dark gray; the head, back, throat, and wings are jet black; the lower back and under-part bright orange, with vermilion breast; the tail forked, with black centre feathers and orange extremities, and the feet and legs blue or lead-color. Three years are necessary to produce full plumage; the females are duller colored, and are mistaken by Buffon and Latham for the basted Baltimore (*oriolus spurius*). The nest is built in an apple, walnut, or tulip tree, constructed with remarkable convenience and warmth; it is pensile from the extremities of two branches, corresponding in distance with the width of the nest, and bound to them with strong threads of hemp or flax; the pouch is six or seven inches long, woven with hemp and loose tow, mixed with hair, and lined with some soft substance; it is protected from sun and rain by a penthouse of leaves. The bird when building sometimes steals thread put to bleach, and the strings from young grafts, in order to complete its nest. The eggs are five in number—white, tinged with flesh-color, and marked at the larger end with purple dots; the other parts with intersecting hair-lines. Food, caterpillars and bugs. The song is clear and mellow, and plaintively deliberate, changing to a rapid chirrup when the bird is alarmed. The species inhabit America from Canada to Mexico, and appear as far south as Brazil.

The bob-o-link, or rice-bird, is seven and a half inches in length, has a strong, thick, pointed bill of bluish-black color; in the female pale flesh-tint, with smooth margins, and the upper mandible ridged at the base; the palate is marked with a tubercle, the iris hazel, the wings long, tarsi

* See McKensie's Voyage West from Montreal.

robust, and the plumage of the sexes distinct. The male in his spring dress has a black head, the hindpart tinged with a yellowish-white; and the scapulars, rump, and tail coverts are white and ash. The female, young, and male in winter dress are brownish-black and yellow, with the under-parts dull yellow. These birds are lively songsters, frequenting fields and meadows; they are pleasant, sociable companions, and their song is constant until mid-July. They are abundant from Labrador to Mexico and in the great Antilles; they appear here in March and April in flocks, the males sometimes preceding the females. Their food at this season is insects and their larvæ, which they find in wet places; in summer their repasts are the seeds of grass, dock, and dandelion, and crickets and grasshoppers. They nest on the ground, on a loose bedding of dry, fine grass; the eggs are five or six, of a dull olive or white, spotted with lilac brown. In the middle of August they flock southward, feeding on wild rice (*zizania*), from which they receive the name of rice-birds; the flesh is now fat and succulent, and they become favorite game. As the season progresses they change their plumage and begin to frequent the picturesque, reedy shores of the Delaware; here they are known as reed-birds. In the cool nights of October the reed-birds leave New Jersey and Pennsylvania and swarm to the southern rice-fields. They next appear in Jamaica and Cuba, where they feed on the seeds of the guinea-grass (*sorghum*); here their prime condition for the table obtains for them the name of butter-birds.

Insectivorous birds have the bill short and straight pointed at the end, with the upper mandible curved and notched, and provided with stiff basal hairs; the toes are three in front and one behind, placed on a level; their food is insects and berries; the voice is harmonious and agreeable; they nest in woods, thickets, and reedy marshes, and breed several times in a year. Of this species are flycatchers, pee-wees, king-birds, phebe-birds, redstarts, vireos, cat-birds, thrushes, mocking-birds, robins, yellow-birds, wrens, blue-birds, &c. The yellow-breasted cat-bird (*pipra polyglotta*) arrives in Pennsylvania in the middle of May, and returns south in August, as soon as the young are able to travel. He takes up his abode in a thicket of hazel brambles, vines, or thick underwood; he is very jealous of his possession, and scolds at intruders in odd, unmusical monosyllables; some of his short notes are like the whistling of

wings, the barking of young puppies, the mewing of cats, and a repetition of hollow guttural sounds; all these notes are uttered with great vehemence and peculiar modulations. In early summer he gabbles all night, if the air be mild and serene, and calls to the passing females. His nest is of dry leaves, inlaid with fibres of vine and lined with fine grass; the eggs are four, flesh-colored, and spotted with red; these birds exhibit great affection for the mate and young. Their food is beetles and berries. The length is seven inches; the whole upper part is a rich olive green, with wings and tail tipped with dusky brown; the throat, breast, and inside of wings are a brilliant yellow, and the legs and feet light-blue. The female is of duller hues.

The wood thrush (*turdus melodus*) is one of the sweetest musicians of nature. As early as April he flits through our moist woods, where, from the top of some tall tree, he fills the morning air with notes as clear and musical as a flute; nor does the falling night subdue his melody; even in days of rain his clear notes pierce the stillness of the dripping leaves. He haunts the inner woods,

"Where level rays of westward light slant under thick-wave forest boughs,
Within the many-voiced woods, the sweetest solitude, remote
By narrow-winding, devious paths, where slight Arachne nightly throws
Her swaying nets of gossamer, the brown-winged wild bird, half afraid,
Upstarteth from his sunless nest; and, least of all soft creeping streams,
A small brook breaks the mosses underfoot, upon its shining way
To meadow lands, and pastures green and fair, uplit with golden gleams
Of fennel buds, and daisies white, and crimson clover broidery gay."

His nest is built in woody hollows, by running waters, in a laurel or alder bush. The lower layer is of last year's beech-leaves, then knotty stalks and withered grass, and lined with fine fibrous roots; the eggs are four or five, light-blue, without blemish. The bird is shy and solitary, loving woodland loneliness, and is most found near some shady brook; its food is berries, lichen, and caterpillars. It is eight inches long, with bill slight, the upper mandible brown, bent at the point and slightly notched, and the lower a pale flesh-color; the legs are long and pale pink. The whole upper parts are of a brown, fulvous color, glowing into red upon the head and declining into olive on the rump and tail; the chin is white, and the throat and breast white, tinged with buff and beautifully marked with spots of black or dusk running in lines; a narrow strip of white lies about the eye, which is large and full with a black pupil set in a chocolate-colored iris. The bird possesses the power of

erecting the head feathers into a crest; the male and female dress is nearly identical.

The American robin (*turdus migratorius*) is too well known to require a minute description; it is a species of thrush, a clear and mellow songster, so dear and familiar that every farmer's child has some favorite robin's nest to watch. These birds rove from one region to another, during the fall and winter, through the whole Atlantic States; they have been seen as far north as the 67th parallel.* In the early spring even our large cities are visited by these welcome wanderers. They are easily tamed, and lose neither their song nor their cheerfulness when caged. They nest in close proximity to dwellings, plaster their domicile with mud, and line it with hay and grass; the eggs are five, of a beautiful sea-green. They feed on berries, worms, and caterpillars, and when fat are much esteemed for the table; indeed, they are equal to the *turdii* of the ancients, which were fed and fattened with such excessive care. They are very fond of the berries of the sour-gum (*nyora sylvatica*) and the bead-tree (*melia azedarach*); the latter are eaten by the birds so freely that they have been observed to fall to the ground apparently lifeless; not, however, from any deleterious quality of the fruit, for it produces only a kind of intoxication. The poke-berry (*phytolacca decandra*), mellowed by the frost, affords a favorite repast; its juice, of a beautiful crimson, taken freely into the stomachs of the birds, tinges them with its vivid color. In the midst of a season of unusual devastation among these birds, in 1807, some humane person took advantage of this circumstance to arrest the general slaughter; the papers announced that the flesh of the birds was unwholesome from the quantities of berries they had devoured, and that several people had been injured by using them for food; the peculiar condition of the birds' stomachs seemed to confirm this statement; the demand for them ceased, and thus motives of self-preservation affected what the pleadings of humanity had been impotent to produce.†

The yellow-bird (*fringilla tristis*) is four and a half inches long, and in summer dress the body is a rich lemon-color, with wings and tail black, tipped with white, the feet and legs bright cinnamon; the winter dress is brownish olive, and is doffed in April and May. The nest is small and deli-

* Richardson's Northern Zoology, ii, p. 177.

† Wilson, i., p. 37.

cate, composed of lichen from fences, old wood, &c., glued together with the bird's saliva, and lined with downy material; the eggs are five, of a dull white, and two broods are hatched in one season. The song is weak, like that of the British goldfinch; they are readily tamed and are very fond of garden seeds. Their flight is an alternate rising and sinking, twittering with each impulse of the wings. They arrive in Pennsylvania in February, and leave for the south the last of November; although now and then one is seen in the winter, flitting lonely and restlessly about the scenes of his summer pleasure. They were found by McKenzie 54° north; are very numerous in the Atlantic States and in Mexico and Guiana.

The blue-bird (*sylvia sialis*) is one of the earliest heralds of the spring; he appears about his old haunts early in February, and if storms or deep snows succeed, he disappears for a while, but soon returns accompanied by his mate, and the box in the garden or the hole in the old apple-tree witnesses as charming a scene of courtship as nature affords. The eggs are five or six, of a pale blue, and the broods are two or three in a season, the male sharing the care of the offspring. His summer song is a soft and constant warble, uttered with open, quivering wings; but later it changes to a single plaintive note, as he haunts the fading glories of the autumn woods. His cheerful song and daily service in the destruction of injurious insects make him a guest as welcome as the spring with which he comes. His length is six and a half inches, the whole upper part is a deep sky-blue, with purple reflections; the wings are full and broad, with black feather shafts; the bill and legs black, with the inside of the mouth and the soles of the feet the color of a ripe persimmon; the throat, neck, breast, and underwings are chestnut. The plumage of the female is duller in hue. This beautiful species is found all over the United States; it winters in the Bahama Islands, Mexico, Guiana, and Brazil.

Granivorous birds have a strong, short, thick bill, more or less conic in shape, with the upper mandible somewhat flattened and generally without notch; the wings of moderate size, the feet strong, with toes disposed three in front and one behind. They live in pairs and migrate in search of food, which consists of seeds and grain, except during the breeding season; they then subsist partly on insects. They are easily tamed and docile in education. The males have

brilliant plumage in summer, and the females in winter. Their song is full of melody. Of this family are larks, finches, buntings, tanagras, sparrows, snow-birds, cardinals, grosbeaks, linnets, ground-robins, etc.

The song-sparrow (*fringilla melodia*) accompanies the blue-bird in his early return to his summer haunts. A few of this species remain north in the winter, and seek shelter in low-lying swamps and near the borders of marshy streams, until storms inundate them. They arrive from the south about the 4th of March, fluttering around gardens and barnyards, seeking spots for nidification. They are six and a half inches long, of a dusky chestnut color, varied with gray; the under-parts are white, the legs flesh-colored, and the bill dusky purple. They are very fond of bathing, and frequent the banks of streams; they run nimbly on the open ground. They breed from Canada to the Southern States, nesting on the ground under a tuft of grass, or in a low bush four or five feet from the ground. The nest is of fine dry grass, lined with horse-hair; the eggs are four or five, bluish-white, spotted with brown; two or three broods are hatched in a season, and the young are zealously cared for. The nest is kept dry and very clean, but never used more than once. Their song is somewhat similar to the canary's, and constantly repeated; in the early spring it is a low and tender whisper, breathing the delight of the coming season of love and enjoyment; it swells louder and clearer in the warm days of July, but dies away as the chill November days fall upon the woods and fields.

The cardinal bird (*loxia cardinalis*) is found from New York to Florida, and winters in the south. Its song is clear and exquisite, a loud mellow whistle, delivered from the top of some lofty branch; it sometimes imitates other birds and has many of the notes of the human voice. It nests remotely, in holly, laurel, and evergreen thickets; the nest is formed of dry twigs, weeds, and vine bark, and lined with grass; the eggs are four or five, of a dull white, with olive spots; two broods are raised in a season, and the young are easily tamed. The length is eight inches, the upper parts of a dusky red, the sides of the head and neck and the lower parts a bright vermilion; the chin, frontlet, and lores black; the crest high and pointed, the bill coral red, the iris hazel, and the legs and feet pale flesh color.

The American linnet (*fringilla purpurea*) is frequent in the evergreens of the north and the United States in summer; it

feeds upon the berries of the red cedar, juniper, and tulip tree, and is fond of sunflower and other oily garden-seeds. It arrives north in March and April, breeds high up, and returns in October. Its song is finer than that of the canary, clear and mellow, and thrillingly sweet; its opening notes are low and tender, and swell as the singer grows impassioned into an ecstasy of rapture, a brilliant and well contrasted harmony. The bird can be tamed, but it loses its beautiful color and sweetest song. The eggs are five, pale green, with brown and purple spots. The bird is eight inches long, the bill dark horn-color, the head and chin bright cinnamon, the breast and rump rose-color, the back, wings, and tail dusky red, and the feet and legs flesh-color.

The *zygodactyli*. or birds with toes disposed in opposite pairs, have the bill more or less curved and much hooked, often quite angular; the toes are placed two in front and two behind, with the exterior member reversible, thus allowing clinging to branches and ready prehension. The European and North American genera feed upon worms, caterpillars, and the larvæ of insects; the tropical orders have thick curved bills for devouring soft, pulpy fruits, and strong hooked ones for breaking nuts and kernels. They nest mostly in the cavities of decayed trees. Of this family are parrots, paroquets, cuckoos, and woodpeckers.

The Carolina parrot (*psittacus Carolinensis*) is the only species found in the United States; it is rarely seen north of Virginia, except, perhaps, in the Western States. It is gregarious, and lives and breeds in the luxuriant southern forests; the members of this species fly, alight, and scream, in concert; they feed on beech, hack, and mulberry, and are fond of nuts. They nest in hollow trees, with two eggs of whitish-green; their flight is swift and easy; and one may readily be tamed and taught its name, but cannot mimic the human voice. The bird is fourteen inches long, with white cream-tinted bill, hazel iris, orange knees, and feet a pale flesh-color, with black claws; the forehead, cheeks, shoulders, and bend of neck are orange red; the head and neck a rich yellow, and the upper parts of yellow-green with bluish tints; the tail is long and graduated. The flesh of this bird is tough and unpalatable.

The American cuckoo (*cuculus carolinensis*) arrives north in April and May, and winters in Louisiana and Mexico. It is fond of shady forest depths, where it hides from view. Its nest is slovenly, and hastily constructed, a mere flooring of

weeds and grass; however, it is very affectionate to its young, and guards its nest vigilantly; it raises two broods in a season. Its food is berries, insects, and the eggs of small birds. It sometimes lays its eggs in the nests of other birds, like the European species, but it is far less mischievous and malicious than the latter.

The woodpeckers (*picidae*) are among the most beautiful of American birds, and their variety is great. The golden-winged woodpecker (*picus auratus*) is well known to farmers and youthful sportsmen; the former destroy him for his supposed trespasses in the cornfields and the latter delight to bring down such a choice-plumed victim. His back and wings are dark amber, transversed with black, the upper head iron gray, the cheeks fine cinnamon, and the side throat black; the hind-head is a vivid blood-red, the breast crescented with black, the under parts yellowish-white, spotted with black; the inner side of wings and tail and all the large feather shafts are a beautiful golden yellow when expanded; the feet and legs are light-blue. Length, twelve inches. The female has less brilliant plumage than the male. This species is migratory from Hudson's Bay to Georgia. The nest is built in a decayed tree, from six to twenty feet from the ground; the material used being the chips and dust from the cavity. The eggs are six, white and almost transparent. The food consists of berries, fruit, Indian corn, and insects. The bills of woodpeckers are grooved and channelled, wedge-shaped, and compressed to a thin edge at the end, well formed to penetrate the hardest wood; that of this species is long, slightly bent, ridged at the top, and tapering, yet still wedge-shaped, and admirably adapted to destroy the hillocks of the ants, which form a chief article of food. The tongue is supplied with a viscid fluid, secreted by two glands lying under the ears, five times larger in this species than in any other bird of its size; with this fluid the tongue is so well moistened that the smallest insect adheres to it.

The red-headed woodpecker (*picus erythrocephalus*), with his tri-colored plumage of red, white, and blue-black, is striking in appearance, and has predatory habits in orchards and cornfields; he is so marked that almost every country child knows him well. He is a connoisseur in fruit; the finest flavored cherries, the juiciest apples and pears are broached by the audacious intruder, and he feeds voraciously on the Indian corn in its milky state. In fact, so decided are his vicious propensities that in

early colony times some of our legislatures set a premium of twopence per head for his destruction ; but he is not without redeeming traits, for he destroys immense numbers of insects and grain-devouring bugs. He inhabits from Canada to Mexico, builds in hollow trees, using no foreign material, and lays six pure white eggs.

The yellow-breasted woodpecker (*picus varius*) is a resident bird, eight and a half inches long, with a crown of deep scarlet, bordered with black, and capable of erection; hairy nostrils, scarlet throat, with the back dull yellow, and the wings black with oblong spots of white; the under parts are bright yellow, and the legs and feet greenish-blue; the tongue is flat, horny for a half inch at the tip, pointed, and armed at the sides with reflected barbs. The female is less brilliant than the male. The hairy woodpecker (*picus villosus*) is a haunter of orchards, borer of trees, and an eager foe to all insects; the peculiarity of this species is the loose unwebbed feather resembling hair. The downy woodpecker (*picus pubescens*) is smaller than the last-named species, but otherwise resembles it closely; it is one of the most active destroyers of insects. The California woodpecker (*picus Californicus*) is the most brilliant of its class; its plumage is a fine glossy black; the back, tail, and lower wing bright cinnamon; the front and neck crescent, bright yellow, and the crest vivid crimson.

The slender-billed birds have the bill long and moderately extended, arched and awl-shaped, entire and acute; sometimes wedge-shaped at the extremity. They have three toes in front and one behind, with the nails extended and curved; they are related to the climbers, and cling to and vertically ascend trees, rocks, &c. They are nearly all insectivorous, and obtain their food like the *picidae*; their tongues are pointed, or divided at the end, and capable of extension. They build in hollow trees and clefts of rocks. Their voice is quaint and unpleasant; their manners incautious, but shy and retiring. Of this family are the creepers, nut-hatches, and *trochilidae*.*

* Of the *trochilidae*, Cuvier (*Règne Animal*, edition of 1829) says: "These little birds, so celebrated for the metallic splendor of their plumage, and especially for the discs (*plaques*), as brilliant as the precious gems, which are formed on the head and throat by means of scale-like feathers of a peculiar construction, have long and slender bills enclosing a tongue capable of extension, almost like that of the woodpecker, and by means of an analogous mechanism. The tongue is divided, almost from its base, into two filaments, which the bird uses, it is said, to suck up the nectar of flowers; nevertheless, the hum-

Their sense of sight is almost microscopic; their taste extremely delicate; their tongue is their most sensitive organ, for with it they search for food in the deep interiors of bell-like flowers. The humming noise which accompanies their flight is caused by rapid and repeated vibrations of the wings; their voice has no melody, but is a sharp, shrill cry uttered on the wing. Some of this species are no larger than a bee; they are restricted to America and the adjacent islands, and in warm weather are found north as far as Hudson's Bay. According to Audubon, their migration is nocturnal. Their nests are peculiarly beautiful, about an inch in diameter, and of the same depth, built of the most delicate and filmy moss, glued with the bird's saliva, and lined with down and the soft petals of flowers; they are of various shapes, conical, cup-shaped, and pensile. The eggs are two pure white ovals; the young are fed with nectar and insects from the crops of the parent birds. In Mexico, where these beautiful little gems are very abundant, the Aztecs named their capital Tzingunzan from the flocks which surrounded it.* And one of their ancient traditions makes Torgamique, the spouse of their god of war, convey the souls of slain warriors to the mansions of the sun and there transform them into humming-birds.† This idea is exquisitely spiritual, and can be fully appreciated only by those who have seen these meteor-like birds flashing through their native sunlight. One of the Aztec names may be translated "*roses steeped in liquid fire*." Buffon calls them "*chereux de l'astre du jour*."

The northern humming-bird (*trochilus colubris*) has been obtained as far north as the fifty-seventh parallel, on the plains of Saskatchewan, and also near the sources of the Elk river. In this species the wings are large in proportion to the body, the tail powerful, and the feet small and delicate, with large claws, hooked and very sharp. The tongue is of similar formation with the woodpecker's, the os hyoides passing around

ming-birds live also on small insects, of which we have found their stomachs full. Their very small feet, ample tail and wings, excessively long and narrow, from the rapid and successive abbreviation of the quills, their short humerus, and large sternum without a notch, constitute an apparatus of flight very closely resembling that of the swifts. They are capable of balancing themselves in the air almost as easily as flies; thus they buzz around flowering plants, and they fly more rapidly in proportion than any other bird. Their gizzard is small, and the intestinal canal is destitute of a cæcal appendage, in which particular also they resemble the woodpeckers. They live isolated, defend their nests with courage, and fight desperately with each other." ■

* Ward's Mexico in 1827.

† Baron Von Humboldt.

the back part of the skull, its extremities joined on the top of the head just forward of the line of the eyes. The bird arrives in Pennsylvania about the 25th of April and begins its nidification about the 10th of May; the eggs are two—pure white—and two broods are sometimes raised in a season. The note is a single chirp, scarcely louder than a grasshopper's; the length is three and a half inches; the back, upper parts, neck, sides, and under wing, the tail coverts, with the two centre feathers of the tail, are all of a rich golden green; the tail and wings a deep brownish purple; the abdomen dusky white mixed with green; the throat feathers, of brilliant ruby and of singular strength and texture, lying as closely as scales and varying from a deep black to fiery crimson and burning orange. The females and young lack the last-named beauty.

The *trochilus anna* was discovered in California by Dr. Botta, in 1829; it is three inches long, with wings equal in length with tail, of deep purplish brown; the tail forked and brown, with green centre feathers of metallic lustre; a cowl covering the head, cheeks, and throat, of a rich changeable amethystine red; the upper neck, back, and wing coverts golden-green; the lower throat and abdomen greenish-gray. Perhaps the most brilliant and striking of all these innumerable winged gems is Gould's hummingbird (*trochilus Gouldii*). Its native locality is unknown, and its splendid specimens are rare. The forehead, throat, and upper parts are of brilliant green scaled feathers; the crest, long and capable of erection or depression at will, is a bright chestnut; the back golden-green, crossed on the rump with whitish bands; the wings and tail brownish purple, with green-tinged centre feathers. Its striking peculiarity is the neck-tuft of narrow white feathers, tipped with emerald green and surrounded by a dark border; the shorter feathers spring from the base, their vivid green tips relieved against the spotless white of the longer upper ones. When extended these tufts take the form of a butterfly's wing, and are equal in extent with the wings. Their effect is strikingly beautiful.

The *hirundinæ* (swallows) have a short bill, much depressed at the base, and wide, with the upper mandible curved at the point; the feet are short and slender, with three toes in front and one behind, the latter often reversible; the nails much hooked, the tail forked, and the wings long and acute. They feed on insects, which they swallow flying, and migrate in winter to the tropics. Their flight is rapid and long-

continued, their vision perfect, and their voice feeble and twittering. Of this order are swallows, martins, and swifts.

The goat-suckers (*caprimulgæ*) are a curious order of birds, shy and solitary, who remain concealed by day and in fair weather, like the *strigineæ*. Their vision is acute only in cloudy days and twilights; then they fly rapidly and silently on account of the softness of their feathers; they hunt for moths with the mouth open, uttering a quaint monotonous cry. They lay one or two eggs on the ground, and have a plumage of dull blended colors. The chuck-will's-widow has the mouth-bristles shorter than the bill; it utters its low harsh monotone after sunset and in the early morning. The whip-poor-will flies near the ground at night, seeking for food, with a low chatter; it flutters about domestic animals in search of the insects which rest upon them; hence its vulgar name of goat-sucker. The night-hawk is nearly allied to this order, and has many habits and peculiarities in common with it.

The columbinæ have the bill moderate, compressed at the sides, vaulted, and turgid at the tip, which is also curved; the base of the upper mandible is covered with a soft skin, protuberant, in which the nostrils are situated; the tongue is acute and entire; the feet short and robust, with the tarsus reticulated and the toes well divided; the wings are moderate, and the plumage similar in both sexes. The family are gregarious, living in woods; its domesticated members about buildings and farms. Their food is grain and seeds, and rarely insects; the eggs are two and the broods numerous. During the season of courtship the male is assiduous in his attentions, fluttering about his mate, cooing, rustling, and drooping his wings; and after an encounter between two rivals the conqueror struts pompously about, uttering a prolonged note of triumph. The members of this family inhabit all countries, but mostly the warm climates; and it includes the turtle-dove, passenger-pigeon, partridge-pigeon, and all our familiar species.

Gallinaceous birds have the bill short and convex, with the upper mandible vaulted, and curved from the point; the nostrils are lateral and half covered with a rigid arched membrane; the feet are stout, tarsi long; the toes three in front and one behind, the latter highly articulated, the tip just touching the ground; sometimes this hind toe is short or wanting. The nails are not retractile; the wings are short and rounded, concave, with quills rigid and curved. The

female has dull plumage, and the young are covered with down. The body is large and fleshy and the head small; they live much on the ground, bask and wallow in the dust, and scratch for food, which consists of worms, grain, seeds, and the larger insects. They are provided with a muscular crop for preparatory digestion, for which purpose they swallow gravel. They are polygamous, the female rearing the young, which are very abundant and run about and feed as soon as they are hatched; they run swiftly and take wing with difficulty, their flight being low and limited and accompanied by a sharp whirr, produced by the rapid vibration of the wings. Very few of them migrate; their voice is a harsh, unpleasant cackle or crow, their flesh much esteemed for food; the domestic species are termed poultry and the wild game.

The peacocks (*paronina*) have the head and neck garnished with pendant wattles of naked skin, or the cheeks and lores unfeathered; the wings are ample and concave, the tail horizontal and capable of fan-like erection; the tarsi robust and scutellated, in the male furnished with sharp spurs; the plumage of metallic lustre, and sometimes oscillated. Turkeys, barn-door fowls, quail, grouse, and ptarmigan are thus classified.

The wild turkey was once prevalent from Canada to Mexico, and is now found in the wooded and uncultivated tracts of the Western States; it is neither gregarious nor migratory, unless in search of food. It is prolific in proportion to its natural resources; it breeds in the United States once a year, but in the West India Islands two or three times. Early in October these birds herd together in quest of mast, which is a chief article of food; the males are apart from the females, the latter accompanied by their brood. They journey on foot until impeded by water, and are very fleet; on river banks they ascend high trees and launch themselves for the opposite shore, which they rarely fail to reach. In countries new to them they are easily bewildered and offer a ready prey to the hunter. The males fight fiercely in the season of propagation, dealing blows at the head which sometimes kill. They approach farms in cold weather and when food is scarce: their flesh is so lean and dry in warm weather as to have given rise to the Indian proverb, "As lean as a turkey in summer." The male, when fat, weighs from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. These birds were first sent from Mexico to Spain in

the sixteenth century; in the reign of Henry VIII. they were introduced into England, and soon after they were spread over the rest of Europe.

The quail (*ortyx*) has a bill short and thick, and of greater height than width; the upper mandible is curved from the base, in which the nostrils are placed; the tarsus is destitute of spur or tubercle, the fore-toes united by a membranous structure to the first articulation, and the nails are acute; the wings are rounded. These birds sometimes alight on low bushes, but they are ground-dwellers, both by night and day; they are usually monogamous, the male protecting the young. They are peculiar to America, and exceedingly prolific from New England to Mexico. In Jamaica they are called partridge. They seldom migrate, except in search of food; their habits are sedentary, and they are much attached to breeding-places; indeed, a sportsman may always be sure of finding game in these spoils if he spares a sufficient number of the birds for the purposes of reproduction.

The name *ortyx*, applied by Stevens, is the original appellation of the quail; or, *perdix coturnix*, as known to the ancient Greeks. This species bears some resemblance to the European bird, although its habits and instincts are different. The latter is the true bird of passage, leaving Europe for Asia at the early approach of winter, and returning in spring in such numbers that thousands of them have been taken in nets in a single day near Naples. The American bird is not migratory, it is much attached to its young, and very sociable, except during the breeding season, while his European brother is vagrant, quarrelsome, selfish, and solitary. Their food is principally rye, buckwheat, Indian corn, and insects. In the winter they perch on rising ground under a low bush, in a close circle, with heads outward, huddling together for warmth; coveys thus placed have been found frozen under snow upon which a heavy crust has formed. From late August to March they are a favorite and delicate food. In May they nest in cavities of the ground upon dry grass and weeds; the eggs are from fifteen to twenty, and two broods are raised in the season; the young shelter under the wings like chickens. If the brood is in danger from the near approach of an intruder, the parents simulate great distress, and flutter along the path as if wounded or unable to fly, until the young have time to hide, or the danger is passed. In September the brood is nearly full grown, and assemble in families. The call of the male is often heard—a clear,

mellow whistle, sounding through the rustling fields. It seems to syllable the words "bob-white, bob-white;" in cloudy weather it is said to call "more-wet, more-wet." In consequence of the short concave wings, a loud whirring noise is heard during flight; this action is laborious, steady, and not long continued; and the birds rise in twos and threes, thus affording an excellent shot; when they alight, if they are not directly flushed, they run into cover under low bushes and fallen leaves, from whence it is difficult to dislodge them, or even to discover them, because of their russet coats. In the West, where the quail is exceedingly prolific, large fences of bush are formed in converging lines, the opening being some half a mile wide, and gradually narrowing to a point leading to a *cul-de-sac*; bait is placed along the extent of these lines, and the birds, naturally following it, are led into the final trap, where they are quite at the mercy of the hunter. In these "*fences*" the quail are taken by hundreds and forwarded to the Eastern market, where they are in great demand. The length of the bird is nine inches; a line over the eye and down the neck, chin, and throat is white; in the full-grown bird the latter is bounded by a full crescent of black; the crown, neck, and upper breast are reddish brown; the back and wing-coverts brown and ash, pointed with black, and the wings edged with yellowish white, like the lower breast; in the latter each feather is marked with a black arrow-head; the tail is ash, with rufous spots; the legs and feet ashen or blue, the bill black, and the irids hazel. The crested-quail of California and Mexico has a narrower bill, more hooked at the top, and with the dorsal ridge more distinct; the wings are shorter and the tail rounded and elongated. The males have a plumed crest of from two to twelve feathers elegantly pencilled; the neck feathers are lanceolate, and the back unspotted; the female has duller tints. Blue quail are found in abundance near the Gila river, 4,347 feet above the level of the sea.* The Massina partridge, rare in Europe and the Atlantic States, abounds in Texas; its head and throat are black, with white stripes; the crest of buff, the under parts a bright chestnut, crossed with black bars; the middle breast deep chestnut, and the sides and flanks sooty black, with white circular spots. Its call is gentle and peculiar and it assembles in coveys of from eight to twelve.

In the grouse the bill is short, entire, and naked at the

* Col. Emory's Notes of a Mil. Recon. from Ft. Leavenworth to Cal., 1846-7.

base, with the upper mandible vaulted and curved from its origin; the nostrils are basal and hidden by the front feathers; the tongue short, fleshy, and acuminate; the eyebrows naked and scattered with red papillæ; the wings are short and rounded; the tail from eighteen to twenty feathers; the toes four, the three forward ones being united to the first articulation. The plumage of the female of the larger species differs from that of the male; the smaller birds are similar; this bird inhabits the woody parts of mountains and high plains. The white grouse, or ptarmigan, is most confined to the glacial regions; it is common in Siberia, Greenland, the Scottish Highlands, and about Melville and Churchill Rivers. It is polygamous, living in families and feeding on berries, leaves, and seeds; its call is clear and sonorous, peculiar during the season of reproduction. Its flesh is considered superior to almost any other game, and in cold countries it is dried, or smoked, and packed away in large quantities for future consumption. The ruffed grouse, called pheasant in the Middle and Western States and partridge in New England, is abundant and excellent game. The pinnated grouse, or prairie hen, formerly very common in the Atlantic states, is now frequent on the Western plains; the full-grown bird weighs about three pounds. It was formerly so common about the ancient bushy site of Boston that laborers and servants stipulated that it should not be served at table oftener than twice in one week.*

The cock of the plains is a large and beautiful bird, but indifferent food on account of its habit of feeding on bitter herbs. In imitation of a peculiar habit of the sharp-tailed grouse, the Indians of Missouri had a partridge dance among their old men; the birds met in a level spot, fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, where, by constant strutting and crossing, the ground was worn quite bare; this continued from early spring until the season of reproduction had passed, and seemed to the aborigines so striking that they commemorated it with a festival.

In the aquatic tribes the toes are connected by a broad membranous tissue, which enables them to propel themselves through the water with ease; while the long legs and necks and the sensitive bills of the waders are admirably adapted to diving and searching for food. The legs are bare to the knee, and here the connecting membrane between the toes is very thin, only calculated to support their passage

* Lieut. Gov. Winthrop.

over mud and marshy ground. The plumage is more abundant in these birds, and also in the species that inhabit far north.

All water-birds are provided with posterior glands containing oil for anointing the feathers in order to facilitate the shedding of moisture; these glands are not so conspicuous in the land inhabitants, except, perhaps, the fishers, who dip into the water. Some of the most delicate and favorite game occurs among the waders. Their bills are mostly straight and long, and compressed or conic; the legs and feet are long and slender, the toes placed sometimes equally. Their habits are nocturnal, and they feed on fish, reptiles, and land and water insects; they breed but once in the season, and migrate in search of food. Some of this order run swiftly and fly with feet extended behind them, crying out in a loud, harsh voice; some are merely waders on watery margins, while others swim and dive.

The various plovers breed in the remote north, but descend in autumn plump and fat, affording a delicate morsel of food; they remain in numerous flocks all along the sea-coasts south of New Jersey throughout the winter. Cranes are among the largest United States birds; herons are constant inhabitants of the Atlantic States, experienced fishers, and tall, elegant birds with beautiful plumage, sometimes snow-white; some species are excellent food. The red flamingo of the tropics, with his gorgeous coat of black and crimson, is sometimes seen in the United States; his flesh is only tolerable food, although it was esteemed a great dainty by the ancients. The scarlet ibis migrates in the summer to the Southern states; its feathers are of a brilliant red, its habits courageous, and it affords a good article of food. The white ibis is without a single spot to mar the purity of its plumage. The bay ibis, with a bright purplish chestnut coat and metallic green reflections, is occasionally seen about the marshes of Long Island and New Jersey. From their supposed utility in destroying noxious reptiles, these birds were held sacred by the ancient Egyptians, kept about the temples of the gods, and embalmed after death; they were also the emblem of the country. Bird-pits full of embalmed skeletons are scattered over the plains of Saccara. They constructed their nests in the fronds of the date-palm, and laid four eggs; the period of incubation lasted, according to the fanciful calculation of Ælian, throughout the time necessary for the star Ibis to perform the revolution of its

phases. No longer venerated in the place of its ancient glory, the bird is snared and shot in autumn by the Arabs for food.

The curlews, like the plovers, breed in the north, and descend in the fall fat and delicious. The various sand-pipers are also favorite game. The genus *totanus* (*chevaliers* of the French) associate in flocks on water borders; they wade deeply, feed on small shell-fish, &c., and migrate periodically; they inhabit more temperate regions than the sand-pipers, breed in marshes, and are cosmopolitan; they are common throughout the United States, and their flesh is fat and well flavored, not unlike that of the snipe.

The latter is the earliest field-game of the United States. As soon as the frost is out of the ground and the spring grass tender and succulent, their brown wings are seen among the bogs and marshes, where they feed on worms and insects. They seek their food by probing the mud and porous soil with their long, slender, sensitive bills, which they also use in turning over the wet and decayed leaves, the hiding-places of innumerable insect tribes. At this season they are shy and lean, and require a dexterous sportsman. When pursued they run close to the ground; or, if suddenly flushed, fly out with great rapidity; in wild windy weather they often rise in knots of eighteen or twenty and fly wild and high, often soaring out of sight. The best shooting days are mild and warm, with a soft southerly wind; as the bird invariably flies up the wind he should be flushed down, for then he will zigzag off to the right or left, affording an excellent shot. The flesh is superior to almost any other game. The best known American species is the brownsnipe, which appears the second week in March in low marshes. Here, as in Northern Europe, after sunset, in their haunts is heard a singular tremulous or wailing murmur as the birds rise high in the air; it is perhaps expressive of tender amatory feeling, as it is heard only in the breeding season; it is probably produced by an undulation of air in the throat, and appears more distinct as the bird descends. It is here less loud than in European birds; like the latter, the brown snipe is not gregarious, and associates only accidentally where food is abundant. The feathers on the head of the European bird are black, spotted with brown, the tail broader and browner, even when outspread, and the breast and flanks less dark than in the American species; the bill and legs are alike in both and the size nearly the same.

Woodcocks have a bill similar to the snipe, but more robust, and the eyes are set far back in the head; the legs are short and feathered to the knee, the female larger than the male, and the plumage of both an intimate mixture of black and rufous brown. They are solitary dwellers in woods, swamps, and thickets, and are seldom seen in the open ground, associating only in the breeding season; the young are reared and cared for assiduously, the parents conveying them from danger in their claws or upon their backs. Their flight is slow, direct, and labored, with a whizzing sound. Only two or three species are known, but they are spread over the whole earth. The American bird is peculiar, having a shorter wing and many habits unknown to the European; it is more retiring than the latter, less capable of continued flight, attached to breeding places, and migrating only short distances in severe cold weather. The size varies according to the abundance of food and the breeding season. When flushed the birds rise hurriedly to the tops of the bushes which form their covert, and then drop and run; in open woods they fly out swiftly and vigorously, but with much muscular action. They pair in April and nest on the ground; the note of the male ascending above the nest is a quick and feeble warble; descending, the tones increase, until, near the ground, they pass into a sweet tumultuous song, which is constant during incubation. The European bird is caught in traps, set in the places most frequented for food. The birds approach the sea side as food fails in autumn; they have no note at this season, when they begin to migrate nocturnally, and are found in their resting-places morning and evening.

Rails, or mud-hens, are solitary birds, living in reeds and sedges, near still, fresh waters, in deep coverts; they run or skim over the water when surprised, but do not swim from choice; they dive when wounded, and can remain under water for some time; their flight is low and limited, with neck outstretched, but their walk is easy and rapid. They alight only on the ground, and their habits are nocturnal, save during the breeding season; they are monogamous, gregarious, and cosmopolitan, feeding on worms, insects, and vegetables, and migrating in October. On their first arrival they are lean, but as the wild rice ripens they fatten, and are eagerly sought for by sportsmen. During the season of rail shooting on the Delaware the sportsman stands in the bow of a boat, propelled through the reeds by a pole, and

shoots the birds as they spring up singly; each one, as it falls, is picked up by the boatman while the gunner reloads. The sport continues some two hours, when the falling tide compels a return.

Coots are nocturnal water-birds, somewhat resembling ducks: the young only are fit for food; they subsist on vegetables. Of the same family are terns, gulls, gluttonous and cowardly birds, save when defending their young; the stormy petrel, with his inky coat, whom the ignorant superstition of ancient mariners has stigmatized as the infallible harbinger of the storm and called devil's bird, and Mother Cary's chicken, because he follows in the wake of a storm-tossed ship, when he seems only to seek safety in the vicinity of men; his food is the gelatinous spora of the seaweed, small fishes, &c.; and he is called petrel, according to Buffon, because the Apostle Peter, his namesake, is said to have walked upon the waves. The albatross, largest of the web-footed tribes, sometimes visits the Atlantic coasts; it flies far out at sea, and in storms mounts to the clear upper air; it is gluttonous and cowardly, and often attacked by the gulls; its voice is harsh and its flesh unsavory, the eggs only being eatable. Only one of the four known species visits the Atlantic.

The genus *anser* includes birds terrestrial and vigilant, living in flocks in low, marshy grounds; their flight is high and long-sustained, the flocks being marshalled in long, converging lines; they swim but little, sit deep in the water, and seldom dive. Their habits are diurnal, their sight and hearing excellent; and, sleeping or feeding, they station sentinels; they pasture abroad by day and retire at night to the water with a great clamor; they are polygamous, nest on the ground, have a numerous progeny, and are of a courageous and resentful disposition. Their food is seeds, vegetables, fishes, and small aquatic animals. Many species are common to all countries, but are most frequent in cold and temperate regions; their flesh is well flavored but strong. In winter the brant is a great delicacy, and is found along the Jersey coast.

The duck tribe are aquatic and migratory, and flock to the seacoast in winter. They frequent fresh, shallow waters with sedgy borders, swim well, and walk easily, but awkwardly; their flight light, swift, high, and whistling; their habits somewhat nocturnal, and their food vegetable matter and small aquatic animals. They are polygamous and

breed in the grass near the water, the young being many and cared for by the female. The species are numerous and widely extended; the breeding-places generally far north; and the flesh fat and tender—a great winter delicacy. Of this family are the mallard, the progenitor of our common duck; the widgeon; the wood duck, with showy and elegant plumage; teal, muscovy, and spirit duck (so named by the Indians from the impunity with which it escapes the hunter), and other favorite game. The kind most highly esteemed is the canvas-back duck, peculiar to the bays and estuaries of the southern coasts; it is in good condition for the table in November, a fat bird weighing from three to four pounds. The plumage is bright-reddish chestnut, varied with violet and purple reflections, the under parts white. The eider duck, of Labrador and the north, furnishes the soft and delicate eider down; this the bird plucks from its breast to line its nest and protect the eggs and young from the cold. After the nest is prepared and the eggs laid, the gatherers of the down strip it two or three times in succession towards the end of the season, sparing one brood in order to ensure the return of the bird in the following season. When the female's breast is quite bare, the male contributes his down for building purposes; each nest yields about a bat-full of the down when cleansed from all impurities; when the female leaves the nest she covers the eggs with this soft warm material.

Nor is this bird the only one which employs similar devices to prevent the animal heat from being dissipated during the process of incubation and to protect the newly fledged young from the cold. The carrion crow lines her nest with wool and rabbits' fur, and always covers the eggs on leaving them.

Again, several birds of very different habits, such as the wood-wren and the hay-bird, construct a permanent arch of moss or grass over their nests, leaving only an entrance at the side. Many of our native birds thus cover their nests at the top, and all display an amount of care and premeditation in the construction of shelters and abiding places, which is almost amazing. The masons, carpenters, and weavers of human society have their prototypes in the bird world. The mason birds are the bank-swallow, the window-swallow, the chimney-swallow, and the nuthatch. The bank-swallow has the chief instrument in his bill, which is small and short and tapers to a point; he works with it

shut, clinging to the face of a bank with his sharp claws, and pegging his bill into the soil like a pick-axe. The excavations are circular and complete, but sometimes irregular, from the crumbling nature of the material; the galleries are more or less tortuous, and terminate at the depth of two or three feet in beds of loose grass and feathers. The place chosen for nesting is usually a bed of hard alluvial sand, facing a river, quarry, or sandpit, from ten to thirty feet high; the habitations are changed every two or three years. On the high banks of the Irish they fill the air like swarms of flies;* and Aristotle says the birds were common in the mountain passes of Greece.† Communities of three or four hundred, their holes being within a few inches of each other, sometimes extend along the face of a precipice eighty or a hundred yards.‡ The following is Pliny's remarkable tale of the earthwork constructed by the swallows of the Nile to resist the inundation of that river. We give it unaltered from the quaint old translation of Philip Holland:

"In the mouth of Nilus, neere Heraclea in Egypt, there is a mightie banke, or causey, raised only of a continuall ranke and course of swallows' nests, piled one upon the other, thicke, for almost halfe a quarter of a mile; wh. is so firme and stronge that being opposed against the inundations of Nilus, it is able to breake the force of that river when it swelleth, and is itselfe impregnable; a piece of worke no man is able to set his hand unto. In the same Egypt, neere unto the town Captoo, there is an iland, consecrated to the goddess Isis, where every yeare the swallows do rampier and fortifie for fear lest the same Nilus should eat the bankes thereof, and breake over into it. In the beginning of the spring, for three nights together, they bring to the cape of that iland, straw, chaffe, and such like stuffe, to strengthen the front thereof; and for the time they plie their businesse so hard, that for certaine it is knowne manie of them have died with taking such pains and moiling about their worke. And verilie every yeare they goe as daily to this taske again as the spring is sure to come about; and they fail not no more than souldiers that by vertue of their militarie oth do goe forth to service and warfare."

The nest of the cliff-swallow is hemispherical, some six inches at its truncated junction with the wall, and projecting the same distance; it is formed of a mixture of sand and clay and pellets of mud; the entrance is near the top, turning downward. The bird is so industrious that this commodious structure is finished in three or four days; the clay of which it is built is moistened with saliva secreted in glands about his mouth. The nest of the swallow of the

* Prof. Pallas' Travels in Russia. † Aristotle, *Hist. Anim.*, viii., 16.

‡ Wilson's American Ornithology.

Indian seas is formed entirely of glutinous fibres from the mouth and throat of the bird, interlaced and twined together and hardened in the air; the nests, boiled in soups, are considered a great delicacy by the Chinese. The nest of the window-swallow is somewhat similar to that of the cliff-bird, but with larger opening at the top. It is this familiar bird to whom our great poet alludes in one of those sweet and gentle episodes that steal upon us in the midst of the tumultuous whirl of crime and passion, like summer sunshine after a tempest has swept over the earth:

"This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heavens' breath
Swells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle:
Where they do most breed and haunt I have observed
The air is delicate."

The burrowers, or diggers, are auks, razor-bills, puffins, and penguins; the burrowing owl (*strix cucularia*) is a native of the warm climates of the United States west of the Mississippi. It lives in the villages of the prairie dogs, or marmots, whose holes are large enough for both; these towns are of great extent, and each habitation has a vertical descent of two feet; the passage then slants off obliquely to a cell containing a globe of dry grass firmly compacted and open at the top; this is the nest.

Jackdaws have been said to burrow in rabbit warrens. The flamingo is a mud-builder, according to Dampier, Catesby, and Penrose; the nest is a truncated cone, about two feet high, of slimy earth mixed with a little grass; a small hollow at the apex contains the eggs, which are two and very long; the birds sit astride of the nest, the male bearing his share of the labor of incubation. The nest of the penguin is of similar form, and also that of the American crocodile; the latter is formed of successive layers of mud and grass, and eggs, which are from one to two hundred. The carpenters are the tom-tit, the wry-neck, and the woodpeckers. The toucan is said by the Peruvians to be a carpenter; its bill is of enormous size compared to the body of the bird, but formed of light bony substance as thin as paper and full of reticular cells, over which the nasal nerves are expanded;* it is sensitive, like

* Dr. Traill, of Liverpool.

that of the snipe, and well fitted to feed on juicy fruits, although it may possibly pierce rotten wood.

The various eagles, herons, cranes, storks, and pigeons are platform-builders, making their nests on flat rocks and the tops of houses and ruins. Thus we learn from Juvenal that a stork's nest was built on the Temple of Concord at Rome,* a circumstance of sufficient importance to be commemorated on the medals of Adrian. In Seville and Bagdad, and among the ruins of Persepolis, these nests are frequent.

The basket-birds are the jays, mocking-birds, thrushes, rooks, ravens, warblers, grosbeaks, etc. The Bengal grosbeak builds a pensile nest of grass in the form of a large bottle; it has two or three chambers, said to be lighted by fireflies,† as these insects are sometimes found netted into the material of the interior; they are probably food for the young.

The sociable grosbeak of the Cape of Good Hope is a dome-builder, roofing over trees with a heavy thatch, covering seven or eight hundred nests, with many entrances. Wrens, house-sparrows, towhee-buntings, and pies are also dome-builders; their nests are nearly oval and placed so that the opening is sheltered from the rain. The weavers are the various orioles who generally build pensile nests, the tailor bird, who weaves and sews leaves together, the yellow-hammer, &c. The parasites, or robbers, are those which deposit their eggs in the nests of other birds, or take forcible possession of them; they also build in marten-houses, gourds, &c.; they are the cuckoo, blue-bird, purple-marten, and cow-bunting. We cannot close without giving the following curious and fanciful description of a robin's nest from Turner, an English naturalist of the sixteenth century:

"The robinet, which hath a red breast both in winter and summer, nesteth as far as possible from towns and cities, in the thickest copses and orchards, after this manner: When she hath found manie oke-leaves she constructeth a nest, and when it is built, covereth it with arch-work, leaving only one way for entrance; for which purpose she builds with leaves a long porch before the doorway, the which, when she goeth out to feed, she covereth up with leaves."

Although there is much difference in the relative beauty and convenience of the habitations of various species, still they never change their particular modes of building; and the rough nest of the wood pigeon—a few sticks on a bare

* Ut colitur Pax, atque Fides, Victoria, Virtus,
Queque salutato crepitat Concordia nido.—*Satir.* i., 115-6.

† Nuttall, i., p. 17.

platform—never approaches the perfection of the elegant little shelter of the humming-bird or the imposing structure of the sociable grosbeak. The savage may become civilized; but the inferior animals, whatever may be their industry, their perseverance, or their precision, must confine their labors to the limited sphere of instinct. Their faculties are stationary as man's are progressive.

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- ART. III.—1. *Essay on the Hieroglyphic System of M. Champollion, &c.* Translated by J. STUART. London.
 2. *Origin and Progress of Writing.* ASTLE. London.
 3. *De primâ scribendi origine.* HERMAN HUGO. TREVES.
 4. *Essai sur le Système hiéroglyphique de Champollion.* Paris.

Leviorez haustus avocant a Deo; pleniores ad Deum reducant.—BACON.

WHEN Lord Bacon wrote the above remarkable words, which we translate thus—"A superficial knowledge (of philosophy) leads us from God, whereas a profound, thorough knowledge of it brings us back again to Him," we doubt much whether he himself fully comprehended the profound truth he was enunciating. Be this as it may, it cannot be doubted that, when well considered, these words are eminently suggestive, and at the same time applicable to many departments of knowledge. Pope must undoubtedly have had one of the ideas they embody, if not the very words themselves, present to his mind when he penned the well-known lines on learning:

"Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 But drinking largely sobers us again."

It will hereafter be seen that the words of Bacon are eminently applicable to the subject we have undertaken to discuss in this article.

Have we ever reflected on what may have been the origin of the truly amazing art which enables us to render thought, as it were, visible? Whence has it come? Was it communicated to man by the omnipotent Creator, or was it merely a human invention? The claims of these questions to investigation have been well and eloquently set forth by a modern orator as follows: "And while we investigate the wonderful properties of matter, developed

in the phenomena of the physical world, shall we not, my friends, deem a portion of our time and attention well bestowed upon the miracle of the word *written* and *spoken*, the phenomena of language which lie at the foundation of all our intellectual improvement, of all our literature and science, in a word, of all rational communication of man with man."

The invention of the alphabet, that is to say, of characters for writing, or simply of writing, has been in our hand-books and general literature so commonly ascribed to the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and especially to Cadmus, that the matter is gravely taken for granted, and left unquestioned, but with what justice we will endeavor to show. However, before proceeding to do so we will present some preliminary considerations that will aid us in our investigation.

Man, in coming into existence surrounded by wonders, a real wonder himself, admires much less that which is marvellous than that which appears new. Let an ingenious person only invent a steam-engine or a sewing-machine, and we become enraptured at the progress of the arts and the genius of man; but few will be found who reflect on the marvellous art of giving figure, color, and a body to thought. This art, the mere announcement of which presents the most astonishing contradiction which the mind can perceive between two objects, becomes confounded in our recollections and in our habits with the puerile occupations of early youth, and the most common occupations of life; because we learned it in early life, and because all men, even those of the most limited capacity, are capable of acquiring the knowledge of it. The art of multiplying writing by printing has attracted much more attention than that of fixing language by writing; or, as a French poet has said, of "painting language and speaking to the eyes."

"De peindre la parole et de parler aux yeux."

However, the art of writing presents to our meditation something still more incomprehensible than the art of speech. Language only expresses thought and becomes confounded with it. Man does not resort to means outside of himself to make himself understood; it is solely with his own organs, and with nothing accessory or foreign, that he renders his intellectual operations sensible, and his language is himself, his expression, and his image. But writing expresses at the same time *thought and language*; it stamps both of them on insensible things, and it is by means of

these deaf and dumb interpreters that man renders visible and palpable (for the blind read by the tips of the fingers) that which is the most invisible and impalpable in us, and even in the whole world, namely, thought; that he renders fixed, permanent, transportable, that which is most variable and fugitive, to wit, speech; and that he renews in some manner the prodigy of the creation, which is, in a certain sense, a vast thought rendered visible, as it were, by the handwriting of an omnipotent word.

So the chief of Roman philosophers, as of Roman orators, reflecting on this marvellous art, exclaims, in a transport of admiration: "He undoubtedly did not belong to our terrestrial and mortal nature who was the first to embrace in a few characters the infinite combinations of articulate sounds which can be formed by the human voice."*

We now proceed to examine—1st, whether man could invent the art of writing; 2d, whether the art of writing was necessary for him, or whether he is such as that he cannot exist without writing; and, lastly, what philosophers have thought of its having been invented, and what history and mythology have said of the supposed inventor. But before penetrating further into the mystery of the art, we ought to notice the difference there is between the writing of sounds, which is ours, and hieroglyphic writing, from which some savants would have it derived.

Hieroglyphic writing, which was in use in the primitive ages of society, was composed of figures of sensible objects, images of material facts, or emblems of moral truths. Thus, an army was represented by a buckler and a long-bow, the Supreme Being by an eye, a conqueror by a sword, &c. We ourselves write in hieroglyphics when we represent hope under the figure of a woman supported on an anchor, and when we give to justice, personified in the form of a virgin, a sword and a balance. But this representation by images is what is most remote from our decomposition of sounds by written alphabetic characters. This designing by images is to the writing of sounds precisely what gesture is to language, and one may say that it is the writing of gestures inasmuch as gestures only imitate sensible objects. "Writing," says Duclos, speaking of that of the Egyptians and of the Chinese, "was in that state that it had no relation with our present writing."

* "Ex hæcne tibi terrenâ mortaliq; naturâ concretus is videtur, qui sonos vocis, qui infiniti videbuntur, paucis litterarum notis terminavit?"

Certainly we perceive a co-relation between arms and warriors, between an eye always open and the Divinity who sees everything, and who watches incessantly over his work ; between a sword and the man who submits everything to the empire of force ; between the sword and the balance and the eminent function of weighing the interests of individuals and avenging society ; and the anchor, which holds fast the ship against the surges of the waves, is an ingenious and just emblem of hope, which sustains man in the sufferings of life. But what is there in the words, *army, divinity, conquering, hope, justice*, or in their synonyms in any language whatever, that represents in any manner the objects they express ? Again we will let Duclos speak : " Writing, that marvellous invention of composing with twenty or thirty sounds that infinite variety of words which, having in themselves nothing that is like what passes in the mind and still less like the objects they express, still disclose to others the whole secret."

The art of imitating sensible objects presents itself naturally to man, because the models are everywhere before his eyes, and because he has a natural inclination to copy them. He who sees the shadow of a body projected on a plane surface has only to follow its outlines in order to have the first notions, and even the first rules, of the art of designing or of drawing. In reality, in the early ages of our race, the art of design consisted only in outlines and lineaments without shade, and it is not to be wondered at that the human race, during its infancy, should have practised what is still the amusement of children and of savages.

The first peoples, then, wrote their histories with altars, tombs, and stony pillars, which they elevated in the deserts. But when, more advanced in intelligence and incited by their interests and events, they wished to transmit to posterity memorials more distinct and circumstantial, they were undoubtedly stopped by the impossibility of copying to nature the facts and the emblems of truths, the memorials of which they wished to perpetuate and the tradition of which they wished to have preserved. They contented themselves with designing the principal features : accordingly, they represented a whole army by a long bow and a buckler, necessary things for war ; agriculture by a farming implement ; the Divine Being by an eye, an appropriate symbol of foreknowledge and providence, &c. Hence it will be seen that theirs was an abbreviated mode of designing.

It was thus that, even after alphabetical characters were adopted in ancient inscriptions, we find in the words the greater number of the letters omitted, and most frequently they have only the first and the last letters of the word, often only the initial letter. The hieroglyphic figures on stone and marble are preserved; but the memorials and the knowledge they were intended to perpetuate, for the most part perished with the institutions of ancient Egypt, and it is to be feared that the praiseworthy investigations of Champollion will fail in throwing light on the far greater number of them. These hieroglyphics, in the course of time, became enigmas for the common people; and as they are naturally prone to see mysterious things in all those they do not comprehend, and as they knew by tradition that the priests were the depositaries of the secret, and saw the walls of the temples covered with hieroglyphic characters, these characters became for them a kind of sacred writing; these fantastic figures appeared to them as so many emblems and characters of supernatural beings, and eventually a superstitious ignorance saw in them as many divinities as there were different emblems.

But the art of representing objects or even moral subjects by emblems or by physical attributes has nothing in common with the art of expressing ideas by the decomposition or compounding of sounds. So, children and savages, who possess some gross notions of drawing, have never imagined anything that would approach the art of writing. In China some millions of lettered persons have not been able in some thousands of years to make their writing of words, or at most of syllables, advance a single step, and like us decompose sounds; and this discovery, which we regard so simple and easy, has yet to be called into existence among a people who have preceded us in the invention of several arts, and to whom nothing was wanting to bring them to perfection but an instrument of thought more practical and expeditious—We mean another form of writing their language. The aboriginal populous nations of our own continent were still less advanced, and they were obliged to use knots and to string their *quipos* to preserve and transmit to posterity the remembrance of memorable events and to mark the epochs and divisions of time.

The problem of writing—and under the term *writing* we include printing, which is only a form of it—consists in reducing the infinite number of articulate sounds the human

voice may form alone, or modified by the tongue, lips, &c., to a determinate number of simple or compound sounds, which are called *vowels* and *consonants*. The number in the different languages commonly varies from twenty to thirty, which may be reduced to a medium number, as is nearly the case with our own, and sometimes writing under the same characters some compound sounds peculiar to certain languages.

But it should be well remarked that the value and kind of these elementary sounds disappear either wholly or partly in the pronunciation, and are marked and possible to be distinguished only in writing and by the signs or letters that characterize them.

This is one of the strongest objections that can be urged against the opinion of writing being an invention; and if it be true that the decomposition or analysis of sounds, which is the whole secret of our writing, could not have been made but from the sight of written language, and not by merely hearing spoken language, it is evident that writing would have been almost indispensably necessary to establish the use of writing. In fact, vowels, which are simple emissions of the voice, signify nothing, only as far as they are joined to consonants that sound with them. But consonants themselves alone, and considered individually, cannot either be pronounced without vowels which *sound* with them; and it is in order to render this sound less sensible that in our alphabet we pronounce several of our consonants with an *e*, the most mute of our vowels. Thus *b, c, d, g, p, t, v, z*, take each a vowel, and are pronounced *be, ce, de, &c.*; and some, as *h, j, k, q*, take two vowels, and are pronounced *aitch, kay, cue, &c.* With us sometime ago *Z* was pronounced with a vowel and another consonant, *zed*; and though we take our examples only from our English alphabet, the same will be found in all languages and in a still more marked manner. Thus in Greek the letters are sounded *alpha, beta, gamma, delta, &c.*; in German *ah, bay, tsay, day, &c.*; but more than all in Hebrew, where the letters sound *aleph, beth, ghimel, daleth, &c.*, and in Irish, or Hiberno-Celtic, where they sound *aibm, beth, coll, dair, &c.*

Hence it follows that consonants are indecomposable to pronunciation, since they are inseparable from vowels, and some from other consonants, and that it is at the same time impossible to pronounce them alone as they are written, or to write them compounded as they are pronounced. So "in

the orthography of Hebrew words, the vowels are suppressed, which are sometimes replaced by points, because the consonants wholly alone force the vowels to reappear in their train in reading or in pronunciation, and the dispute between Hebraists turns on the kind and the number of vowels that are joined to such or such a consonant. It is known, besides, that vowels are very indifferent in etymologies; they vary in the same words and under the influence of the same language, transferred from one country to another; and the different dialects of the same language differ among themselves in the vowels as the different languages do in regard to the consonants.”*

While on this subject, we may remark that a sad mistake has occurred among us in regard to the letter *a*. It was pronounced by our forefathers *ah*, but in the last century England adopted the fashion of calling that vowel *aye*, a sound which it very seldom has, whereas the sound of *ah*, long, short, or broad, is heard in almost every syllable into which it enters. But the great misfortune was that our English fathers and cousins, backed by the University of Cambridge (the University of Oxford remaining hostile to the innovation), carried this fashion into the pronunciation of Latin, thus making *amo*, *aymo*, in place of *awmo*. Chiefly to this cause is to be attributed the difficulty English-speaking students experience in pronouncing, and, therefore, in learning the modern languages of Europe, in none of which does that vowel ever have the sound of *aye*.

But to return from our slight digression. In the actual state of our knowledge, how can we imagine the process the pretended inventor of the art of writing would have followed to decompose or decompound the sounds of a language which he knew only by hearing—those sounds which are confounded in the pronunciation and which take in the word a compound sound which often presents none of the elementary sounds of which it is composed. How, for example, in articulating the words, *they*, *you*, not to speak of more complicated ones, could he discover that they were formed of the four letters, *t, h, e, y*, or of the three, *y, o, u*, if he had not known already; that is, named and distinguished one from the other, each of these elementary sounds? And how could he have named and distinguished them if he had not already read them and seen them distinguished by the characters or let-

ters which give each one its value and its name. Let an American who knows only the English language try to write French, German, Spanish, or Polish words pronounced before him, and with their peculiar pronunciation, and undoubtedly he never could succeed in writing them correctly, because his hearing would never seize the exact sounds the knowledge of which would have been necessary.

A pronounced word or monosyllable is a complete sound, an indivisible sound, the elements of which disappear in the pronunciation, and are not distinguished from each other but by the signs or letters that characterize them. So, to decompose sounds is nothing else but to name them; and how name them if one does not know the particular name of each?

The art of writing may be compared to that of printing, which is only a more expeditious mode of writing. Now, it would have been impossible that the art of printing could have commenced with a people who were ignorant of writing, and it is easy to judge by analogy that writing could not have been invented by a people who until then knew only a spoken language. The only manner of writing, the invention of which was possible, was the writing of the Chinese, who give a particular character to each word, who write by words in place of letters, a kind of hieroglyphic writing which substitutes conventional signs for figures drawn from natural or artificial objects—a mode of writing which M. De Bonald thinks is “perhaps only an alteration or a vague and confused recollection of writing by the decomposition of sounds,” and which is probably the chief cause of the little progress the Chinese have made in the arts, and the remarkable dulness of their intellect, because these people employ in the study of the instrument of thought the time we employ in studying thought itself. Truly, then, this mode of writing has little or no connection with ours.

Again, if writing had been solely invented by hearing spoken language, homonymous words, or those of the same pronunciation, would have been written alike. What difference, for instance, could be detected by the ear between the words *hair* and *hare*, or between *reign*, *rain*, and *rein*, &c.? And such, no doubt, would be the case in other languages, though there is some reason for believing that homonymous words are found only in derived languages.

Undoubtedly, we, who possess characters that serve to note the decomposition, or analysis, of sounds in all languages,

could apply them to the words of those we hear for the first time, and write them, if not such as they are in themselves, at least such as they sound to our ears. It would be like a song which he who knows music could note in hearing it. But the question is to know whether men could have been able to distinguish and name before they were represented by characters those same sounds which we combine together when we learn to read, which we do not distinguish from each other when we write, but by the character that represents them and the name they bear; the question, in a word, is to know if writing was not necessary to invent writing, and if men not being able to speak without thinking, nor to think without speaking interiorly, could at any time write their thoughts before having read them, as they could not read them without having written them; for, as one cannot think but in speaking to himself, so he cannot write without reading in himself the characters he traces on the paper.

It is easy to say men observe, reflect, judge, &c., because we ourselves, treating of written languages, as we do of spoken ones, possess all the qualifications for observation, reflexion, and judgment. But let us transport ourselves in thought to the times that preceded writing, and let us judge of all the vagueness and void that must have been caused in the mind by the absence of characters that would serve to distinguish sounds among each other and note their decomposition; and whether it was not necessary to have already the names and the characters to be able to distinguish the sounds, in place of distinguishing the sounds to assign them names and characters.

There is no language in which we may not remark more or less difference between the spelling and the pronunciation of some words, and in some languages part of the orthography is scarcely articulated, and the sounds vary according to the words. For instance, in our own language the vowels in many words take the sounds of almost all the other vowels, and it may justly be said that the exceptions to the rules of orthography are more numerous than the rules themselves.

All the arts have had their origin or reason in our wants, their matter in nature, and their form in our industry, and are always awakened by something anterior to their discovery, and which is, as it were, the germ which our minds only fecundate; but what image of physical nature, what accident, what chance could have been able to put men on

the way of making the marvellous discovery of the art of writing, and make them imagine that it was possible to read the articulations of the voice and to write thoughts? What analogy could this art have with any object in nature, or among the arts? In what needs, in what necessities of our individual nature could have been the germ and the occasion?

We see in the rude sketches which children draw, and in the gross figures with which the savage ornaments his bow or his cup, the first draughts of painting and sculpture. Architecture, with its columns, its entablatures, and frontons, is but the development of a cabin with its posts, its girders, and its roofs. We see every day men without any knowledge of arithmetic, without even the knowledge of reading, form systems of counting for themselves; others without any knowledge of surveying measure with great exactness their own lands. Rustic songs preluded, in all nations, the accents of poetry; but never has it been heard that any person without having learned it was able to imagine any method of making known his thoughts that would at all approach the art of decomposing sounds and writing them; for signs, symbols, and generally all emblematic or real images, ought naturally present themselves to the minds of men, and are really only abridged signs.

That a syllabic system of writing was invented by an unlettered Cherokee Indian for his own language is not incredible, we readily grant. We can easily admit it without considering that it militates against the views we have taken in regard to the decompounding of the letters of words. But even in this case the ingenious Indian had previously heard from the missionaries the uses of the letters of their books. Had he never seen or heard of alphabetical characters, how would the case have stood?

It would be a mistake to compare alphabetic writing to the gamut or chanted music to language. Music considers and notes the intensity and the movement of sounds and the intervals between them; writing, the articulations of sounds. Music measures and counts the tones, strong or weak, accelerated or slow, grave or acute; it is not an expression of thoughts, but rather an arithmetic of sounds; and hence it is that its theory can be submitted to calculation. In the gamut, in fact, an octave of cyphers may be, and sometimes is, substituted for the octave of notes. The cyphers would mark by their denomination the elevation or the lowering of the tone, as the notes express it by their position in the

musical scale. If music expresses something more to the imagination; if it expresses with some truth the passions, both tender and violent, it is wholly on account of the natural disposition we have of employing in the ones softer and slower movements of voice and gesture, and in the others sharper and louder movements. But although language and writing express thought, the sound we hear or read has no necessary and natural connection with the objects of our thoughts and of our words (if it be not in the imitation of some physical accidents); such, in a word, is the difference between the art of music and that of language and writing that it becomes necessary, notwithstanding what the lovers of music may say to the contrary, that music must aid itself with language—that is to say, must speak, if it desires to be understood.

But when was there the necessity, or even the want, of the art of writing for man? for one cannot help thinking that so marvellous an art could not have been invented without necessity. If man, considered as a simple individual and isolated from all society, could live without talking, the family could much more exist without the knowledge of writing. In our own times, even in the midst of civilized society, the art of writing is not known by a large number of persons and families, and language suffices for their duties as well as for their wants. "In ancient times this art," as De Bonald justly observes, "was not necessary for the public requirements of society; religious worship consisted in chants or hymns committed to memory. Laws were customs from time immemorial, and legal decisions were given *viva voce* by old men. War was carried on without art, and commerce by simple exchanges of commodities. Political transactions were confided to messengers or heralds, who repeated them word for word and in the same order they received them—the propositions they were charged with transmitting—a usage of which frequent examples are found in Homer, and in the sacred Scriptures, and which prove the ignorance in which men were in those times of the art of writing."

Writing, which, in a certain sense, may be regarded as public language, inasmuch as it generalizes language in extending it to all times, and in transporting it to all places, and in making it heard by all men—writing, we say, was not absolutely necessary for man, but it was needed against man—we mean, to preserve society against the passions of men—in fixing and in rendering forever unalterable the divine, human

mental, and primitive laws which man continually tends to corrupt, in order to put in their place the laws of his own designing. Thus the art of writing, of which man availed himself for his convenience, and which he has so often abused, was not intended for the wants and the pleasures of man, but was given to society for an end worthy of a means so wonderful, to maintain the rule or the knowledge of duties against the inconstancy and inconsiderateness of man.

Upon this point the testimony of history is in perfect accordance with the inductions of reason. The first time the word *writing* appears in history it is joined to the word *law*, and the times of *written*, or positive, law succeed to the times of oral law, called, also, *natural law*. The most ancient and the most authentic monument of writing of which we have any knowledge shows us a whole people passing from the domestic state to the social or public condition, or what we understand by the term *society*, at the same time that they receive from the Author of society the written text of their fundamental laws and of social order. This same text, which this same people, always subsisting, preserve still with so unfortunate a fidelity, and which the most enlightened and intelligent nations have received from their hands with such religious veneration, is, as well as the book that contains it, called by them the *Scripture*, or the *Book supremely*, and which is the meaning of our term *Bible*.

So, at the epoch when writing was given to society, this same book, taken as a history, informs us that *all flesh had corrupted its ways*. The knowledge of the primitive virtues became effaced from the minds of men; the belief of the unity of God had become a monstrous idolatry; the immolation of human beings had taken the place of the innocent offerings of the fruits of the earth and of animals; marriage degenerated into polygamy, and despotism and slavery were in the family. And these same disorders we see reappear under other forms and other names in all places where the written text of the divine laws had become effaced or altered.

But persons who have aspired to be called philosophers have spoken of writing being an invention and have given the supposed history, or fable, of the inventor. And after all, perhaps, we will find in what they say new motives for concluding that writing was no invention, and, therefore, that it could not have had an inventor.

One of these gentlemen, who may be considered as a fair representative of the school—namely, Duclos—speaks as

follows: "Writing did not come into existence as language did, by a slow and insensible progression. It took many ages to appear. But when it did, it was suddenly and like light. * * Writing was in that state (that of the Egyptians and of the Chinese) and had no connection with our present writing, when a rare and profound genius conceived that discourse, however varied and extended it may be for expressing ideas, is, however, composed of only a small number of sounds, and that all that was wanting was to give them representative characters." Ah! undoubtedly that was all that was wanting. But would that have been a simple idea—an idea from the depths of our nature and which would come to us apart from our sensations? Would it have been, to speak more clearly, a human idea to figure sound, to fix language, and to make thought visible?

The Greeks and the Romans, so advanced in the arts of imitation and in those of thinking, who made such admirable discoveries in geometry and obtained such grand results in mechanics, with even the art of writing and the art of engraving on wood and on stone—could not conceive an idea so simple as to color this graven or sculptured writing and draw from it, by *pressure*, exact copies. And we ourselves, more advanced as we were in the arts, and who, at the time of the discovery of the art of printing, had carried the graphic art to such a point of perfection that it is scarcely possible to distinguish the last efforts of writing from the first impressions of printing, did not, until the fifteenth century, conceive or avail ourselves of a process at once so easy and so near at home. And yet persons would honor primeval times—those times that approached nearest to what is called the state of *pure nature* and which were in the most extreme barbarity—with the invention of writing!

Discourse, undoubtedly, when it is once written, appears to the eye to be *composed only of a small number of sounds, however varied and extended it may be for expressing ideas*; but spoken discourse (and it must not be forgotten that the question is in regard to the times that preceded the art of printing) seems to the ear as varied and extended as regards sounds as it does as regards ideas, and comprised of as many different sounds as of different ideas, since each idea appears to differ from another idea only by the difference of sound or of the word that expresses it; and the genius who could judge of it only by the ear, however *rare* and *profound* he may be, could not perceive, that is to say, receive by the

ear, the sensation of the fewness of the number of sounds which he could perceive only by the eye.

Far from being able to decompose the sounds so as to reduce them to a small number and represent them by so few characters, all the supposed genius could do would be to give a representative character to each word, to multiply thus almost to infinity the number of characters, in place of reducing them. Genius has gone no farther with a people who are the most numerous on earth, and who have been from the most ancient times organized into society, and this manner of serving themselves with the instrument of thought, has, as De Bonald well remarks, "so much benumbed their intellectual faculties that a missionary fears not to say that a Chinese is not capable of understanding in a month what a Frenchman could say to him in an hour."

However, the admissions of our philosopher should not be overlooked. He acknowledged that the writing of sounds has no connexion with hieroglyphic, symbolic, or emblematic characters, or the writings of the Egyptians, or of the Chinese; that, consequently, it could not have been derived from them, and that its origin must be sought elsewhere. He thinks writing must have come into existence many ages after language, and thereby he confirms what we have already advanced—that writing was given for the benefit of society when families were sufficiently multiplied to form peoples. And surely one cannot fail being struck with the comparison of writing to light, and the analogy between them, with which the instinct of truth inspires Duclos, a comparison of which he himself does not seem to feel the force, and which rather seems to refer this luminous art to the author of all light, and its instantaneous existence to the will of Him who could say to writing, as He did to light: "*Fiat—et erat.*"

But this rare and profound genius, this benefactor of society, must have been, no doubt, known by men; and the art he invented, that art which transmits to us so many obscure, so many culpable names, useful for its inventor, would assuredly have consecrated his memory to the eternal gratitude of the human race. Here commence other uncertainties. We have seen the doubts of philosophers on the manner of the invention, and we will next see the doubts of history with regard to the person of the inventor.

Historic and fabulous traditions have, as we have already

noticed, attributed the art of writing to the Phœnicians and Egyptians, and the only doubt with them is as regards the particular inventor. But what reason is there for attributing all the genius of the invention to one part of the world rather than to another? Why limit it to the far East alone? To speak only of savages: do they not live in domestic society, and do they not have, as occasion may require, some form of public government? Do they not have neighbors, allies, and enemies? Do they not wage war and make peace? Have they not their needs and enjoyments, duties and passions, virtues and vices, that is to say, everything that would arouse the mind, stimulate industry, and awaken the genius of invention? They carve the figures of the objects they have beneath their eyes; why not also engrave the sounds they have on their lips? They express thought by emblems; why do they not go further and express oral language by its elementary sounds? It is, then, in Oriental countries, among the Phœnicians or the Egyptians, that, according to fabulous history, we have to seek the origin of writing.

"Phœnices primum, fami si creditur, ausi
Mansurum radibus vocem signare figuris." *

Other traditions give the origin of writing to the Egyptians, and attribute its invention to a secretary or minister of an Egyptian king named *Thot*, the son of *Hermes*, *Mercury*, or *Trismegistus*, the latter a commodious personage, to whom fabulous antiquity was pleased to attribute every invention the inventor of which was unknown.

But the Phœnicians, better known in the political and literary world than their neighbors, on account of their commerce, their colonies, and their navigations, have almost always been confounded with the Hebrews. Their country was bordering on Palestine, their alphabet was the Hebrew alphabet, and their language a dialect of the Hebrew language. But the Egyptians had the Hebrews for a long time in the midst of them, and, according to an ancient author cited by Eusebius, owed to a famous personage of that nation (the patriarch Joseph) the wisest rules of administration and many of their most celebrated monuments.

Now, according to Hebraists, *Thot* and *Hermes* signify in Hebrew *letters* and *signs*, and *Thot* or *Hermes*, the pretended secretary or minister of the king of Egypt, the declared

* Lucan.

inventor of alphabetic letters and the son of Mercury Trismegistus, who from Egypt passed into Greek and Latin mythology with the title of god of eloquence and of letters, bears, at least, an extraordinary resemblance to Moses, who was raised at the court of Pharaoh, and who transmitted to the people of God the writing of the law. And all that the Greeks, who are well known to be addicted to the fabulous, have said of the institutions, the mysteries, and the government of ancient Egypt ought probably to be, in a great measure, referred to the books, the laws, and the government of the Hebrews.

Thus, through the Phœnicians and Egyptians, the supposed inventors of the art of writing, we equally ascend to the Hebrew people, the first depositaries of the written law; and we perceive through the veil which mythology has thrown over the history of primitive times the Hebrew nation, the chosen people of God, to be the oldest society on earth. And we find among all civilized nations some traces of their language, of their books, of their traditions, and of their history, as we find God himself at the head of the human family. Thus, God himself constituted the first society in promulgating and fixing, by writing, positive law, as He had constituted the first family in teaching it its natural duties by oral language.

Now, if we consider in their *ensemble* both the reasons deduced from the very nature of the art of writing, which do not permit the belief that it was possible to invent alphabetical writing, the opinions of philosophers in regard to the mode of its invention, the traditions of fabulous history with respect to the place and the inventor, and the belief of the most enlightened peoples regarding the promulgation of the *written* law still subsisting among us, we cannot but be struck with the support these different reasons or motives mutually lend to each other, and the strong probability, or, may we not rather say, the entire certainty, which results from them in favor of the divine origin we have ascribed to alphabetic writing, and that the latter was by no means, and could not have been, a human invention.

Further, it is evident that the art of alphabetic writing must have been originally either a human invention or a divine endowment or communication. No intermediate agency can reasonably be conceived, except that of an angelic one, unless, indeed, we choose to ascribe it to a diabolic one. But of an angelic agency in the matter we have

no satisfactory testimony; and as we hope none of our readers will feel disposed to give the honor of inventing so noble an art to so ignoble a sire as Satan, we will pass by the thought, or view, without honoring it with a comment, much less with a refutation.

We would now appeal to the candor of our readers whether we have not shown that alphabetic writing could not possibly have been an invention or even a discovery of men unless in the case of his having been specially and immediately enlightened and aided by the Almighty, in which case it would have been a miracle, and the honor should justly have reverted to the divine Author.* From

* We insert this article with pleasure in accordance with our rule of excluding no ingenious and able discussion which is not at variance with religion or morality—merely because the views which it advocates differ from our own. We do not agree with our contributor, that the art of writing, noble and useful as it is, can be regarded as a Divine invention any more than several other arts which are scarcely less useful, or less obtruse. If we believe that the art of writing was miraculously communicated to man by the Deity, there is no reason why we should not ascribe a similar origin to painting, sculpture, music, &c. We should rather remember that in the early stages of society it has ever been the habit to attribute to the Gods whatever was great or useful, but whose discoverer, or inventor, was not known; nor has the custom become altogether obsolete at the present day. We also know from both history and experience, that whatever is the prevalent belief in any particular country cannot be safely opposed even by the greatest thinkers of that country; hence it is that our contributor might have quoted Plato as well as Cicero in support of his views.

But the Greek philosopher qualifies his opinion on the subject; he tells us that the art of writing must have had for its author either a God, or a man divinely inspired. The latter was the opinion of most of the ancients. Thus, for example, Philo, the Hebrew Platonist, gives Abraham the honor of being the inspired man who communicated the miraculous gift to the rest of mankind. Josephus who claims to know the history of the Jews better than any other writer, denies the honor to Abraham, but does not hesitate to confer it on Seth. Other Jewish writers, who claim to be more learned and more trustworthy, assert that neither Abraham nor Seth had anything to do with the matter; but these, like the rest, differ with each other, one party conferring the honor on Moses, the other conferring it on Enoch. Then, again, the Persians ascribe the invention to Zoroaster, the Scandinavians to Odin, &c., &c.

We see then that it is not modern piety that has invested the art of writing with the character of a miracle; on the contrary, only a few Christian writers have adopted the Pagan idea; and that these few are by no means the most reliable of their class will hardly be denied when it is remembered that the most acute and erudite of them are the Rev. Dr. Adam Clark, author of "Commentaries on the Bible," and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Warburton, author of "The Divine Legation of Moses." The most learned of the early Christian writers regarded writing as they did any other useful art, which man, by means of the intellect bestowed upon him by the Creator, first invented it under the influence of necessity, and gradually improved it as he became more enlightened. It is in accordance with this view of the case that St. Augustin expresses the opinion that the art of writing had been known to the Antediluvians; and who will deny that he has reason and analogy on his side.

Those who have spent their lives in investigating the secrets of

the reasons we have adduced, then, does it not follow that the wonderful art we have been considering is a miraculous, if not a divine, one, and that it is entitled to the designation of *divine*, not by courtesy or by a figure of speech, as was the case with the *Divina Commedia* of Dante, but by a just and legitimate right, by right divine? It is therefore to be hoped that no scholar, no philosopher, no true man, much less a Christian, will henceforward attribute its authorship to any less worthy and noble a personage than Him of whom it is written: *Ipsæ dixit, et facta sunt; ipse mandavit, et creata sunt.*

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- ART. IV.—1. *The Æneid of Virgil*, translated into English Verse. By JOHN CONINGTON, M. A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. 12mo., pp. 482. New York: W. J. Windleton, 1867.
2. *The Æneis of Virgil*. Translated by CHARLES SYMMONS D. D., of Jesus College, Oxford. Chiswick: 1820.
3. *Virgil. The Eclogues* translated by WRANGHAM, the *Georgics* by SOTHEY, and the *Æneid* by DRYDEN, in 2 vols. London: 1830.
4. *The Æneid*, by C. PITT, and *The Bucolics and Georgics*, by JOSEPH WARTON. London: 1783.
5. *P. Virgilii Maronis Opera. Interpretatione et Notis*, illustravit C. G. HEYNE. Lips.: 1834.

FEWER critics have done justice to Virgil than to any other poet of antiquity whose works have reached us. The chief reason of this is that in comparing him with Homer, nearly all praise or condemn him according as he is like or unlike the author of the *Iliad*. But little allowance is made for the very different circumstances in which the two poets were placed. It is too much the habit to forget that the

antiquity, remind us that there never has existed a language which was not exceedingly imperfect in its origin. Need we say that had it come from the Divine hand, ready-made, this would not have been the case. But no; the structure and genius of a language are as much the result of natural causes, as different styles of architecture and different schools of painting. "Les doctrines politiques ou religieuses," say the two most eminent Egyptologists of modern times (Figeas and Champollion), "créèrent des alphabets comme elles créèrent des polices et des liturgies." (Vide Introduction to M. Silvestre's *Paleographie universelle*.) The great Leibnitz has said in a similar spirit, "Donnez-moi un bon alphabet et je vous donnerai une langue bien faite." Another savant, who has treated the subject learnedly and ably is M. Léon Vaisse, of the French Academy. This gentleman is, we believe, as good a Christian as any of his studious investigating brethren, and the conclusions which he arrives at are the following: "Mais c'est ni sous l'influence d'une inspiration surnaturelle, ni par une création spontanée, que le grand art d'écrire la pensée a été formé. Il n'est arrivé au point où nous le trouvons aujourd'hui chez les

Romans of the time of Virgil were as much unlike the Greeks of the time of Homer as any civilized or half-civilized people could be unlike another. They were dissimilar in their modes of thought, in their manners and customs, in their religious and political faith. Still more dissimilar, if possible, were their traditions. Those of the Greeks were the most brilliant of all antiquity; the fame of the heroes of the Trojan war were not confined to Greece; they formed the subjects of fine poems in all parts of the East, from the Red Sea to the Indus, before ever Homer wrote. The Romans of Virgil's time had no such traditions, no such heroes. It is not too much to say that he had to create both; and he had to do so in a manner that would flatter at once the people and their sovereign. The Romans had indeed had wars before his time; but their ancient wars could be regarded as little more than the fitful contentions of petty tribes, and those of a more dignified character were of too recent a date to furnish materials for an epic poem. The final destruction of Carthage by Scipio was a great event; but it could not so soon be forgotten that Hannibal had threatened Rome with destruction for nineteen years, destroying thousands of her best troops and ablest generals in their fruitless efforts to expel him from the country. But had the Punic wars been much more glorious than they were, both in their progress and results, Virgil had to bear in mind that they were republican, not monarchical; that they were the works of consuls and senates, not of kings and emperors; and it was the latter, not the former, whom he had to celebrate in order to give satisfaction.

The early kings of Italy, if there were any worthy of the name, were so obscure that it seemed a hopeless task to invest their actions with interest. To commence an epic poem with such materials as they afforded would have put the genius of Homer himself to a severe test; certainly even the Prince of poets could not have constructed such a work as the *Iliad* on so weak a foundation. Accordingly Virgil had to seek a portion of his materials elsewhere. He chooses characters, events and incidents, to commence with, which had already become famous throughout the world:

nations les plus civilisées, qu'à la suite d'essais et de modifications successives, dont le souvenir, en conséquence de la nature même du sujet, n'a pu être exactement gardé par l'histoire: car comment retrouvent historiquement l'origine d'un art avant l'invention duquel il n'a pas pu y avoir d'historiens." This is the almost universal opinion at the present day; but we have not read the article of our contributor with the less interest on this account, and we have no doubt that most of our readers will regard it in a light equally favorable.—EDITOR.

the names of Hector, Ajax, Ulysses, Achilles, Diomedes were each illustrative of greatness in one form or other; and scarcely less interesting or less poetical were Hecuba, Andromache, and Helen. But he has to make such use of all as will comport best with his main object, namely to flatter both his countrymen and the Emperor, to whose friendship he owed so much. Thus he represents the Romans as the descendants of the ancient Trojans; he traces the pedigree of Augustus back to the most illustrious of the Trojan kings. But this is not sufficient; he has also to represent him in the twofold character of a founder and lawgiver of a great nation. With this view he could not have chosen any of the more prominent personages of Homer for his hero; he must content himself with one of the most obscure of all. Then if Æneas has certain defects we are bound to remember that Augustus, whom he is undoubtedly designed to symbolize in his most prominent characteristics, had certain ideas of right and wrong which some even of his own courtiers regarded as vanities. He always affected the greatest reverence for the gods; accordingly Æneas is everywhere "pius." If Augustus was not strictly moral in practice, he was so at least in theory, and thus it is that of all the heroes of antiquity Æneas is the most exemplary in his morals. All the biographers of Augustus agree that he was a great admirer of the sex; that he would fall in love with the pretty women and allow them to fall in love with him without much thought of the consequences to himself or others; accordingly Æneas is by no means blind to the charms of Dido. After the first interview he would conceal nothing from her; what causes him unutterable woe to mention he will relate in full to her; nor does he hesitate to wed her. When the gods require him to leave her, however, he is equally ready to obey; for, in order to do justice to his imperial descendant, his love for his wife or mistress must be subservient to his piety towards the gods. Hence it is that he abandons Dido with so little ceremony. Finally we are told, in regard to Augustus, that in his youth he always wept at tales of woe, and that even when wearing the imperial purple he could never read the lamentations of Andromache, Helen, and Hecuba over the dead body of Hector without being affected to tears. This trait, also, we find in the character of Æneas; it is the reason why in reading the Æneid we so often meet with the phrase, "*Sic fatur lacrymans.*"

It is only by bearing these facts in mind that the best judges can duly appreciate the great poem of Virgil. We

are no admirers of the character of Æneas, but, on the contrary, regard him as a very indifferent hero. One who is almost always either weeping or praying, and who scarcely ever attempts anything bold or daring, may be an excellent sovereign, but a much more dramatic personage is needed as the chief actor in an epic. But it has been seen that it is not to the genius of Virgil we are to attribute this defect, but to his desire to gratify his great patron. The poet was well aware himself that Æneas was a defective character; it has been the opinion of the most intelligent critics, from Donatus and Quintilian down to Heyne and Forbiger, that it was chiefly, if not solely, on account of the defects in the character of his hero that the poet requested at his death that the whole poem should be burned. It is not the less true, however, that no competent judge of any age or country has ever denied that at least the six first books are noble performances; still greater has been the unanimity, wherever literature is admired, as to the superior excellence of the second, fourth, and sixth books. These could not be surpassed; it may be doubted whether Homer himself, had he lived in the time of Virgil and been under similar restraint, could have combined in the same space more sublimity, beauty, grace, and pathos.

Yet they must not be compared with any three books of the *Iliad*; for the reasons already given, such a comparison would be unjust. We might as well pass sentence on Milton according as he differs from Dante; for the authors of *Paradise Lost* and the *Inferno* are certainly not more unlike in their genius than the authors of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*; nor were the English of Milton's time more unlike the Italians of Dante's time in their manners and customs, political and religious faith, social condition, &c., than the Romans of Virgil's time were unlike the Greeks of the time of Homer. It is true that the Roman poet has imitated the Greek poet; he has done more than this—he has borrowed largely from him; but so have all other great poets since his time. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides have in turn drawn their chief materials from the great intellectual storehouse of the *Iliad*; and who will deny the indebtedness of Milton, Dante, and Tasso to the same source, not to mention Racine, Klopstock, Camoens, and a host of others. But who has turned his borrowed materials to such excellent account as Virgil? Not one of all we have mentioned has equalled him; it may be said now as truly as it was in the time of

Quintilian that he is second only to Homer, and that he is nearer to the first than he is to the third.*

If Virgil should be disparaged because he has thus borrowed, so should Milton, Dante, and Tasso, each of whom has borrowed largely from the *Æneid*, as well as from the *Iliad*; and on the same principle we must condemn Shakespeare, who is the most extensive borrower of all. But in order to appreciate Virgil it is not sufficient to be aware of the manner in which he availed himself of the treasures of the Homeric poems; it is also necessary to understand that there was not one of the Greek poets or historians whose works were still extant in his time whom he did not carefully study in the original, and in none did he meet with a good or beautiful passage without profiting by it in one form or other. Even the comic poets he has imitated wherever he has found them worthy of it; he has frequently availed himself of the happy thoughts of Menander and Aristophanes; nor has he disdained to cull a beautiful flower, here and there, from the Odes of Pindar.† As to Apollonius, the author of the *Argonautics*, he makes him contribute to the beauty and pathos of some of his noblest passages.‡ With all that was good in the works of his own countrymen, including Varius, Lucretius, and Tibullus, he made equally free, but he improved on all.

Although scarcely any of the Latin writers is more easily read than Virgil, no translator can do justice to his *Æneid* without being acquainted with these facts. It is also necessary to have an idea of the character of his education. Thus, for example, there are many of his most sublime thoughts which cannot be fully appreciated without more or less acquaintance with the epicurian philosophy which he studied thoroughly under the tuition of Syro, one of the most celebrated philosophers of his time. He was also well acquainted with the mathematical sciences, and had studied medicine for several years. Thus it is that even those who have accused him of having

* Inst. Orator, lib. x., 85.

† See Pindar's fourth Pythian and compare Virgil's description of the Harpies in the third book of the *Æneid*. Compare Virgil's description also of Mount *Ætna* in the same book, with that in Pindar's first Pythian. The Greek poet is undoubtedly grand; but the Roman poet vastly grander.

‡ The best illustration of this may be found in the beautiful description of a calm still night in the fourth book of the *Æneid*, said to have been imitated from the *Argonautics*. The student of the classics may compare *Argon.* iii., 743, &c., with *Æneid* iv., 522, &c. Each is sublime, but Virgil's must be awarded the palm of superiority.

appropriated the whole of the second book of the *Æneid* from the Greek poet, Pisander, give him credit for the highest mental discipline and the most extensive learning.*

Thus we see that Virgil had the most excellent materials for his first six books, and no one who has studied the subject will deny that he has made the best possible use of them. But it is urged that he owes their chief attraction to Homer. That he owes much of it to him may be readily admitted; but that he was capable of attaining excellence altogether independently of the *Iliad* is sufficiently shown by the story of Dido in the fourth book, which is wholly his own, and which is not excelled in beauty, sublimity, and pathos, even by that of the destruction of Troy in the second book. It is, in a word, a perfect gem; neither ancient nor modern literature—not the *Iliad* itself—contains any piece of equal length so unique in the highest attributes of the epopee.

There is a falling off, however, in the last six books; this cannot be denied. But is there not ample reason for it? The reason we have already adverted to: in the first six books Virgil made use of the Homeric characters, each of which might be said to be highly poetical, even as names. But how different are the circumstances in the six last books. Admirable as the first six books are, they do not render the *Æneid* a national poem. This has yet to be done; it has, in fact, to be commenced. The poet has now to depend mainly on personages scarcely ever heard of before, and who are introduced solely because they are, or at least are supposed to be, natives of Italy. And as already intimated all have to be chosen from the royal or princely caste; no republicans are to be admitted. Accordingly the poet has to avail himself of such names as Ufens, Messapus, Tarchon, Mezentius, Evander, &c. What a contrast do these present to Hector, Ajax, Diomedes, &c.! The former were as obscure and repulsive as the latter were illustrious and poetical. None but a masterly hand could invest such names with interest, much less render them poetical. This the poet was aware of himself, and hence it is that Turnus is the only one of the Italian personages of whom he gives us a full portraiture. At the same time, whenever tradition affords him any opportunity to shed lustre on a native prince, he avails himself of it in the most judicious and happy manner. This is well illustrated by the

* Virgilius quem nullius unquam discipline involuit.—Macrobius, *In Somn. Scip.* R. 8.

interest with which he invests Camilla, queen of the Volscii; Lausus, son of Mezentius, and Pallas, son of Evander.

It is evident that he did not regard even these as possessing sufficient dignity for the epic, for he bestows on them their particular claims only in an episodic manner. He introduces them only for a moment, and dismisses them as persons who, however respectable and well-meaning, should not be allowed to linger in the same temple with the most illustrious heroes and the gods themselves. This is in accordance with human nature as well as epic propriety; it is what takes place in real life as well as in heroic poetry, yet there are certain critics who condemn Virgil for it.

He is also condemned because he has not caused battles like those between the Greeks and Trojans to be fought in Italy; that is, because he has not created an Italian Achilles, an Italian Hector, &c.; whereas he was far too well acquainted with the best models to attempt what there was no foundation for, either in tradition or history. We should also remember that in portraying the character of Turnus he had to avoid making him a greater hero than Æneas, because the latter was destined to prevail ultimately. Being thus circumscribed on both sides, the poet is obliged to have recourse to subordinate personages for his most startling events.

In order that the general reader should understand this, it is necessary that we should allude, however briefly, to what may be called the national part of the plot. It is sufficient to say that Lavinia, the daughter of King Latinus and Queen Amata, is betrothed to Turnus, king of the Rutulians; but Æneas falls in love with her and claims her hand, his only pretension beyond that of his character as a hero being that he had been announced by the oracles as the husband of the young princess. Latinus receives Æneas and his countrymen with the greatest kindness and friendship, but his wife Amata espouses the cause of Turnus. Several battles are fought, in which Latinus takes no part, preferring to shut himself up in his palace and even incur the imputation of want of gallantry rather than violate the rites of hospitality and oppose what he thinks was ordained by fate. Finally Turnus is killed by Æneas, and Amata hangs herself.

The very critics who blame Virgil most for having borrowed so much from Homer censure him now because he has pursued a course so different from that of the Greek poet. They remind us that Hecuba had no idea of committing suicide when her son Hector was slain by Achilles, and they

add that Lavinia ought at once to have become a prominent character like Andromache. But are not the circumstances entirely different in each case? Still more different are the circumstances in which Lavinia is placed and those of Helen.

It is true that she, as well as the author, has caused a bloody war; but Lavinia made no elopement; she made no attempt to violate any vow that she had made, but was dutiful and obedient to her parents until the last, and equally dutiful and faithful to the husband who had now a double right to her hand. At the same time, it becomes her best to have little to say; it would have been in the worst possible taste for her to exult in the death of the man to whom she had been betrothed in her early youth and who finally died for her sake. Nor would there have been much more propriety, either poetical or moral, in openly mourning the death of Turnus; her husband might justly have reproached her had she done so. She is precisely as she ought to be; she says little, but fulfils her duty as a wife in such a manner that all the outside world knows of her is that she is beautiful, modest, and amiable. And this is the light in which she has been regarded by the best poets since Virgil's time, several of whom have availed themselves, silent as she is, of her excellent womanly characteristics.

Other personages of Virgil have been condemned in a similar manner; especially his women. We need only mention Camilla, the warrior queen of the Volscii, who is not the less modest and chaste for taking the field in person when her country is in danger; and to whom, accordingly, we owe so many such noble female warriors as Clorinda, Marfisa, and Bradamanta. But it is not sufficient to know all this in order to translate the *Æneid* into any modern language; it is necessary to bear in mind that there is not an important incident or illustrious name in Roman history or Roman fable, from the earliest wars of the Etruscans, Samnites, and Albanians to the accession of Augustus to the imperial throne, which Virgil does not mention, or allude to in one form or other. Most frequently he confines himself to an allusion; he prefers to suggest to the mind rather than express to the ear. But even when he embodies both the facts and names he is always chary of words—never wishes to use one that can be avoided. Hence it is that, notwithstanding the splendid sonorousness and sustained majesty of his style, he is the most difficult to translate of all the classic poets, with the sole exception of Horace.

It is true that any one having a tolerably familiar acquaintance with the Latin can derive much pleasure from the perusal of the *Æneid* in the original; he can discover more beauties in it than he can in any other Latin poem. This has led many to believe that Virgil is more easily translated than any other classic writer, whereas the reverse is the fact, except, indeed, we are satisfied with a translation in which most of the nicer shades of thought and most poetical images are lost. This is the characteristic of Virgil that Dryden alludes to when he says: "There (in his brevity) he is like ambergris, a rich perfume, but of so close and glutinous a body that it must be opened with inferior scents of musk or civet, or the sweetness will not be drawn out into another language." This "musk" and "civet" the translator must possess in order to succeed. That is, he must be familiarly acquainted with all the sources, both poetical and historical—Greek, Roman, and Phœnician—from which Virgil has drawn materials for the adornment of his magnificent pantheon. In addition to this, he must possess not only a highly cultivated taste and a thorough knowledge of the Latin and of the language into which he translates, but he must be gifted with the poetic spirit to a greater or less extent.

Is it strange, then, that so few have succeeded in translating Virgil? Is it incredible that he has never had full justice done him in the English language? Dryden's translation is undoubtedly a noble poem; with all its faults it certainly makes the nearest approach to the spirit of the original. We have several other creditable versions, at least three or four. Any of these would impress the reader with a high idea of the genius of Virgil; but we cannot say that the one which does so best is Mr. Conington's. If only for the sake of the American publisher, it would afford us pleasure to award the palm of excellence to the new translation, for we hold that one who publishes such works as the general class of those issued by Mr. Widdleton ought to be encouraged. But while we readily acknowledge that Mr. Conington's version has many attractions and should be read by every lover of poetry, whether he is acquainted with the original or not, we cannot regard it as the genuine *Æneid*. If others do so, both in England and in this country, perhaps it is because they are more competent judges than we. Be this as it may, we merely give our opinion, and if we cannot show that it is correct, it is our own wish

that it be rejected. Far be it from us to deny that Mr. Conington is an accomplished scholar; indeed, his position as Professor of Latin in Oxford University might be regarded as a guarantee of the fact; he has, besides, edited several classical text-books, and we believe that his editions have been well received in England. He might also have been successful in translating Virgil had he adopted a metre suitable for the epic; although we doubt whether he possesses sufficient of the poetical spirit to do justice to the *Æneid* in any metre. Had it been otherwise, however; had he possessed the poetical genius of a Dryden or a Pope, he certainly would have failed with the octosyllabic measure which he has chosen. That Scott succeeded pretty well in describing border warfare in that measure was no satisfactory reason why Mr. Conington should have any success in translating one of the two greatest epic poems either the ancient or the modern world has produced in the same measure. How an Oxford professor of Latin could have made such a mistake in regard to Virgil, above all others, seems utterly unaccountable. Scott is, indeed, a good model for a novelist; but need we say that he has produced no poem which makes any pretensions to the grandeur or sublimity of the epic? But let us hear our translator on the subject. "The style of the Lay," says Mr. Conington, "is comparatively rude and unpolished; the style of the Lord of the Isles is comparatively cultivated and elaborate. I need not say that it is the latter type that *I have made my model rather than the former.*"* The reader need hardly pause to compare Virgil's *Æneid* with Scott's "Lord of the Isles," in order to judge of the fitness of the Professor's model, and how much that is Virgilian can be expected from it. But he tells us that he has not copied all forms of the ditty style in translating Virgil. "I have sedulously eschewed," he says, "what Mr. Arnold calls the ballad slang, *even where it offered itself without the seeking*; such expressions as 'out and spoke,' 'well I wot,' 'all on Parnassus' slope,' I have left where I found them."† This shows what a severe taste the Professor has; but of course he could not exclude himself from the use of all such fine expressions. Accordingly he adds the following remark: "I have not, indeed, denied myself an occasional archaism any more than Virgil himself has done, as I cannot see that 'mote' for 'might,' and 'eyne' for 'eyes,'

* Preface, p. xiv.

† *Ib.*

are more objectionable than 'facō' for 'facero,' and 'aulai' for 'aulæ.'" Such an announcement and comparison in the preface to an epic poem are not very promising; for our own part, at least, they would not lead us to expect much, and were it otherwise we should be mistaken in the present instance. Before we proceed to illustrate this we will see what those universally regarded as the best judges say on the subject of metre. We have never seen a good edition of Virgil in the original in which hexameter verse, corresponding with what is called the English heroic measure, is not expressly mentioned by the editor as one of the essential requisites of the epic. Thus, in the Delfine edition, the epic is defined as "*Imitatio actionis unius illustris, completæ, certæ magnitudinis, quæ narratione et versu hexametro, &c.*" That is, the hexameter is held to appertain as much to the epic as the unity, greatness, and completeness of the action. Thus has the greatest of critics taught. "But heroic metre," says Aristotle, "*is established by experience as adapted to the epopee. For, if any should attempt narrative imitation in any other metre, or in many metres mingled together, the unfitness of it would be apparent; for heroic metre is of all others the most stable and ample.*"*

We are aware that there are but few of our readers who need any authority on this subject, and we think that these few would be convinced by Mr. Conington himself, at least that his metre is very unsuitable to the *Æneid*. If they would not be satisfied on reading a few passages of his translation, without reference to any other, new or old, they would soon change their mind on comparing those passages with the corresponding ones of almost any of the other versions whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. It would not be necessary to compare Dryden; the version of Pitt or that of Symmons would answer the purpose. There is no reason why we should award the palm of superiority to one more than the other, except so far as it deserved. If Mr. Conington is an Oxford Professor, so was Symmons when he translated Virgil; but perhaps the former is more learned and more gifted than the latter. Of this, indeed, we should have no doubt did we take the word of the author of the Introductory Note to the American edition, who, referring to Dryden's translation, informs us that "it has long been felt that something more

* The Poetics of Aristotle, ch. xxiv.

might be attained in *new versions*, when the translator should bring to the work *the modern fruits of matured learning* and patient criticism, combined with the *requisite poetical faculty*.* Of course, Professor Conington has brought all this "to the work," and accordingly we are told, two or three lines farther on in the same page, that he "has by one bold step at once gained the admiration of the critics and charmed the wide, popular circle of English readers." It was certainly "a bold step," but there is a sort of boldness that degenerates into recklessness. Besides, the "wide, popular circle" is often easily charmed; although it is but rarely, if ever, it is charmed with what is really good. None despised the "popular circle" more than Virgil himself. He does not say, like Horace, that he hates the "profane vulgar," but more than once he shows plainly enough that he would as soon be disliked as admired by the class of critics which are said in the "Introductory Note" to have been charmed by Mr. Conington—those whom Virgil calls "*miserabile vulgus*."† At least it may be said, without any undue aristocratic pretensions, that they are not the best judges of an epic poem written in the original or in the form of a translation. But it is time now that we should allow the translator to vindicate himself, if he can, in order that neither he nor his admirers can say that we have chosen his worst passages as specimens of his version. We commence our extracts with the opening of his first book :

"Arms and the man I sing, who first,
By Fate of Ilian realm *amerced*,
To fair Italia onward bore,
And landed on Lavinium's shore :—
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate :
Much labored too in battle-field,
Striving his city's walls to build,
And give his Gods a home :
Thence come the *hardy* Latin brood,
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,
And lofty-rampired Rome.

Say, Muse, for godhead how disdained,
Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained
That soul of piety so long
To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong.
Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate ?

° P. x.

† .En. ii., 798.

There stood a city on the sea
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
 Named Carthage, fronting far to south
 Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
 Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,
 And hardened in war's sternest school." (p. 3.)

Let any one who has ever read Virgil, either in the original or through the medium of a translation, ask himself, is this Virgilian? Is there anything of the epic style in it? Before we make any reply, it is proper to remark that Mr. Conington claims much credit for himself over his "rhyming predecessors in respect of closeness to the original." If this claim were well founded, it would be a recommendation, though only one of a restricted character. When a translation of a classic work is "close," it is useful to students in aiding them to render the exact sense of "difficult" words, even when it has no pretensions to poetry. But instead of affording more assistance than others in this way, Mr. Conington affords much less in too many instances; very often he entirely misrepresents the plain and obvious meaning of the original. Who will deny that he does so in the very second line of the opening passage which we have above quoted? What intelligent student would be satisfied with "*amerced*" as an equivalent for "*profugus*?" Indeed, the translator could hardly have hit on a more unsuitable word, since "*amerced*" means to be fined—mulcted in pecuniary damages—since "*profugus*" simply means *driven*, or *impelled*. And there are very few lines in which we do not find a similar instance of "closeness." If the English word used is not a pompous one like "*amerced*," it is in the other extreme, or a whole phrase of the latter character is used. Thus the sonorous and expressive, yet simple and natural expression "*genus Latinum*" is rendered by Mr. Conington "*hardy Latin brood*." How much the Romans of the time of Augustus would have been flattered by being called a "*brood*," as if they had descended from hens or geese, instead of from the immortal gods! Might not Augustus himself have thought that he was regarded somewhat in the light of a gander, or "rooster," since he was the head of the "*brood*"? We have passed over the line—

"And give his gods a home,"

as too plain to need any comment; it is sufficient to say that it is what Mr. Conington gives us for "*inferretque Deos Latio*." There is no part of a line in Virgil more frequently

quoted than his "Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?" which our translator renders as follows:

"Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate?"

Need we say that there is nothing whatever about "nourish"-ment, "fierce"-ness, or "blind"-ness in the original? All the poet asks is simply, "Are so great resentments in heavenly minds?" In his next stanza Mr. Conington speaks of Carthage as having been "*manned*" by a Tyrian colony, as if one of the greatest cities of antiquity had been merely a ship or a boat. The language of Virgil is—"Tyrii tenere coloni," that is, "Tyrian husbandmen inhabited or founded." The "wide, popular circle" alluded to above may feel much "charmed" at being told that the rival of the Roman Empire was "*manned*," by a Tyrian colony; but, in our opinion, it is a sad specimen of what Horace calls the *sermo pedestris*. The whole story, so far as told above, only occupies fourteen lines in the original; in the translation it extends to twenty-five!

But we will give Mr. Conington full opportunity to vindicate himself. We will now proceed to some of the celebrated passages in the *Æneid* and see how much of their affecting tenderness and appalling sublimity is reproduced in the new translation. It matters little what book we turn to first, especially as it is our intention to allow the translator to show what he can do in different departments of the task which he has chosen; for we hold that there are those who, while they are but commonplace and tedious in narrative, are quite charming in their descriptions of natural scenery and their portraitures of character; and, again, that there are others who succeed admirably in portraying the gentler passions, but utterly fail when they attempt the stronger passions of our nature. Thus, for example, maternal or paternal affection, strong as it is, requires a very different style of mind to portray it from that required by the passion of love. It is universally admitted that there is no finer specimen of the former in ancient or modern literature than that which we find at the close of the sixth book of the *Æneid*. Macrobius tells us* that since it became known that Virgil was engaged on the great epic, for which he had been preparing himself for fifteen years, all who had read his *Bucolics* and *Georgics* were very anxious to have a portion of the new poem read to them. But no one was more anxious than Au-

* Satur. i. 24.

gustus, who wrote the poet several letters requesting to be shown a part of the *Æneid*. At length Virgil consented to read the sixth book. Only a short time previously the emperor's sister Octavia lost her beloved son Marcellus; the youth was the adopted son of the Emperor Augustus, and his amiable disposition had endeared him to all. This had nothing to do, however, with the general desire of all persons of taste to see the *Æneid*; it had not occurred, either to the mother or uncle, that the great epic could take any notice of so recent an occurrence. But the fact was different; the surprise, therefore, with which both Octavia and Augustus heard the lines which referred to their darling greatly enhanced the tenderness which, under any circumstances, they are so well calculated to excite. For the gratification of such as are familiar with the Latin we give the original at the bottom of the page,* transcribing here Mr. Conington's version of the same passage. His son makes some inquiries of Anchises, and the old man replies, with gushing tears, according to Mr. Conington, as follows :

" Ah son! *compel* me not to speak
 The sorrows of our race!
 That youth the Fates but just *display*
 To earth, nor let him longer stay:
 With gifts like these *for aye* to hold,
 Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.
 Ah! what a groan from Mars's plain
 Shall e'er the city sound!
 How wilt thou gaze on that long train,
 Old Tiber, rolling to the main
 Beside his *new-raised* mound!
 No youth of Ilium's seed inspires
 With hope as fair his Latian sires:
 Nor Rome shall *dandle on her knee*
 A *nursling* so adored as he.
 O pity! O ancient faith!
 O hand untamed in battle scathe!
 No foe had lived before his sword,
 Stemmed he on foot the war's red tide
 Or with relentless rowel gored
 His foaming charger's side.
 Dear child of pity! shouldst thou burst
 The *dungeon-bars* of Fate *accurat*,
Our own Marcellus thou!" (pp. 226, 227.)

* " O nate, engentem luctum ne quære tuorum :
 Ostendent terris hunc tantùm fato, neque ultra
 Esse sinent. Nihil vobis Romana propago
 Visa potens; superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent.

We do not say that there is no pathos in this ; it would be impossible to give the most meagre interpretation of the original without awakening feelings of tenderness and sympathy ; but it is a meagre one Mr. Conington has given us, and we miss in it that deep, sorrowful emotion, which, as it were, struggles for utterance in every line of the original, and which causes so many to weep even at the present day. We are assured, on the best testimony, that all present at the court of Augustus were affected to tears ; how the bereaved mother must have felt may be inferred from the fact that she made the poet a present of a sum equal to 10,000 *sestertia* for each line of the passage quoted below. But Virgil uses no such word in the first line as “compel ;” for *quære* is a very different term ; it means to inquire into, or express a wish for, which, it will be admitted, is more courteous as well as more practical than to “compel.” The poet does not say “our race,” but *thy* race, or rather *thy family*, which, it will be admitted, is a very different thing. In the same manner “ostendent,” which simply means to show, is translated *display*. Virgil most pathetically says that it would seem to the gods that the Romans would be too powerful if these great gifts had been perpetual. This is what the translator attempts to express in the couplet—

“With gifts like these for aye to hold
Rome’s heart had been *c’en* overbold.”

In speaking of the sepulture of the lamented youth, Virgil uses an expression which corresponds exactly with the English expression “new-made grave”—that is, “*tumulum recentum* ;” but Mr. Conington has it “new-raised mound.” The term “*præterlabere*” used by Virgil does not mean to roll ; it has here at least a far more poetical and pathetic

Quantos ille virum magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus ! vel quæ, Tyberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabere recentem !
Nec puer Iliacæ quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tollet avos ; nec Romula quondam
Ullò se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.
Heu pietas ! heu prisca fides ! invictaque bello
Dextera ! non illi quisquam se impunè tulisset
Obvius armato : sen cum pedes iret in hostem,
Sen spumantis equi soderet calcaribus armos.
Heu miserande puer ! si quæ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.”

meaning—namely, to *glide* or *murmur*. There is a deep and touching, yet noble, sorrow in the expression—

“Nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno.”

But can the same be said of the lines which purport to be a translation of it :

“Nor Rome shall dandle on her knee
A nursling so adored as he.”

If this be the epic style, it is that of the nursery, certainly not that of the *Æneid* ; at all events, it is a pretty fair specimen of the way in which, to use the words of the “Introductory Note,” Mr. Conington “brings to the work the modern fruits of matured learning.” It would occupy too much time to go over the whole passage, but we cannot pass over the manner in which our translator has rendered the deeply-affecting but very simple expressions—

“Heu miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris.”

There is nothing forced or exaggerated in this; every word used is admirably appropriate; yet there is no appearance of art; but in Mr. Conington’s translation all is changed :

“Dear child of pity! shouldst thou burst
The dungeon bars of fate accurst,
Our own Marcellus thou!”

Need we say that “Dear child of pity” is a very different expression from “*Heu miserande puer!*” (Alas! boy to be pitied!) but it is the perfection of translating compared to the following expressions in the same lines. There is not a word in the original about “dungeon bars,” or any other “bars;” nor is anything said to be “accurst.” In the concluding hemistich the poet says, without any flourish : “Thou shalt be Marcellus.” Those acquainted with the character of the old Marcellus (Claudius), called *ensis Romanorum*, will readily admit that this is sufficient, but Mr. Conington utterly destroys the force and beauty of the allusion by adding the worse than superfluous words “our own.”

Now, wishing to do justice to all concerned in seeking for a version to compare with the passage just quoted, we will not go beyond Oxford, an institution which none admire for the good it has done more than ourselves. Mr.

Symmons's translation is, indeed, not so recent as Mr. Conington's; but it is vastly more poetical as well as more faithful to the original. The following is the famous passage as rendered by Symmons:

"Son!" cried the weeping sire, "the wish forego
To learn what late must overwhelm thy house in woe.
Him shall the jealous Fates but show to earth;
A short bright flash between decease and birth.
Too high, ye gods! our Roman power had grown,
Had this your precious gift been all our own.
How shall the field of Mars lament his doom;
Its plain resounding with the groan of Rome!
Tiber! what pomps of woe shall o'er thy grave
Gloom, as it murmurs by the recent grave!
No youth of Troy, thus rich in early praise,
So high the hope of Italy shall raise:
Nor shall our Rome, 'mid all her hero-host,
A son so bright in dawning glory boast.
O piety, O faith of ancient strain!
O hand, unconquered on the martial plain!
On foot, or spurring his impetuous steed,
The foe that met him had been sure to bleed.
Ah! couldst thou, hapless boy! through fate's decree
Break into age, thou should'st Marcellus be?"

This, indeed, does not do justice to the original; but it is a very good translation; it is vastly superior in every respect to the version of Mr. Conington; it is far closer to the original, more poetical, more condensed in thought—in a word, more Virgilian. Now, be it remembered that in the original there are but fifteen lines and a half; in Symmons's version there are twenty lines, in Mr. Conington's twenty-four. Thus, we see, that if the value of an epic poem were to be estimated according to its length that of Mr. Conington would cast all versions into the shade.

We now turn from the gentle tenderness of parental affection to the stronger passion of love. The latter we find in its most perfect state in the story of Dido; for although the Phœnician queen is a goddess, Virgil places her before us in every instance as a true woman. She has all the weaknesses and all the aspirations, as well as all the attractions of her sex. She falls passionately in love with Æneas and takes an eager interest in everything he does and says; the story of his misfortunes holds her entranced in sympathetic emotion. But passionate and impulsive as she is, Æneas must marry her—must at least acknowledge her as his lawful wife; or, hero, and goddess-born as he is, he cannot live with her. When she learns that he is about

to leave her, she uses every effort to dissuade him. For a moment she seeks refuge from her grief in female pride; anon she humbles herself to the dust and is tenderer than ever. In order to gain the sympathy of her sister to help to sustain her in her anguish she lets her know the whole secret of her passion for Æneas. Finding that all her efforts to dissuade the hero are in vain, she determines to put an end to her miserable life. Before we condemn this, let us take into account that in Virgil's time suicide, far from being a disgrace, was rather an honor. The manner in which all this is done is described by Virgil as nothing of the kind had ever been described before, or ever has been since. If Æneas acted in an unmanly manner in abandoning the beautiful Tyrian after he had gained her affections and rendered life unsupportable to her without him, the poet shows that he was fully aware of this defect in his character; and accordingly we find that when Æneas meets her in Hædes she scorns all his attempts to make amends for his conduct; not deigning even to look at him, much less make any reply, to his untimely assurances of tenderness. It is impossible to read intelligently in the original any passage in the fourth book, in which the most eventful and interesting part of Dido's story is told, without being much affected; most passages in the book have drawn tears even from those who are least sentimental. But let us see how much of this pathos has been reproduced by Mr. Conington; we will again quote from the beginning of a book, and allow room for a full specimen.

*"Not so the queen: a deep wound drains
The healthful current of her veins:
Long since the unsuspected flame
Has fastened on her fevered frame:
Much dwells she on the chief divine,
Much on the glories of his line:
Each look is pictured in her breast,
Each word: nor passion lets her rest.*

*Soon as Aurora, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew,
Behold her thus her care impart
To the fond sister of her heart:*

*'What portents, Anna, sister dear,
Possess my troubled dreams!
What strange unwonted guest is here!
How hero-like he seems!
How bold his port! how fair his face!
'Tis no vain tale, his heavenly race.
Fear proves a base-born soul: but he—
What perils his from war and sea!*

Were not my purpose fixed as fate
 With none in wedlock's band to mate,
 Since my first passion falsely played
 And left me by grim death betrayed —
 Were bed and bridal aught but pain,
 Perchance I had been weak again.
 Dear Anna! aye, I will confess,
 Since that wild moment of distress
 When poor Sychæus foully bled,
 And brother's crime a home made red,
 He, he alone has touched my heart,
 And made my faltering purpose start.
E'en in those ashen embers cold
 I feel the spark I felt of old.
 But first for me may Earth unseal
 The horrors of her womb,
 Or Jove with awful thunderpeal
 Dismiss me into gloom,
 The gloom of Orcus' dim twilight,
 Or deeper still, primeval night,
 Ere wound I thee, my woman's fame,
 Or disallow thy sacred claim.
 My heart to him on whom 't was set
 Has passed: and let him hold it yet,
 And keep it in his tomb.
 She said, and speaking bathed her breast
 With tears that would not be repressed." (pp. 109, 110.)

In the original this part of the story is embraced in thirty lines; but Mr. Conington stretches it out to forty-seven lines! This is not strange, since he introduces many things which are not to be found in Virgil; although, upon the other hand, there are many things in Virgil which he fails to reproduce. The half of Mr. Conington's first line, "Not so the queen," is an interpolation. There is nothing about "healthful current" in the original. All we have in Virgil to justify the second couplet of his translator is "*caco carpitur igno*;" in this there is nothing about fastening anything on her "fevered frame." Nothing of its kind could be finer than the line in the original,

"Postera Phœbea lustrabat lampade terras,"

which Mr. Conington interprets as follows:

"Soon as Aurora, *tricked anon*."

Dido tells us very feelingly, that since the unhappy death of her husband Æneas alone has moved her feelings and interested her wavering mind, so that she is now reminded of her former love. But this would not do for Mr. Conington; in order to improve upon Virgil he interpolates the following line:

"*E'en in those ashen embers cold*."

Not a word in the original about "ashen embers," not a word about "cold"-ness. But there are four lines in the original passage which we must copy, partly because they are universally admired and partly because they are characteristic of Dido, and, at the same time, of true female modesty.

"Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat;
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras,
Pallentes umbras Erebi, nectemque profundam,
Ante, Pudor, quam te violo, aut tua jura resolvo."—(24-7.)

Mr. Conington gives seven lines for these in the above passage—those beginning with, "But first for me," and ending with "thy sacred claim." This is the only way we can indicate them, for the verses of the new translation are not numbered like those of Symmons, Pitt, Dryden, &c.; and we think, upon the whole, that it is as well that they are not. Thus, for instance, we might go to verse 100, in the original, then we might search for what purports to be a translation of it among about 150 lines. It is true that it would be a different matter if we had not to compare the interpretation with the original; for then the numbers would be useful for pointing out particular lines in the translation, whereas that can be done now only by referring to the page, as in a novel or other prose work not divided into brief chapters. But to return to the four lines just transcribed. Need we say that the term "unseal" has no such force as "*dehiscat*," which means "may open up," or "yawn open." In none of his more pathetic passages does Virgil use the term "Jove" or "Jupiter;" nor does he in the present case, but "the omnipotent Father," which is far more expressive with the passionate feeling of the speaker. Still more tame and otherwise defective is the line—

"Dismiss me into gloom."

What a rendering for "*adigat*" is "dismiss!" as if a school-mistress were sending some of her delinquent students into some convenient dark room, so that they might be "good" in future. Now we transcribe the same passage as rendered by Symmons, so that the reader may once more compare the versions of the two Oxford men:

"But now the wounded queen in every vein
Feels the soft fire, and thrills with secret pain.
The chief's high valor and high race from Jove
Press on her thought with power that wakens love.

His looks, his words live settled in her breast ;
 And throbbing cares withhold her limbs from rest.
 When now the morn, in orient light arrayed,
 Had chased the dewy night's incumbent shade,
 Scarce knowing what she said, the royal fair
 Thus to her much-loved sister breathed her care :
 ' Anna ! my sister ! ah ! what dreams affright
 My trembling spirits, and disturb the night ?
 What wondrous man is this—our stranger guest !
 In form a hero, with a hero's breast !
 Sprung from the gods, Fame truly speaks his birth :
 For fear still taints the common sons of earth.
 What wars' exhausted rage his lips relate !
 How nobly has he fought with hostile fate !
 If the fixed purpose of my soul could move ;
 If now my thought could bend to wedded love ;
 If, its first passion wronged by death's divorce,
 My heart could feel desire's recurring force,
 Not sick and shrinking from the nuptial bed,
 To this one fault its weakness might be led.
 For, Anna ! I will own, since Heaven decreed
 Sychæus by his brother's steel should bleed,
 This man alone could urge my faltering will ;
 And wake my former flame to warm me still.
 But earth engulf me, or the hand of Jove
 Strike me with thunder from the realms above,
 Deep—deep in darkness with the shades to lie,
 Ere I will break thy laws, fair Chastity ! ”

Although we have already devoted much more space and time to the new translation than we had intended, we will give one passage more from it, so that such of our readers as may not take the trouble to get the work may have an opportunity of forming an opinion of Mr. Conington's method of reproducing the terrible and grand. Virgil's description of the punishments of the guilty in hell is justly ranked among the most sublime of his efforts. His whole account of the infernal regions, including that of his descent with the Sibyl, at once fascinates and appals the reader. None who peruse it carefully will be surprised to learn that it has inspired some of the most sublime passages in the *Inferno*, *Paradise Lost*, and *Jerusalem Liberata*. Indeed, the best of the three poets has not scrupled to borrow largely from it ; and all who have written anything on the same subject have attempted to imitate it. We are glad to see that it has imparted to Mr. Conington a degree of eloquence which he exhibits nowhere else. Indeed, he makes a nearer approach to success in the sixth than in any other book of the *Æneid*. Yet, in this, too, it must be held that he has failed. Those most familiar with Virgil will have some difficulty in recognizing the following

passage as a rendering of one or two of his most famous scenes :

"There too is Tityos the accurst,
By earth's all-fostering bosom nurst :
O'er acres nine from end to end
His vast unmeasured limbs extend :
A vulture on his liver preys :
The liver fails not nor decays :
Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,
With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
And searches for her food ;
Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
Nor lets the filaments have rest,
To endless pain renewed.
Why should I name the Lapith race,
Pirithous and Ixion base ?
A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,
Which ever nods and almost drops :
Couches where golden pillars shine
Invite them freely to recline,
And banquets smile before their eyne
With kingly splendor proud :
When lo ! fell malice in her mien,
Beside them lies the Furies' queen :
From the rich fare she bars their hand,
Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,
And thunders hoarse and loud.
Here those who wronged a brother's love,
Assailed a sire's grey hair,
Or for a trustful client wove
A treachery and a snare,
Who went on hoarded wealth to brood,
In sullen selfish solitude,
Nor called their friends to share the good
(The most in number they),
With those whom vengeance robbed of life
For guilty love of other's wife,
And those who drew the unnatural sword,
Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,
Await the reckoning-day.
Ask not their doom, nor seek to know
What depth receives them there below.
Some roll huge rocks up rising ground,
Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound :
There in the bottom of the pit
Sits Theseus, and will ever sit :
And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,
Proclaiming through the shades aloud,
' Behold, and learn to practise right,
Nor do the blessed gods despite.'
This to a tyrant master sold
His native land for cursed gold,
Made laws for lucre and unmade :
That dared his daughter's bed to climb :
All, all essayed some monstrous crime,
And perfected the crime essayed." (pp. 213-15.

We have grown weary of criticizing Mr. Conington, and we dare say our readers have become as weary of it as ourselves. We will, therefore, confine our remarks in the present case to a verse or two. But lest we might seem to do the translator any injustice, we first copy the original :

“ Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes
Admonet, et magna testator voce per humbras :
Discite justitiam moniti, et non temnere Divos.
Vendidit hic auro patriam, dominumque potentem,
Imposuit ; fixit leges pretio atque refexit,
Illic thalamum invasit natæ, velitosque hymeneos.—613-623.

There is terrific grandeur in these lines. Nor do they contain a superfluous word, or one which does not contribute to heighten the startling vividness of the picture. At the same time, although the scene is laid in hell, among demons, all the circumstances are human and natural. What the poet tells us in the two first lines is “that the most miserable Phlegias admonishes all, and bears witness through the shades with a loud voice.” For this Mr. Conington has,

“ And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,
Proclaiming through the shades aloud.”

Thus of *all* (*omnes*) Mr. Conington makes “the ghostly crowd;” of testifying or bearing witness with a loud voice he makes “proclaiming aloud,” which is a very different thing both in regard to sense and poetry. Virgil proceeds : “Admonished, learn *justice* and not despise the gods.” It will be admitted that nothing could be more appropriate than this, as coming from one who had been unjust all his life, and was now suffering for his injustice. But the whole sense is changed by Mr. Conington in the lines—

“ Behold and learn to practise *right*
Nor do the *blessed* gods, *despite*.”

In the expression “practise right” we lose the allusion of the poet to the nature of the wrong committed. Of Virgil’s one line the translator makes two ; but there is more meaning, energy, and correctness in the former than in a dozen like the latter. Thus the poet only gives the pithy, awful warning, “despise not the gods.” There is nothing about “blessed”-ness. “Blessed” is not only superfluous ; it is vulgar ; nor is “despite” a more appropriate term. “This” as applied to a person in the English language is neither poetical nor grammatical ; nor does it render “*hic*,” which means “this man.” Those for whom we have the greatest

contempt we do not distinguish in English by the demonstrative "this," which, consequently, when used without a noun, as Mr. Conington has used it, means "thing." Even those who indulge in abuse say, "this person," "this fellow," &c. One more remark and we are done with Mr. Conington's translation. Nothing could be more expressive, yet nothing more chaste, than the hemistich of Virgil—

"Ille thalamum invasit natæ,"

which Mr. Conington renders :

"That dared his daughter's bed to *climb*."

The term *invade* in English as well as in Latin (*invadere*) implies violence by itself. But can the same be said of *climb*? May not any person climb with the most innocent and most legitimate intentions? We sometimes climb into our own trees to gather their fruit; the child climbs into its mother's arms; nay, the ivy climbs according to the best authorities; and so do many kinds of birds, including the *parrot*. No doubt Mr. Conington thinks that the beds must have been very high in the heroic times; perhaps young ladies sometimes had their beds on trees; but even in this case *climbing* to them would not of itself have implied any violence or turpitude, whereas the expression of Virgil clearly implies both. Now we transcribe Pitt's version of the same passage, only premising that while it is far from being Virgilian, it is nearly equally far superior to Mr. Conington's version :

"Near by the mighty Tityus I beheld
Earth's mighty giant son, stretch'd o'er the infernal field;
He cover'd nine large acres as he lay,
While with fierce screams a vulture tore away
His liver for her food, and scoop'd the smoking prey;
Plung'd deep her bloody beak, nor plunged in vain,
For still the fruitful fibres spring again,
Swell, and renew th' enormous monster's pain.
She dwells forever in his roomy breast,
Nor gives the roaring fiend a moment's rest;
But still th' immortal prey supplies th' immortal feast.
Need I the Lapiths' horrid pains relate,
Ixion's torments, or Perithous' fate?
On high a tottering, rocky fragment spreads,
Projects in air, and trembles o'er their heads.
Stretch'd on the couch, they see with longing eyes
In regal pomp successive banquets rise,
While lucid columns, glorious to behold,
Support th' imperial canopies of gold.
The queen of furies, a tremendous gust,
Sits by their side, and guards the tempting feast,

Which if they touch, her dreadful torch she rears,
 Flames in their eyes, and thunders in their ears.
 They that on earth had low pursuits in view,
 Their brethren hated, or their parents slew,
 And, still more numerous, they who swell'd their store,
 But ne'er reliev'd their kindred or the poor;
 Or in a cause unrighteous fought and bled;
 Or perished in the foul adulterous bed;
 Or broke the ties of faith with base deceit;
 Imprisoned deep, their destined torments wait.
 But what their torments, seek not thou to know,
 Or the dire sentence of their endless woe.
 Some roll a stone, rebounding down the hill,
 Some hang suspended on the whirling wheel;
 There Theseus groans in pains that ne'er expire,
 Chain'd down forever in a chair of fire.
 There Phlegyas feels unutterable woe,
 And roars incessant thro' the shades below;
 Be just, ye mortals! by these torments aw'd,
 These dreadful torments, not to scorn a god.
 This wretch his country to a tyrant sold,
 And barter'd glorious liberty for gold.
 Laws for a bribe he past, but past in vain,
 For those same laws a bribe repeal'd again.
 To some enormous crimes they all aspir'd;
 All feel the torments that those crimes requir'd !"

Had we been influenced only by the value of Mr. Conington's translation we certainly would not have allowed our article to have extended to its present length; but with the task of examining the new version we have combined the pleasure of pointing out some of the beauties of Virgil. We cannot pretend, however, to have given any adequate idea of the *Æneid* as a whole; it is a work of far too much magnitude to be disposed of by a passing notice of a fragment here and there. Nearly all our remarks have been devoted to the third and sixth books, and there are striking incidents and sublime passages in each to which we have not been able even to allude. Whereas the second book is a perfect gem in itself, or rather a cluster of gems, all rivalling each other in brilliancy, grace, and beauty. Although the first book is by no means the best, it has never been excelled by a modern writer. Did it contain nothing but the description of the tempest on the coast of Italy and the account of the landing of the Trojans in Africa,* it would be entitled to rank among the highest similar efforts of the human mind. Then, in the third book, we have the tender and touching adieu to the ruined fatherland, and the still more

* v. 157 et seq.

affecting scene, if possible, in which we are introduced to Andromache—the model wife and matron.

After the scenes in the fourth book to which we have alluded our excited feelings are in need of repose : accordingly we are presented with those fine spectacles in the fifth book ; and the obsequies of Anchises, while they please the fancy, teach us to reverence the good in their old age, to regret them in their death, and emulate their example. After the sublime scenes with which we are presented in the sixth book, the transition to the dream of Turnus in the seventh is easy and natural ; and then we have in the same book the war fomented by Tisiphonus. In the eighth we have a noble picture of the hospitality of the heroic times, and the poet's still more famous description of the prophetic shield of Vulcan. But we have not space even to enumerate the beautiful and affecting incidents to be found in each book. We have to pass over the devotion of Nysa and Euryalus, the death of Pallas, and the filial heroism of Lausus ; nor can we do more than mention the combat between Æneas and Darius, on the issue of which depended the fate of the Trojan race.

We have already remarked that the six last books are inferior in epic dignity and grandeur ; but we have also assigned a satisfactory reason for the difference ; and it is no mere theory or hypothesis, but a fact which any intelligent person may verify for himself. Even Homer could hardly have made giants of pigmies. The greatest poets must choose their principal characters either from history or popular tradition in order to succeed in the epopee ; but most of the characters in the last six books of the Æneid were not to be found in one or the other, except in the vaguest and most obscure forms. Yet what a series of picturesque descriptions, noble portraitures, and startling but natural and affecting incidents are presented to us in these six inferior books !

But Virgil has not alone afforded inspiration to every great poet that has written since his time ; he has done much more than this ; he has exercised a favorable influence on the morality of every enlightened nation of modern times—that is, on every nation that has studied his great poem. The morality of the Æneid is superior to that of the Iliad ; although it would be very unjust to say that the latter is immoral. There is not a passage in the whole poem which the most modest young lady might not read aloud in the

drawing-room, with the sole exception of that describing the scene of the interview between Paris and Helen which had been brought about by Venus; even this is not more indelicate than Milton's description of what passed between Adam and Eve after they had eaten the forbidden fruit. But there is no exception in Virgil; even the passionate and impulsive Dido never makes use of an unchaste expression; never commits a lascivious act. And what modern poet worthy of the name—nay, what educated person—has not profited by the splendid diction and majestic style of the *Æneid*. Who that possesses a refined taste does not owe much of that refinement to the bard of Mantua?

A certain class of critics tell us that there have been much fewer translations of Virgil than of Homer, and this they present as a proof of the inferiority of the Roman poet. But the fact is the reverse; there is not a country of Europe but has more versions of the *Æneid* than of the *Iliad*. Certainly England forms no exception. But within the last twenty years Homer has been oftener translated into English than Virgil; not because the Greek poet is more generally read than the Roman poet, but because there are already better versions of the latter than of the former. It must be remembered that Dryden's translation of Virgil is much more faithful to the original than Pope's translation of Homer. The versions of Pitt and Symmons are also very good. What wonder is it, then, that so few attempt to render Virgil in recent times? and perhaps it is as little to be wondered at that those who do fail. But were it even true that Homer has been oftener translated than Virgil, the fact could prove nothing against the latter, since every intelligent person is aware that there are at least twenty who are familiar with Latin for one who is familiar with Greek; and no one who is capable of relishing the beauties of the *Æneid* in the original would have the patience to wade through one out of a dozen of the translations of it; nor do we think there are any who will regard that of Mr. Connington as an exception to the general rule.

ART. V.—*Reports of Proceedings against JEFFERSON DAVIS and other Documents.* May, 1867.

THERE are a certain class who will find fault with any public act in which they have not a hand themselves; it is only this class and those who accept their logic that have made such a noise about the release of Jefferson Davis on bail. It is none of our business to accuse them of want of sincerity in their indignation. They may be perfectly sincere, for aught we know; but if they are, they are sadly wanting in intelligence; their acquaintance with the law of nations, and particularly with the nature and duties of a constitutional government, must, indeed, be very limited. For our own part, we had no doubt from the day of Davis's arrest, that, sooner or later, he would be released (such was our confidence in the innate good sense of the American people); and we felt equally satisfied that under all the circumstances this was the proper course. Nor did we omit to give our reasons for our opinion; we did so fully just two years ago.* In different subsequent articles we have advocated the same views, especially in that entitled "The President's Veto—*Rights of Conquered.*"† We have shown that even despots seldom venture to proceed to extreme measures with those who rebel against them; indeed, scarcely ever when a large proportion of their subjects have taken part in the rebellion. We have shown that even Machiavelli has counselled moderation in cases of this kind.

Had we been in favor of secession at any time, it might have seemed that we put forward these views only because we sympathized with the rebels; but none were more opposed to it, none took more pains to prove that it would be a crime and a disgrace on the part of the American people to suffer the great Republic to be dismembered. This was our feeling from the beginning of the war to its close. But in none of our discussions on the subject did we forget or deny that, although the Southerners were at war with us, they possessed many noble qualities which should disarm our resentment against them in the day of victory; in every instance we reminded our readers that those with whom we were at war had not only been our fellow-citizens once but that in all human probability they would be so again,

* Vide article entitled "The Lessons and Results of the Rebellion," in number of this journal for June, 1865.

† National Quarterly Review for March, 1866.

if, indeed, they had in reality ever ceased to be our fellow-citizens. In a word, our feeling on the subject was this: "Prosecute the war with energy and vigour, so as to put down the rebellion as soon as possible; but indulge in no severities which are not fully sanctioned by the laws of civilized warfare." Then, as soon as the war was over, we advocated a general amnesty, and protested against all vindictive treatment of those whom our superior military resources had placed in our power. We endeavoured to show that it was in bad taste even for the newspapers to jeer at Jefferson Davis because he dressed in female apparel in order to evade his pursuers, reminding our readers that some of the world's greatest captains had not thought it beneath them to disguise themselves precisely as the rebel chief had done.

Mr. Greeley has been much censured because he has become one of the sureties for the appearance of Jefferson, should be called upon to stand his trial for high treason; but we do not think he ever did a wiser thing, or anything more to his credit, as a champion of constitutional government and liberal ideas. We confess that hitherto we had been in the habit of regarding the editor of the *Tribune* rather as a fanatic than as a philosopher; and we think that the course he had pursued, in general, fully justified us in that impression. Had Mr. Raymond become one of the sureties of Jefferson Davis we should not have wondered in the least; for he is a man of broader views than Mr. Greeley—one who reasons not only more calmly, but more profoundly. For these very reasons we have little doubt that Mr. Raymond would have become one of the sureties of Davis had he been called upon to do so; although we know nothing of his private views on the subject. We are glad, at all events, to see those who address large audiences—the majority of whom cannot think for themselves—counselling moderation and humanity. Without such counsel republicanism would soon become a byword. No republic has long survived its persecution of its citizens, under any pretence whatever. Athens was the wonder of the world in greatness and glory until its citizens became liable to be ostracised, despoiled of their property, imprisoned, or put to death for being "disloyal" or "impious." But from that moment its days as a free and independent state were numbered. And what brought eternal odium and disgrace on the Republic of Venice, once so flourishing, great, and powerful? Was it not her arbitrary and oppressive treatment of her "disloyal" citizens?

The principal objection raised against the release of Jefferson Davis is, that the impunity which he has been allowed to enjoy will embolden others to make an attempt equally treasonable, if not equally fraught with evil. But is it not beneath us, as a great and powerful people, to indulge such fears? We should rather remember that it is as true now as it was in Dido's time that fear is a mark of degeneracy, and that they make the nearest approach to the gods who exhibit most courage, especially in their patriotism.

But it is not sufficient to release Jefferson Davis; we are bound to treat all those who were lately in rebellion against us in a humane, considerate manner. This is our own interest; the interest of all who desire to maintain the Republic. We should not only recognize the rights of the Southerners; we should protect them in the exercise of those rights; we should say to them as Cyrus did to the Assyrians after he had conquered them: "Be not discouraged, you will continue to enjoy all the rights and privileges that are most dear to you; and I will punish any one who will attempt to injure you."* This, be it remembered, is the language of a "despot;" many other "despots" have spoken and acted in a manner equally statesmanlike and magnanimous. But do we, as the sovereign people of this great Republic, do so? is it not more the habit of a large class to urge on those who are most disposed to be vindictive and oppressive? It should not be forgotten that in a republic, as well as in a monarchy, despotism is apt to react on those who exercise it. Thus many of those who are so zealous "to teach the South a lesson which they cannot forget," would do well to bear in mind the case of Henry VIII. of England, who, having had a law passed declaring it high treason to predict the death of the king, so intimidated the physicians who attended him in his last illness that they dared not tell him his life was in danger, even when their doing so might have saved him.† It is familiar to all students of French literature that there were scarcely any of those who distinguished themselves by their cruel and oppressive severities during the Reign of Terror who were not ultimately oppressed, or murdered themselves according to their own teachings.

It may seem a trifling thing, for example, here in the

* Xenoph. *De Cyri Inst.* lib. iv. chap. 4, sec. 3.

† See Burnett's *History of the Reformation*, p. 152.

North, that a general of our army in the South has issued a decree removing the mayor of some city from his office, declaring the functions of the municipal government suspended, or closing up some newspaper office; but it is very seldom that the Czar of Russia commits a graver outrage against liberty. There is no excuse for it; it is a mockery of constitutional government, not to mention republicanism. No people have ever existed so peaceable, orderly, or dutiful to their government, but that riots have occurred amongst them. In the most enlightened countries there are occasional instances of popular violence, but nowhere, except in our Southern States, in Poland and in Ireland, are the civil laws set aside on account of such ebullitions. But even in Poland, or in Ireland, no general is permitted to act in the arbitrary manner in which some of our Republican generals are acting at the present day, in the midst of profound peace, when it is not pretended that the Southerners have the least idea of attempting an insurrection. Except in extraordinary cases, when there is good reason to expect an extensive outbreak, none but the sovereign can exercise that right. In England, even the sovereign must at least have the sanction of the Privy Council, if the case is so urgent that Parliament has not time to act upon it.

At the time that Wellington was universally regarded by the nation as the saviour of England, he dared not attempt, in his military capacity, such acts as have become quite common with our generals. Yet it is deemed a great wonder that the Southerners are not "loyal." The work of a mob is laid to the charge of a whole city, and the whole city is punished accordingly in the satrap style, as if it were inhabited, not by men who ever exercised any political rights, or knew what those rights were, but by schoolboys who were in the habit of being shut up in the "black hole" when they failed to get their lessons. Is this the way to make the Southerners loyal? Nay, is it not the most efficient plan that could be adopted to make them disloyal? One may display great ability and courage in commanding an army; he may gain twenty or fifty victories, and yet be entirely incompetent to govern a village, not to mention a large city or a State. But could it be known that he was a Solon or a Lyceurgus in statesmanship, as well as an Alexander or a Napoleon in war, still he should not be invested with arbitrary power by any government that regards itself as constitutional.

As long as this state of things continues to exist—that of needlessly oppressing our fellow-citizens, the Southerners making no organized effort to overthrow the government—certain it is that we shall stand condemned by every respectable writer on the law of nations, not excepting those of our own country. It may seem an exaggerated statement that the Goths allowed the conquered Romans more liberty than this, but it is nevertheless true, according to the best authorities.* As for the Romans themselves, they could never have become the masters of the world had they been in the habit of oppressing those they conquered; and this they perfectly understood, for Livy tells us that “it is more difficult to retain provinces than to conquer them. Conquests,” he pithily adds, “require but force, but *justice only* can *preserve* them.”† Similar testimony is given by Tacitus‡ and Seneca.§ Grotius very justly remarks that it is not humanity alone that dictates kind treatment rather than undue severity to the conquered, but also self-interest on the part of the conqueror.|| In discussing the same subject, Vattel warns the despots that “men of spirit, to whom life is nothing, less than nothing, unless sweetened by liberty, *will always conceive themselves at war with that oppressor*, though actual hostilities are suspended on their part *through want of ability*.”¶

It may be said that all this refers to those conquered by a foreign power; but still more emphatically does it refer to subjects or citizens lately in rebellion against the rightful sovereign or government. Surely, if we ought not to oppress a foreign people whom we had conquered, we should not oppress our own fellow-citizens, our own kindred. But the great publicists do not leave any doubt on the subject, so far as the law of nations is concerned. In comparing a civil war with a foreign war Vattel justly and forcibly remarks: “They (the State and its own citizens in arms against it) stand precisely in the same predicament as two nations who engage in a contest, &c.” “This being the case,” he continues, “it is very evident that the common laws of war—those maxims of *humanity, moderation, and honor* which we have detailed—ought to be observed by both parties in every civil war.”** But this is not all; the same publicist maintains that it becomes necessary to grant an amnesty

* See Grotius *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, lib. ii. c. ix.

† *Hist. lib. iv. cap. lxxiv.*

‡ *De Ira lib. ii. cap. xxxiv.*

§ *Law of Nations*, p. 388.

¶ *Lib. iv. cap. xii.*

|| *Lib. iii. c. iv. s. vii.*

oo *Laws of Nations*, book iii. c. xviii.

when the offenders are numerous; and that "when the amnesty is once granted *all the past must be buried in oblivion*."* We call particular attention to this remark, because it embodies not merely the opinion of any one jurist, however eminent; but is a maxim in which all jurists who are considered authorities concur. Then the question arises—Have we buried the past in oblivion in regard to the South? Do we treat the Southerners as if they had never rebelled against us?

It is no palliation of the arbitrary severity alluded to above to say that it is no individual, but Congress, who authorizes a military commander to treat the local laws with contempt, dispose of judges and mayors as if they were burglars, and allow newspapers to be published only on condition that everything they contain meets the approval of his highness. Is an unjust or tyrannical act or system anything the less so because it is that of five hundred men instead of one or two. If it is, then, it follows that the more tyrants we have placed over us the better!

There are some who find new and unanswerable arguments in favor of a military domination in the South in the recent riot which took place at Mobile. But no arguments could be more illogical or more unjust. We have no more right to hold the citizens of Mobile responsible for what occurred, unjustifiable and much to be deplored as it was, so far as to punish them by martial law, than England had to hold the city of New York responsible when Macready was attacked in a somewhat similar manner at the Astor Place Theatre. Bad as the riot at Mobile was, had we not a much worse riot in New York only three years ago? But nobody has ever alleged, so far as we are aware, that our citizens generally sympathized with the rioters; and and still less has that riot been regarded by any candid or intelligent person as evidence that the Empire City was disloyal to the Federal government, and ought accordingly to be subjected to military rule.

But while we think that the Mobile rioters ought to be punished to the full extent of the civil law, it is by no means clear to us that Mr. Kelley pursued a prudent or judicious course. No maxim is more universally accepted than that if we leave home and address large popular audiences to whom we are strangers, we ought to use the language of courtesy, and

* *Laws of Nations*, book iii. c. xviii.

even flattery, rather than that of censure or offence. Still more does it become incumbent on us to do so if we attempt to address those who have recently been our enemies and whom our arms have subdued. There are no circumstances in which a proud and spirited people are more sensitive than in those of this kind. But did Mr. Kelley err in this manner? In our opinion he did, and we do not know the gentleman from Adam; nor do we care what his politics are. No doubt he did not mean to be offensive; but, nevertheless, from all the reports of his speech which we have seen we should infer that he was. Nothing could have been more injudicious or in worse taste, for example, than his remark about the United States infantry. It was not merely a threat; under the circumstances it was one of the most offensive taunts that could have been used, since it recalled, with all its bitterness, the overthrow of the rebels.

Now, Mr. Greeley, as we have said, has done well in becoming one of Jefferson Davis's bailsmen; but can he reconcile it with the principles of justice or patriotism to aid in releasing the chief of the rebellion and at the same time aid in oppressing subordinate rebels? for we hold that all do the latter, however honest their intentions may be, who are in favour of governing any part of the South by martial law as long as the people at large continue peaceful. We allude to the editor of the *Tribune* in particular only because his journal is understood to be the organ of the faction who act in and out of Congress as if they thought that, not only should the late rebels be punished like children who had disobeyed their schoolmasters, but that their punishment should be nearly as perpetual as that of Theseus. It is for the interest of the Republic at large that the members of that faction should get some good advice; and who can give it to them more appropriately, or with a better chance of success, than their own organ? As for our other leading journals they are, in general, opposed to the satrap style of government in a republic; and hold that in time of peace at least the courts of justice ought to have as much authority and be as much respected as any military officer, however brilliantly he may have distinguished himself in battle.

Those disposed to treat the Southerners harshly would do well to learn a lesson from the case of the unfortunate Maximilian and his officers. We presume there are none of the former who would not place this country far above Mexico in enlightenment; but what would they think of the Mexican

government if it put the Archduke and his officers to death? Are there any of them who would think it creditable to that government to treat those prisoners harshly, without putting them to death at all? Would not all rather say: "Deal generously with them; what good will it do you or your country if you persecute them? It will rather do harm to both. Besides, you should remember that a political offence is regarded by every enlightened nation as different from all others." Now, if this be the language which we ought to address to the government of Mexico in regard to the Austrians, how illogical and unjust it would be to address the opposite language to the government of the United States in regard to our own kindred and fellow-citizens? Yet it is the latter that has hitherto been done by those who would have the world regard them as the great political reformers of modern times.

ART. VI.—1. *Fichte's Sämmtliche Werke.* (*Fichte's Complete Works.*) Berlin. 2 Bände.

2. *Fichte's Leben und Briefwechsel.* Herausgegeben von (*Fichte's Life and Correspondence.* Edited by) J. H. FICHTE, F. A. Brockhaus, Leipzig. 2 Bände.

3. *Grundriss der Geschichte der Philosophie.* (*Outlines of the History of Philosophy.*) Von Dr. JOHANN EDUARD ERDMANN, Wilhelm Herz, Berlin. 2 Bände.

HAPPY are those periods of human development which find competent leaders to direct their movements or to solve their problems. An unusual moral elevation seems to take possession of the age which is privileged to behold strong-willed and noble men successfully carrying out the cause entrusted to them; or earnest thinkers throwing the clearest sunlight into regions which before, in their darkness, concealed all sorts of deadly terrors. Thus our War of Independence and the political struggles for the establishment of a permanent Confederate Republic which succeeded it, having been successfully mastered by the great military and political minds of that period, were followed by a half a century of quiet happiness and high moral development, such as no other people of the earth had ever tasted since the commencement of human history.

As there are still many who conceive the form of a Democratic Republic of confederate states fit only for a certain

district of land, enclosed by arbitrarily drawn geographical lines, so is there also endless talk of a "German" philosophy, as of a matter valid only for those residing within equally immediate geographical lines. There are, indeed, few who would be willing to say that there never was a true form of government in the world until ours was established; just as there are very few who feel convinced that there never did exist a system of philosophy until *the* system was established in Germany.

It is not, however, so much of that system itself as of its chief author, Fichte, that we design to speak in this article. In the course of this statement we shall doubtless be compelled to dwell, to some extent, both on the character of the movement, which gave birth to that discovery and on the general nature of the discovery itself.

John Gottlieb Fichte was born on the 19th of May, 1762, in the small village of Rammenau, in Saxony. Family tradition has it, that during the Thirty Years War a Swedish corporal, by the name of Fichte came to this village in his flight from a battle, and, being severely wounded, was taken care of by a Protestant farmer, in whose house he remained long enough to fall in love with its mistress, the daughter of his generous host. He resolved, therefore, to settle down in Rammenau and to marry the German girl. With her he raised a large family, and the name of Fichte became in the course of time one of the ruling names of the district.

Of this family, however, after many years had passed away, only one member remained in the village; this was the grandfather of our Fichte, a worthy citizen, carrying on a small trade in ribbons. He had a son, Christian, who in the course of time extended the business, and, having married the daughter of a well-to-do manufacturer of ribbons in a neighboring city, built himself a new house in Rammenau, which, with the looms in it—the latter worked by Christian and often, also, by John Gottlieb—are still to be seen by curious travellers.

John Gottlieb was the first son born to Christian Fichte in this new house. As happens often in the case of first children, John resembled his mother both in features and temperament. He was a strong, healthy child, quick, lively, and earnest. As he grew up he soon evinced decided talents, so as to attract the attention of the village clergyman, whose sermons the boy was able to repeat almost

verbatim after service. It was owing to this talent that a certain Freiherr von Moltitz took a strong fancy to the child, and proposed to the parents that he would take the boy with him to his estate in Saxony and provide for his whole future career. After some hesitation the offer was accepted; and from his ninth to his thirteenth year young Fichte remained with Von Moltitz, receiving a passable education from a clergyman in the neighborhood.

When he was thirteen years old, the Freiherr resolved to send the boy to a college, and accordingly Fichte was taken to that of Pforta. It was not exactly a model institution. Its regulations were strict, almost cruel. Its severe discipline had a very bad effect on the boys, for it produced an unconscious hypocrisy. Fichte, who had always been a frank, upright boy, not knowing what it was to lie, found it very difficult in after-life to rid himself of the spirit of lying which had taken hold of him in this college without his being aware of it. All the scholars, were, indeed, here educated to become systematic liars. The teachers were decidedly what we call "old fogies;" and as that was precisely one of those periods wherein the spirit of progress exhibits unwonted efforts to displace the old, the conservative spirit of the teachers only became all the more intense. Few of the new writers who were then rising on the horizon of German literature were tolerated at the college. Neither Wieland, nor Lessing, nor Goethe was permitted to enter in book-form the sacred walls of the institution. Even Klopstock was but partly tolerated.

In the course of time this despotism added to the bad treatment to which he was exposed from his room-mate, drove young Fichte nearly distracted. He felt that he could stand it no longer and resolved to free himself by flight. Having read Robinson Crusoe lately, the strange fancy took hold of him that he would run away and seek some lone island in a remote ocean, where he might enjoy complete and solitary freedom. True to his frank character, he advised his room-mate of his intention, but he only laughed at the plan. Fichte, however, did not lack courage, and one fine day he set out on his journey. But he had not wandered far before he discovered that if he could run away from the college he could not run away from his conscience; and, like a pious lad as he was, he fell on his knees to implore Divine protection upon his great under-

taking. While he prayed, the thought of his mother arose in his mind, and how he might never see her again if he went to that remote island of his dreams. This thought excited so intense a terror in his mind that he turned back to the college, resolved rather to bear the worst punishment than never to see his mother again. When he came back he made a full confession to his teacher, who felt strangely moved by the recital, and, kindly forgiving John, assigned him to another and better-hearted companion.

A new life now dawned upon young Fichte; for, being thus placed in a better relation towards his school-comrades, they took him into their great secret, and allowed him to take part in its glorious pleasures. This secret was nothing less than a system of smuggling by means of which all the forbidden books of the new German literature were slyly introduced into the college and passed from one boy to another. Deceitful as this was, it was but the natural result of the strict discipline which ruled the college. Thus, for the first time, the great and unknown world outside of school began to unfold itself to Fichte in its literature. Klopstock, Gellert, Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Rousseau, Milton, Young, Sterne, Pope, &c., were among the authors with whom he now became acquainted. But above all did he feel himself attracted towards Lessing, that greatest of fighters in the struggles of that period. It was unquestionably a natural relation, a relation of character, which first drew him towards Lessing, and thus made possible also a relation in the expression of thought. This relation in the expression, or the literary influence of Lessing upon Fichte, is clearly perceptible throughout the latter's writings, but chiefly whenever a polemical tendency enters. For in polemical writing Lessing stood, and still stands, unrivalled; his vivid, sparkling, witty, and yet Germanly profound style is to-day the clearest proof that the language of Germany has retrograded since those palmy days of her literature. But of all German writers, Fichte stands next to Lessing in style—and style includes both manner of treatment and expression in language. The relation of character which so attracted the boy to the writings of this great man was a common love of truth and, what is inseparable therefrom, of artistic clearness in the exposition of truth. Lessing, having this power of artistically clear representation so thoroughly at his command, by teaching that secret to the boy, influenced him in his later

searches for truth more than any other writer. Lessing hated vagueness in writing and its equivalent, diffuseness of thought. At that time he was just engaged in his famous controversy with the Hamburg parson Goetze, who had denounced him as a heretic, and the "Anti-Goetze" pamphlets, wherein Lessing annihilated his libellous opponent, were the delight of young Fichte, who knew them almost by heart.

In the meanwhile Fichte's patron, the Freiherr, died, making no provision in his will for his protégé, who was thus left to fight the world alone; for his parents were too poor to furnish him assistance. When he had reached his nineteenth year, he left the Pforta college and betook himself to Jena. Here he was entered at the university as a student of theology, less from an inclination for the ministry than because it was the best he could do under the circumstances. To pay expenses, he gave lessons in languages, &c., as many other poor students like himself were forced to do. Theological studies, however, did not absorb Fichte's chief attention. His ambition was to obtain a thorough general culture which might fit him for actual life and for a struggle with the world. Philology interested him deeply, and he also paid some attention to philosophical studies. He remained in the university till 1784, leading a wearisome, hard life; always in poverty and deeply sensitive to his impoverished condition. His life, for some three years after this, was an equally miserable one as tutor in several Saxon families. During these years he also preached frequently at such places as he chanced to stop at; and his sermons were generally received with favor. Indeed, he evinced at that period unmistakable signs of the wonderful eloquence which in later years entranced all who heard him. But this sort of life became too distasteful. He felt an urgent desire to complete his studies, which he knew to be very incomplete as yet, and to fit himself for some specific vocation in life. This he was unable to do as teacher; accordingly he resolved, for the first time, to apply to government for some support which might enable him to complete his studies at the Jena University. It was a very modest, frank letter which he wrote, fully stating his case, and only asking for such small amount as might afford him the necessaries of life and make it possible for him to devote all his time to the completion of his education for the ministry. This modest and not unusual request was, however, refused by the government; most

probably because Fichte was not believed to be altogether sound on orthodoxy. The refusal threw Fichte almost into despair. He had just then no position of any kind; no money in his pocket; not enough to last two weeks; and no prospect of any change for the better. A deep gloom settled upon him, and he quietly prepared himself for death. But in the darkest hour came sudden help; namely, an offer from Switzerland of a tutor's position. Fichte fell on his knees to thank God for this special interference at a very critical moment.

He therefore left his fatherland, and on the 1st of September, 1788, entered upon his new position in the house of Mr. Ott, a wealthy citizen of Zurich. Two children were placed under his charge, to whose education he now thoroughly devoted himself. Leisure hours he devoted to literary attempts in various directions. He wrote some little romances—one of which is printed in the edition of his collected works—translated several Horatian Odes, also the whole of Sallust, and wrote an essay on Klopstock's *Messias*, showing up the unpoetical effect of orthodoxy in an epic poem. He studied with particular attention the works of Rousseau and Montesquieu; thus giving evidence already of that decided inclination for questions of natural law which was eventually to result in establishing a science of rights, and which made him throughout his life take the most active interest in questions of politics and of political economy. For a while he also entertained the notion of establishing at Zurich an institution for the education of orators; but he soon gave up this plan.

As for his external life, it was more pleasant than it had been for many years. True, in the family of Mr. Ott he had pretty hard struggles; for Fichte was resolved, as teacher of the children, not only to educate them, but equally to protect them from the miseducation of their parents; and this interference did not always please Mrs. Ott; but in the city were many men of culture—chief of whom was Lavater—in whose society Fichte could easily forget the petty annoyances of his tutorship. To Lavater a more than ordinary friendship seems to have attracted him, and the elder friend was able to exercise no unimportant influence upon the young man, who eagerly thirsted to be acquainted with the great world, wherein Lavater had mingled not inconsiderably. But a still greater influence resulted from the friendship of Mr. Rahn, an old

and wealthy citizen of Zurich and brother-in-law to Klopstock, who had a charming daughter, a namesake of Fichte, for her name was Johanna.

Chiefly with a view to make marriage with this excellent lady possible, in April, 1790, Fichte left Zurich, with letters of recommendation to prominent men in Stuttgart and Weimar, to look out for a professorship, literary employment, or some position as tutor of a prince. He had a pleasant journey; saw the falls of the Rhine; passed through Stuttgart; met many friends, but found not what he wanted. In May he arrived at Leipzig, where he remained some time. The little hope he had entertained of obtaining a position as clergyman, he now abandoned altogether. For the churches were too orthodox; and Fichte, with his "heretical nose"—a prominent aquiline nose—caused the strict church-people to shudder with revolutionary apprehensions. So he tried writing for the papers. He worked at a tragedy, wrote little novels—"stuff that is good for nothing but to kill time, but which booksellers take and pay for, as I am told"—and perhaps a few essays. But there was little to be gained by such kind of work. His mind, meanwhile, was absorbed with hundreds of projects for the future, but none of them could be carried out. His pocket-book being at a very low ebb, he undertook to give lessons to a scholar who wished to be instructed in the Kantian philosophy. From that moment dated a wonderful change in Fichte; for he thus became forced to enter upon a thorough study of the philosophy which had set all Germany astir.

Hitherto Fichte had been a decided believer in predestination. In this respect, Kant's system effected immediately a complete revolution in his character. We cannot do better than to let him speak thereof in his own words to Johanna: •

"I have now found peace from my restless spirit; and I thank Providence, which placed me, a short time before I was to see all my hopes fail, in a position to bear the loss with quiet cheerfulness. For by seemingly a mere chance I had been induced to give myself up utterly to a study of the Kantian philosophy—a philosophy which tames the imagination—in me always so predominant—which gives strength to the understanding and infuses into the soul an incomprehensible elevation above all earthly things. I have adopted a nobler morality, and, instead of busying myself with external things, now busy myself more with myself. This has given me a peace and calm which I never yet experienced; and I have lived my happiest days in an externally very precarious condition. * *

"Tell your dear father, whom I love as my own, that, *however correctly our conclusions were drawn*, in discussing the necessity of human actions, we were nevertheless in error, because *we started from a false principle*. Tell him that I am now completely convinced that the human will is free

and that the end of our existence is not to be happy, but simply to be *worthy of being happy.*"

The inward happiness which he experienced for the first time in this period—although his outward circumstances were just then more hopeless than ever—Fichte does not tire to reiterate in his letters. "For four or five months," he writes to a friend, "I live here in Leipzig the happiest life I can remember." Concerning the nature of his studies he writes:

"My favorites are Rousseau and Montaigne, of French writers, and Lessing, Wieland, and Goethe, of our German writers; but I also appreciate Buerger, Voss, and Stolberg. The golden age of our literature, however, is but just breaking. The seed planted by Lessing in his '*Literary Letters*' and '*Dramaturgy*' only *begins* to bear fruit. His principles of art are every day taking deeper root; and that they can be carried out is most clearly demonstrated in Goethe's '*Iphigenia*.' It also seems probable to me that the man who, in his twentieth year, wrote the '*Robbers*,' will enter the same path and will, in his fortieth year, become our Sophocles. But the Germans, it appears to me, must always first possess the theory before they can produce masterworks."

He likewise commenced to study mathematics, and was particularly busy in writing an elaborate essay on Kant's system. This essay was to be a comprehensive review of Kant's three great works, *Critic of Pure Reason*, *Critic of Practical Reason*, and *Critic of the Power of Judgment*. These three separate works are, indeed, only so many parts of Kant's great system: the first exhausting the theoretical field of reason (nature), the second the practical field of reason (the moral world), and the third showing the unity of both, or in other words, exhausting the problem how the moral world may be realized in nature. This essay Fichte intended to publish in book form and thereby to establish for himself a philosophical reputation, for he was now resolved to devote his whole life to speculative studies; but, for some reason or another, it was never published.

Whilst Fichte was thus happy beyond expression in the discovery and elaboration of the great truth concealed in Kant's system, and while all his energies, hitherto directed more upon the outward world, were now turned inward to render himself complete, Johanna, to whom he poured out his aspirations, and who saw how the wretchedness of her lover's circumstances must necessarily be a great drawback to his scientific enterprises, arranged with her father that she and Fichte should marry and live with him in Zurich. Fichte gratefully accepted this generous offer, but was anxious first to have his work on

Kant published, so that when he should return to Zurich it might be with a reputation which would enable him to engage in other literary enterprises and thereby make himself independent. His great object was, as he expressed it to Johanna, to make Kant's philosophy popular; for from the adoption of that philosophy he expected the most gigantic revolution in human life. The immorality of our race he traced all to one source—a belief in necessity; and he thought that Kant's discovery, which made the freedom of the human will a matter of absolute certainty, would thus tear out the root of immorality in the human race. This, the practical result of that philosophy, was to the practical Fichte its inexpressible value; and throughout his whole life he has never ceased to believe and state that Kant's discovery was the beginning of a revolution such as our race had not experienced since the advent of Christ; nay, that the creation of the world was not completed until Kant's discovery had been made manifest. "It is not to be expressed," he writes, "what reverence for man and what strength of character this system inspires."

Fichte was on the point of leaving Leipzig for Zurich, in the spring of 1791, when news arrived from Johanna which once again frustrated all his plans. Her father had lost large sums by the failure of one of his correspondents—such that he found it necessary to postpone the marriage of his daughter. This was a severe blow to Fichte, but far more severe to Johanna, who had indulged in many bright and hopeful visions, now cruelly shattered by misfortune. Fichte, under the circumstances, thought it best to try tutorship once more, and accordingly accepted an offer from a Polish count in Warsaw. The journey to Warsaw was made on foot, and led Fichte through Rammenau, where he spent some delightful days in his father's house, which he had not seen for so many years. But when he came to Warsaw and presented himself to the countess, his appearance did not strike her as very favorable to the future welfare of her children. She saw an earnest, energetic man, utterly devoid of French graces, and absolutely without sufficient knowledge of the world even to tie his cravat properly, not to mention the absence of a Parisian pronunciation. She did not precisely express this in words, but clearly indicated it. Fichte, who was always sensitive and proud enough, refused to remain, and retraced his steps, but not precisely in the direction he came. He went direct

to Königsberg, the home of Immanuel Kant, and it was decisive for his whole after-life that he did so. He arrived in Königsberg on the first of July, called on Kant on the fourth, "but was not received particularly;" heard Kant lecture, "but did not feel satisfied. Kant's delivery is rather sleepy."

But Fichte had not come to Königsberg for nothing, and was not to be rebuffed by the natural reticence of the great philosopher. He was bound "to have a full talk with him, and to manage this I resolved to write a book, a *Critic of Revelation*, and to present it to Kant as my real letter of recommendation." At this momentous crisis of Fichte's career we feel constrained to throw a clearer light upon the situation by a condensed statement of the philosophical problem just then agitating all Germany.

Soon after its first reception Christianity utterly lost its original character. Christ's revelation of the unity of mankind and of the Divinity, to which each member of the race might elevate himself by doing the will of the Father, his overthrow of the dogmas upon which the Jewish religion had shipwrecked, his repudiation of all theoretical knowledge of the Divinity as a knowledge which would imply a removal from God, and reiterated advice to take hold of the immediate life in God, and to manifest it in doing, was too unpalatable to the lazy men of reflection to be accepted in its evident meaning. Men of a certain intellectual culture have usually little inclination for true activity, and hence love to persuade themselves and others that a certain manner of reflecting, dreaming, and fancying all sorts of notions concerning God and the universe is even a much nobler sort of activity. They ennoble this dreaming by calling it thinking; and the odd notions arising in those dreams are dignified by the term thoughts.

The Jewish religion had, in its early times, been a religion of doing, but had been finally resolved into the gas of artificial dogmas under the influence of the Scribes and Pharisees. The same misfortune happened to the Christian religion. No sooner did it come in contact with the spirit of Greek reflection than it was translated into philosophical dogmas, and a Christian signified no longer one who, in each of his actions, felt conscious of acting as one with God, but one who subscribed to certain theoretical dogmas concerning the Divinity. The Gnostics of pagan tendency (such as Karpocrates, Mani) and those of Jewish tendency (Valentinus, Basilides, Ptolemaeus, &c.), as well as the Neoplatonists

(Plotinus, Proklos, Jamblichos, &c.), persevered in these reflections on the Christian religion until the Fathers took hold of the results of their investigations, and established from them the dogmas of the Christian Church. The dogmas once established through reflection, it was found again necessary to take reflection into subsidy, in order to defend them, and from this necessity arose the famous school of the Scholastics. Their province it was, as their first and greatest exponent, Scotus Erigena, expressed it, to show the absolute harmony between reason and the dogmas of the Church. Ireland, the seat of learning in those times, gave birth to scholastic wisdom, and, besides Scotus himself, claims many others of its brightest ornaments. Anselm of Canterbury, and Abaelard followed in the steps of Scotus; but gradually as the writings of Aristotle became known again to the scholars of the middle ages, owing to the learned Jews and Arabs of that period, their previous inclination to establish a reconciliation between religious dogmas and philosophical reasoning gave way to a desire to derive from philosophy alone all truth, and this desire was met on the other hand by a disposition to ignore philosophy altogether, and merely to establish the truth of the Christian dogmas by the force of individual (intuitive) assertions. Of the leaders of the Aristotelian tendency, Bonaventura, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, and, above all, Raymond Lullus, may be named as the most prominent defenders. Jacob Boehme is the chief representative of the intuitive tendency—the tendency represented by Alcott, Roger Bacon, Duns Scotus and others followed neither of these directions, but leaned towards mere experimentalizing; towards the empirical or inductive form of ascertaining truth.

Regarding the efforts of the Scholastics as a whole, they formed a still more contradictory mass of doctrines than those of the Jewish masters had formed at the advent of Christ. For it is a universal law of reason that every determination involves a negation. Each positive assertion can thus be overthrown by looking up its negation; and two disputants, if each confines himself to attacking the position of the other, may thus extend their dispute infinitely without being able to refute each other. The Greeks, though not comprehending the origin of these antinomies of the human mind, were well aware of their existence and had attained a marvellous proficiency in their application, sufficient to

give distinctive name to the science of such application, which was by them called sophistry. We moderns call it argumentation, and most of us are even yet utterly in the dark as to the manner in which it is possible for two clever minds to uphold opposite principles with equal success. The discovery of these antinomies, without being accompanied by a discovery also of their common ground, or their solution, had brought about amongst the Greeks a radical skepticism; for how could truth be discoverable if two opposite sides of a statement could be advocated with equal success? The Scholastics, not even conscious of these antinomies, had thus a good time of it when they came to argue upon the attributes of God, &c. Each one necessarily proved the other to be a heretic, at least in some matters.

The discoveries of Columbus, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo, Newton, &c., gave a new impulse to the desire of obtaining a final settlement of the claims of reason, and gradually caused to dawn upon all Western Europe the expectation of some wonderful discovery which would throw a new light upon the relation of man to the universe and to God.

From the skepticism, chiefly represented by Montaigne, which necessarily followed the exhibition of the antinomies in the scholastic doctrines, there arose thus the discovery of DesCartes, who, in asserting that skepticism most earnestly, was nevertheless clear-headed enough to see that unless it were to refute itself it must contain at least one evident and indisputable maxim. For doubt cannot even be possible, unless there is an *I* who doubts. *I Doubt, therefore I Am*, thus resolved itself into the famous *Cogito Ergo Sum*. This was, at least, something gained; for self-consciousness was thus recognized as the indisputable basis of all statements, even of those of skepticism. But how the *Ego*, the *Cogito*, the Thinking, came to be accompanied by a world of time and space, by extension, this DesCartes did not and could not explain. To be sure, he postulated a God as the unity of both thinking and extension; but the postulate was no proof.

Spinoza did not obtain any deeper insight into a probable solution of the dualism between thinking and extension by utterly discarding the category of Causality and substituting in its place the category of Substantiality. The ground for this denial of causality was this: Spinoza very properly required the philosopher to consider everything *sub specie*

aternitatis, i. e. with abstraction from time, and he erroneously imagined, as after him Schopenhauer has done, that the conception of causality could not be thus entertained. But by thus discarding causality he fell into the same one-sidedness he tried to avoid, only in a different direction; for the conception of causality has the same validity as that of substantiality; neither is the true explanation of the relation between thinking and extension, or the Ego and the Non Ego; but both mutually determining each other. Spinoza, therefore, looked upon all the existing as accidents, or modes, of the one timeless, speechless substance. This substance he also called God, completely undetermined, however, and hence God and Nature were to him equivalent terms. How the substance changes into or obtains attributes Spinoza does not explain. Hence his system has the same radical defect as that of DesCartes. Both of these eminent men were in search of an ultimate system of philosophy, of a final science of knowledge, and in this lies their pre-eminent merit, for such a science had never before been consciously aspired to; but further their merit does not go.

It is possible that Leibnitz may have perfected in his mind such a science of all knowledge. But this remarkable man, not yet sufficiently reorganized in his many-sided greatness, was forced to busy himself too much with politics, theology, mathematics, and other sciences, to find leisure thoroughly to elaborate the comprehensive philosophical standpoint which is manifested in his various writings. His apperception, for instance, that all nature is spirit, that the inorganic is as full of life as the organic, and that hence destruction is fictitious, is certainly the closest approach to Fichte's final settlement. But Leibnitz passed away without decidedly influencing the philosophical movement in Germany. Like DesCartes and Spinoza, he was laid aside, and it was from England and France that the chief impulse was given which resulted in the final establishment of a science of philosophy.

The works of Locke, Hume, and Berkley—works not pretending to be philosophical, but rather to discover empirically the results of attentive examination of the workings of the human mind—had, perhaps, from the directness and common sense style in which they were written, this superior influence upon the development of European culture. Moreover, in these writings reappeared in greater clearness than in those

of Spinoza and DesCartes, the antinomies of the human mind, which therefore seemed imperatively to call for a solution. Thus Locke, who held that men had no inborn ideas, but that all ideas were produced by external experience, got entangled in this dilemma. It is both proper and improper to say, for instance, that the conception of causality is empirical. Improper; for how can the conception of cause and effect be produced in the human mind by the apperception of two different phenomena at different times? Proper; for how can the conception of cause and effect arise in consciousness, unless you have two different phenomena to which you may apply it?

Hume did not perceive this double propriety and impropriety, this *à priori* and *à posteriori*, together of all phenomena, but he did clearly see that the conception of causality could not arise from mere empirical apperception; hence he denied it and called it a fictitious production of the mind, and thus fell into the opposite antinomy. Likewise Berkley Locke had stated: all our knowledge is produced by sensuous impressions. Berkley turns this around and falls into the opposite antinomy by stating: all sensuous objects are simply productions of the human mind.

The writings of these three great men exercised far more influence in foreign countries than in their own. By applying them to religion arose the whole herd of French skeptics and atheists: Condillae, Helvetius, Voltaire, Diderot, Robinet, D'Alembert, Holbach, &c. Knowledge of the sensuous only being possible: down with God, Freedom and Immortality! But even that knowledge of very questionable reliability: down with all absolute knowledge and universal validity, and up with universal doubt and universal assertion, that was the great contradictory battle-cry of the period of "Upeclearing!" To believe in this preaching—that is to say, to be guilty of the most flagrant self-contradiction—was to be an "upeleared" man. An "upeleared man," says one of the apostles of upeclearing, "is a man who believes in what the enlightened"—meaning himself—"says."

Frederick II. having not only allowed, but encouraged, the utmost freedom of discussion in his dominions, "upeclearing" soon extended also to Germany, and the writings of Locke and Hume and those of the French Encyclopedists soon held undisputed sway. Bahrdt, Nicolai, Sulzer, Garde, &c., were amongst the most active workers in this upeclear-

ing. Christianity was attacked and ridiculed to whatever height German ridicule found it possible to elevate itself. It was lamented, as is done now, that men should believe in the authority of priests or of the Bible; while at the same time most implicit faith in the infallibility of the Apostles of Enlightenment was required of all. Some of these uphealers wished to root Christianity out utterly; others, as Campe and Reiman, considered it from the utilitarian point of view as rather a useful institution to make mankind more comfortable. Only one man—but he a giant—stood solitary and alone, fighting both the orthodox tendency in religion and the uphealing self-contradictions. This was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing; and happily in the year of his death the *Critic of Pure Reason* was published.

On the whole, however, the foundation, not only of religion, but equally of self-determining reason, shook as if it were about to tumble into utter chaos. The great cry which rang throughout Europe was the same which we now hear in a duller and more stupid form from Herbert Spencer and other advocates of the universal idiocy of the human mind: "We poor human beings can know nothing absolutely. All our knowledge is relative, or, rather, is no knowledge at all, but a collection of generally accepted cheating phrases."

The men who preached this doctrine of universal stupidity, who shouted at the top of their voices as a dogma to be gainsaid by no man, this war-cry: "Human reason can know nothing!" never had their eyes opened to its essential self-contradiction. Nor have their successors of the Herbert Spencer school penetrated any more to the unutterable foolishness of their so-called system. For if it is an indisputable axiom—that we cannot know anything—then there is at least this one axiom, which we do know absolutely, and consequently the axiom itself falls to the ground. To be consistent, the French Encyclopedists and their Herbert Spencer, Stuart Mills, and Comte followers ought to have phrased it thus—each one, however, speaking only for his individual self: "I know nothing; I know not even that I know nothing; and I know not even that I know not that I know nothing;" and so on *ad infinitum*, which confession of individual stupidity, however, would have been a very interesting affair, as it really is.

When these monstrous doctrines had thus passed over into Germany and German literature, there chanced to be

in Koenigsberg, gifted with a wonderful earnestness of purpose and profound faith in God, Immanuel Kant. He also felt his foundations of Reason and Faith tremble; but, like a strong, healthy man, as he was, he resolved to discover the points where those foundations might be weak.

The result of his investigations was the *Critic of Pure Reason*, than which no philosophical work has, perhaps, exerted a greater influence upon the destiny of the human race. It was not intended to establish scientifically a system of all knowledge, but was rather written as an introduction to such a system; and hence its character was more negative than positive.

To complement, the *Critic of Pure Reason*, in its most important part, namely, to show how, a knowledge of freedom, God, and immortality might be possible, Kant hastened to publish the *Critic of Practical Reason*, wherein the difficult problem was solved thus:

True, we can have no theoretical knowledge of the three great problems, and a science of metaphysics is in so far utterly impossible; for the very theoretical knowledge of these problems would be their own contradiction, since it would have to show up a genesis which they explicitly exclude. But we may have a practical—*i. e.*, an immediate—knowledge of them, and this knowledge in the immediate form is called conscience. Conscience simply commands; it is the categorical imperative, Thus it shall be! and utterly excludes genesis. Conscience tells you: You shall not do this, you shall do that; you shall not live like an animal; you shall act as if you were free, &c.

Knowledge of God, freedom and immortality is, therefore, if it exists, absolute, immediate, without genesis; cannot be demonstrated, can only be immediately experienced by each person. But for that very reason, also, are these subjects the only ones we really can have knowledge of, or know to be absolute truth. It is, therefore, not paradoxical, but the simplest truth, to say: The only subjects whereof we do know anything are those whereof we have absolute knowledge; that is to say, the supersensuous world and the world of nature, which we believe to be the only one open to our knowledge; is, indeed, for that very reason, unknowable because it is no legitimate subject of absolute knowledge; is merely the ever-contradictory production of the power of imagination, through the synthesis whereof

we are to arrive at the absolute, immediate knowledge which it thus makes knowable.*

The advocates of universal stupidity of the human mind are, therefore, correct when they say, "We never can attain absolute knowledge," provided they refer simply to the sensuous world. But it is also most clear that if we did not have such absolute knowledge of the supersensuous world, we could not even have relative knowledge of the world of nature.

This, however, did not yet settle the question of the connection between these two opposite worlds and of the use of the theoretical faculty in being the means of mediating this connection. To establish this and to show how the commands of conscience can be realized in a world of nature, how the human mind may mould all nature to the categorical commands of morality, Kant finally wrote the *Critic of the Power of Judgment*; and although his system was thus now before the public in its entirety, so far as the matter of the system was concerned, still it was not yet a whole in its form; and from this, its fragmentary, formal nature, it gave rise to many bitter disputes.

Particularly the relation of Kant's system to revealed religion was a subject in which the public felt the deepest interest; and that Fichte should have chanced to hit this side of that system was very lucky. He commenced his work on the 13th of July and had it finished by the 18th. Certainly a wonderful effort, considering the size of the work—about 200 pages of this Review—and its very thorough elaboration. Kant expressed himself highly satisfied with Fichte's performance, and at once became the kind friend the latter had desired to make of him.

But while Fichte was thus developing himself, he discovered that his money was fast melting away, and that in a week or two he should not have a penny left. Under these trying circumstances, he wrote a characteristic letter to Kant—two lengthy to be quoted here—in which he asked for the loan of a small sum wherewith to return home. Kant refused the request and advised Fichte to sell his book, the *Critic of Revelation*.† But this was not possible at the time, and Fichte was in much trouble,

* An illustration: No person ever sees or saw light. We only see color. But color is merely light, more or less dimmed, or darkness more or less lit up. Hence in seeing color, or in seeing anything, the real, absolute truth we see is, after all, light, although we never see it except in the relative seeing of color.

† *Kritik aller Offenbarungen.*

when—as was usual in his life—light broke through the darkness at the very last hour; it was again the offer of a tutorship; this time, however in the family of a nobleman near Danzig. Fichte accepted it, and felt very happy in his new position. To increase this happiness came the news that his book was finally to be published. A publisher had been found some time before, but when the book had passed through the hands of the censor, that enlightened personage had objected to it because it contained the assertion: "That the divine character of a revelation should only be proven by its contents, and not by any miracles said to have accompanied it." This objection had caused some delay in the publication of the work, and the matter having now become notorious, public interest was directed to the book long before its appearance; certainly a most favorable accident for Fichte. When, finally, the appointment of a new censor removed this obstacle and the *Critic of All Revelations* made its appearance in 1792, there was an excitement such as had not been experienced since the days of the *Critic of Pure Reason*. We have stated already how the public had naturally been led to look for some utterance from Kant which should correctly state the relation of his system to revealed religion. Amidst this general expectation Fichte's book appeared, and, through the mistake of the publisher, no author's name was printed upon the title-page. The whole work, moreover, was written in the style and terminology of Kant's works—indeed, there are very few traces of the later clear, independent, and vigorous style of Fichte in it—and it contained only the natural result of the Kantian system.

It was, therefore, quite natural that the public should have been led to suppose Kant to be the author of the work; and this was, indeed, the general conclusion. The reviews were full of unqualified praise. Fichte, in his tutorship, was perfectly astonished at this success; though he saw clearly enough that a great deal of it was due to the belief that Kant was the father of the work. But Kant soon dispelled that belief by publishing a card pointing out Fichte as the true author. Thus it was that Fichte became famous through a book written in five days, and which he afterwards denounced, often enough, as a wretched piece of workmanship.

To crown his happiness, he received at that time a letter from Johanna urging him again to come to Zurich, she

having managed to save a part of her father's fortunes. On the 16th of June, 1793, Fichte arrived in Zurich, and on the 22d of October had all his earthly wishes crowned by being united to his beloved Johanna. The honey-moon was spent in a trip to Bern, during which they visited Pestalozzi. This ungainly-looking, but sweet-tempered man, after having overcome his natural awkwardness, took quite a liking to Fichte and unfolded to him all his enthusiastic plans respecting the education of the human race. Fichte listened with delight and solemnly promised Pestalozzi that he would do all in his power to promote these plans. And this promise Fichte conscientiously fulfilled in his celebrated "Addresses to the German Nation"* years afterwards.

A period of glorious happiness now broke upon Fichte—happy in the possession of a loving wife, without cares for the future, a rising reputation dawning upon him, and his mind cleared forever of doubts by his great discovery. To make this discovery the common property of his race and thus to be for the morally corrupted age a second Prophet and Redeemer—unutterable bliss! His first steps in this direction were to read lectures on Kant's philosophy to a small circle in Zurich; and from these he soon turned to develop in another series of lectures his own newly discovered Science of Knowledge.

That discovery had dawned upon his mind ever since he left Königsberg. For Kant, although establishing the true philosophy, had not elucidated, as we have said, its fundamental grounds, and hence had left room for skepticism. This skepticism had taken hold of Fichte and was strengthened by the writings of Schultz and Maimon, who had been led to the same dissatisfaction with Kant's system. It was evident, therefore, to Fichte that these fundamental grounds of Kant's results must be philosophically explained, unless skepticism should be allowed full sway again. In a letter to a friend he expresses himself on these doubts and their results as follows: "My whole system was overthrown; but we cannot live under the open sky. So I had to commence putting up a new building. This I have done for the past six weeks." The letter was written in the summer of 1793. Fichte proceeds: "Rejoice with me in the result. I have discovered a new foundation from which the whole philosophy may be easily discovered. Kant, it is true, has the correct

* *Reden an die deutsche Nation.*

philosophy, but only in its general *results*, not in its *grounds*. This great thinker is a greater marvel to me than ever. I believe he has a genius who reveals to him the truth without showing him the grounds of it. In short, I believe that in a few years we shall have a philosophy which will rival geometry in certainty."

That was, indeed, the great problem of Fichte's age—to create a geometrically certain system of philosophy. Kant had discovered it, undoubtedly, but either had not distinctly seen its grounds or had not wished to explain them, and Reinhold's endeavors to establish them had proved unsatisfactory. Kant's system remained before the public as the true system only for those who were able of themselves to supply its deduction, but merely as an individual effort, like all previous systems for the rest of mankind. Individual efforts they had been for the following reason: The objective examining of things around us and their relation to each other is utterly arbitrary, our power of reflection being a power of freedom, *i. e.*, capable of viewing the relation of objects in the most various ways. Now all previous philosophers had looked upon the object of philosophy as such an arbitrary manner of thinking, of reflecting upon and combining certain objective phenomena into a unity. In this manner each, of course, had formed a different unity, precisely as every astronomer before Copernicus, to use Kant's illustration, had formed a different astronomy. Kant's great deed had been to discover the transcendental method as the only correct and universally valid one; that is to say, he had shown that a universally valid system of all knowledge could only be realized if philosophy ceased to be a science of external objects and became instead a science of knowledge itself.*

* "The ordinary philosopher thinks this or that, observes himself in this thinking, and now puts forth all the thoughts which he could think as truths, for no other reason than *because* he could think them. The *object* of his observation is himself, in his own manner of proceeding, whether that had been directed by chance or by his own arbitrary mood. But the true philosopher has to observe reason in its *original* and *necessary* manner of proceeding, through which his own Ego and all that is for his Ego has come into existence. But as he cannot find this original process of the Ego any more in *empirical* consciousness, he, by the only act of arbitrariness permitted to him, and which act is indeed simply the resolve to philosophize, places the Ego back in that original starting-point, and now causes it to develop itself before his very eyes. Hence the object of his observation is Reason in her internally necessary development. Whilst the former philosopher observes simply an individual, his own arbitrary thinking, the latter observes universal Reason in his necessary manner of acting."—FICHTE'S *Grundlage des Naturrechts*.

The science of knowledge, is absolutely limited by the Necessary in knowledge, and is universal only in so far as it establishes this Necessary. But in so far, also, it is indisputably universal; universal precisely because necessary. It must be clear even to common reflection, that every single fact of every-day consciousness, as the result of a certain necessary manner of acting of the intelligence, will reveal to us, if we can but arrive at a full examination of its relation to the totality of knowledge, a complete description of that knowledge. It could only have occurred in consciousness by virtue of a certain law in consciousness; this law, again, can only be possible if other laws are possible, and so on, until we arrive at the totality of conditions which make knowledge, or reason, or the intelligence, possible. It is precisely as with Leibnitz's monads. Each single monad, if you but succeed in completely analyzing it, must reveal to you the complete structure of the universe; for, as part, however infractional, of that universe, it contains in itself all the conditions thereof. The science of knowledge, because it can thus start from any proposition whatsoever, from a thought or an observation, or a logical formula, can show that if you will but proceed to observe what you *must* think if you utter such propositions or observation—in other words, if you will analyze all the conditions of that proposition you must arrive at the complete science of knowledge—is universal and can be gainsaid by no means.

Kant had thus observed the working of the Ego, but only fragmentarily and in snatches. Fichte made the observation systematical by discovering the synthetical method, or the dialectic, and by this great discovery did he become the founder of the science of knowledge.

The one-sided application of the category of causality leads to realism and asserts that only the things exist and are the cause of our apperception of them. This was Hume's view. The one-sided application of the category of substantiality leads to idealism and denies all reality to the things. This was Berkeley's theory. Both views are one-sided.

Limiting itself, the Ego very properly ascribes the limiting of its activity to something not itself, and hence says the things are the cause of the limiting; but being again active in this limiting, it equally properly ascribes the limiting altogether to itself, and says it is the substance of things. By the productive power of imagination the Ego thus realizes the irre-

conciliable contradiction between the Ego as determined and the Non Ego as determining, and, in realizing solves it.

The contradiction in the statement : the Ego posits itself as determined by the Non Ego, being thus solved on the assumption of a power of the Ego to limit itself—a power creating the material universe—there remains the question: What induces the Ego to posit itself as determined? *If* it so posits itself, it is clear that it must posit itself as a self-limiting power, as a power of productive imagination; but that it should so posit itself does by no means appear from the proposition; and until this is made clear may the Ego always suppose a Non Ego to be the cause of its self-limiting character.

Fichte returns therefore to the other statement contained in the original synthesis. The Ego posits itself as determining the Non Ego; and by an analysis of this statement obtains the final solution of the duplicity between theoretical reason and practical reason, which had given Kant so much trouble. The character of the Ego is to posit itself; to posit itself and to be Ego are equivalent terms. But the Ego cannot posit itself unless it posits a Non Ego at the same time; cannot assert itself except by overcoming an obstacle, a Non Ego, which is not itself. For the very purpose, therefore, of positing itself as a determining power must it posit also an opposite, which it determines; must create a world in order to destroy it, produce a Nature in order to make or engrave upon it the character of itself, of all-determining reason. It is because the Ego is a practical power, an activity, a self-positing, that it is also theoretical, *i. e.*, that it also posits itself as determined by the Ego, as dependent upon a sensuous world. Hence the theoretical faculty is simply the means; the practical faculty the higher and the end. As this absolute determining power the absolute Ego manifests itself in each individual as the voice of conscience. Each individual is conscious of this absolute Ego, as a voice urging him to do this or that, to determine Nature here or there, to assert reason over matter in these or those relations. This absolute self-determination of reason is the ruling power of the universe; it destroys the original material universe, in order to imprint its character upon it, in order to realize in the world of matter, the kingdom of God.

Such are, in a measure, the outlines of the great discovery Fichte now proposed to make clear to himself in

its full significance by a series of lectures at Zurich; and that they made a profound impression upon his hearers, many written testimonials sufficiently prove.

At the same time Fichte was employed upon a political work, "to correct public opinion respecting the French Revolution," a work the publication of which produced an intense excitement and made Fichte—who soon became known as its author—the favorite of all Young Germany. In truth, he came to be looked upon as the rising leader of the democratic movement; and in all his after-life could never fully clear himself from the suspicion of being in secret communion with the French revolutionists.

It was natural that an event like the French revolution should have directed the pre-eminently practical mind of Fichte upon the political condition of his country, and cause the wish to arise—which, indeed, had manifested itself already at a much earlier period, when he studied Montesquieu and Rousseau, to build up an immutable theory of politics, from the immutable theory of knowledge generally, in order that chance and arbitrariness might no longer govern this important domain of human activity. Kant had left this field open as yet, probably because its necessary results might bring him into conflict with government; but Fichte, living in Switzerland, what had he to fear? He therefore took advantage of the form of an Essay on the French Revolution, to enter into an exhaustive discussion of the true foundation of all government, to criticize the illegal doctrines and principles upon which German government and its institutions were based, and particularly to attack the nobility and the temporal power of the church; insisting that a church could not be a legal holder of property, and that hence all church property ought to be confiscated by the State and sold to the people; and, again, that the nobility did not hold a legal title to their possessions, and that hence the State should also confiscate and sell these. Fichte, moreover, with a view to justify the French revolution, showed that no government could be a legal government, or that no constitution could be binding upon a people, unless it contained in itself provision for its own amendment and unless it had been adopted by a vote of all the citizens.

Another short essay—"A Demand for a Restoration of the Freedom of Thinking from the Princes of Europe, who have hitherto suppressed it,"* and written in the same bold,

* *Zur Beförderung der Denkfreiheit von den Fürsten Europas.*

energetic, marvellously eloquent—but not yet polished—style which had characterized the work on the French revolution, gave Fichte a name throughout Germany as detested by some as revered by others.

It was, therefore, a matter of universal surprise when the news came suddenly that to Fichte had been tendered the professorship of philosophy at Jena, made vacant by the departure of Professor Reinhold for Kiel. Reinhold had been a celebrated man, second only to Kant, in the field of speculative philosophy; and the professorship was, therefore, an important position, although the salary attached to it was niggardly enough—about \$150 *per annum*. The public was considerably surprised to learn that the Duke of Weimar had consented to bestow this position upon the “Democrat” Fichte; and, indeed, Goethe confesses it to have been “bold, nay, an audacious venture.” But the truth was, Fichte was a celebrated man, and the Jena University needed such a one to replace Reinhold; and, moreover, Fichte had a warm though to him unknown friend at Jena to advocate his cause—namely, Professor Hufeland, a jurist and the brother of the celebrated Dr. Hufeland.

Fichte himself was surprised by the offer, and as he did not yet feel himself thoroughly able for the work to which his life was to be consecrated, he tried to obtain a year's respite. This, however, was not granted, and on the 18th of May, 1794, he arrived at Jena to commence his labors. Johanna had remained in Zurich with her father. Both followed Fichte in the course of the summer; but the father died not long after his arrival in Jena.

At Jena Fichte was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The students were delighted, everybody expectant. Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland were very kind; and when the Duke of Weimar returned from Italy he also treated Fichte with marked preference and friendship. Only one annoyance made itself manifest which Fichte, however, did his best to quench in the bud. The young people of the town were very anxious to make him a sort of political leader, to draw him into organizations, &c., &c. But Fichte had no longer any desire for political activity, he had no wish to engage in political strifes; his only object in life was to promote science as the true lever of human progress, and to leave to others the management of politics. He decidedly avoided, therefore, to be drawn into any convention or organization which might expose him to political complications.

His first public lecture was a marked success. He writes to Johanna: "The largest lecture-room in Jena was too small; the whole hall-room and courtyard were crowded; people stood upon tables and benches." He also advertised to give private lectures, for the \$150 were scarcely sufficient to keep even a German professor alive; but although he had sufficient hearers at these lectures, very few of them were paying ones. The publishers were more generous and were all anxious to secure the publication of his lectures on "The Science of Knowledge."

The purity of Fichte's whole life found an intense expression in his face and bearing, and in that corrupt period was certainly "punishing" to the guilty. Added to this was a self-confidence which no other person could share with him, because no other person shared with him his insight into the great discovery he had made and its universal application. He could always be clear and see through every subject at a glance, because he stood within the point from which light radiates upon all subjects; and to others, who had not this insight, and perhaps even doubted it, Fichte necessarily appeared often vain and proud. His will, moreover, was of an intensity, equalled, perhaps, only by the will of Napoleon, to which he has paid such a glowing tribute. He believed everything to be possible to the man who wills, and hence would never accept excuses of human, moral, or mental weakness.

With all these "heavy" traits of character, Fichte would take a joke, which "Reinhold could not do." The truth is, as another friend of Fichte expressed it, "it is from sheer earnestness that he is able to appreciate a joke." But what is far more, Fichte, from sheer earnestness, was witty. His *Life of Nicolai* and *Conversations about Patriotism* evince a power of wit, which may rival that of Swift. "Wit," says Fichte, "is the condensed statement either of the Good," as, for instance, in various sayings of Christ "or of the Evil." In the latter case the clear self-statement of the Evil appears so absurd that we smile at this its expressed antithesis with what is good and ought to be. His power of wit, his natural eloquence, and an unruffled cheerfulness, which arose from his certainty, made Fichte a most entertaining man in conversation. Humane, benevolent to a fault, frank, generous, and ready to help at any time, he was, indeed, beloved by all with whom he came in contact and who could appreciate moral greatness.

"Act! act!" This was Fichte's reiterated advice to his hearers. In devoting his life to speculation, he was not led by a desire to encourage speculative abstractions, but utterly to rid mankind of the perverse influences of metaphysical studies. The time of the great men of the world was no longer to be wasted in idle endeavors to obtain through thinking something higher than life, but was to be all given up to work. They should not dream any longer about the infinite and the finite; all these problems his science had solved now and forever. They should work to make the world better; to improve their own and the morality of others; to better the condition of the State; to subdue nature and make her the submissive instrument of the human will. This intense practical realism was it which led Fichte to close up his lectures on the Science of Knowledge* by lectures on the Science of Rights,† on the Doctrine of Morality, and, finally, by his celebrated lectures on the "Destination of the Scholar."‡

Of these works the Science of Rights must be, particularly to Americans, of chief interest, since in it are philosophically deduced all the great principles of freedom upon which our Republic is based. The Science of Rights begins with one of the results of the Science of Knowledge, namely: a finite, rational being cannot posit itself without ascribing to itself free causality; an activity altogether its own; which must therefore be a different activity from that of a rational being wherewith it contemplates the material universe.

As sure, as self-consciousness is to be, must there occur in consciousness this relation between rational beings, between individuals; and this relation—the requirement addressed by each individual to every other one to treat him as free—constitutes the legal relation between men. The fundamental principle of law has been *a priori* deduced from the conception of self-consciousness as one of its conditions, and hence becomes a universal principle which all rational beings must recognize as valid. For as free rational beings can only become such by mutually recognizing each other as free, and since it is only from this actual treatment of each other that the one can recognize the other as a free rational being, each individual is bound to treat every other individual as a free being. The fundamental principle of the legal relation between men may, therefore, be framed thus: Each free

* *Wissenschaftslehre.* † *Grundlage des Naturrechts.* ‡ *Bestimmung des Gelehrten.*

being must limit the sphere of his own freedom by the conception of the freedom of all other free beings with whom he enters into a community of intercourse. It is an *à priori* law of the intelligence, universally valid, an original law, and not derived, as some would derive, the conception of law from the conception of morality. In this result Fichte places himself at once upon the basis of the American principle of legal relation. There is not a State constitution in our Republic which does not distinctly guarantee freedom of conscience, and thus acknowledge that law stands in no relation with morality. Of course many laws are yet passed which infringe upon the rights of conscience; but they are also generally regarded as illegal. Nothing has done so much injury to political commonwealths as the mixing up of the two standpoints of legality and morality. A republic based upon the principle of legality establishes a government simply to prevent its citizens from being governed, simply to leave them life, liberty, and property; a State based upon the conception of morality endeavors to make its citizens good and moral by force—a contradictory proposition; since morality to be morality must originate in freedom.

A true legal relation arises therefore only between rational beings who live in actual intercourse with each other, and only through the free declaration of each, that he will respect the sphere of freedom of the other. Each rational being may be compelled to enter such an agreement, since if he were to refuse it he would pronounce himself to be not a rational being, self-consciousness being only possible in this relation; and it is equally necessary that in this agreement each individual should designate his sphere of freedom, his property, so that all others may be able to respect it. But since the very agreement presupposes that each individual may or may not cease to respect the sphere of freedom of all other individuals, it becomes necessary to establish a government whereby to compel each one to observe that original agreement to respect the life, liberty, and property of all others. Only for this purpose, and for no other, is government created. It has no positive purpose; only the negative one, to keep men in check, to compel them to respect the freedom of all others. It is simply the institution made necessary by the freedom of men, which freedom presupposes the possibility of acting illegally, to render possible a common and genial living together of

mankind, in which undisturbed state men may, through individual self-determination (morality), realize their true object upon earth : to represent the kingdom of God. The principle of law does not take this object in cognizance, but only makes its realization possible.

The government thus instituted may be fashioned in the most various ways and is capable of infinite perfectibility, like every work of art. Two conditions are, however, *a priori* demanded of it. The first one: Government should have absolute power to protect each individual in his rights. The second one: The community of individuals should have a guarantee that that power of the government will not be abused. There must thus be in government, 1st, a government; 2d, a *check* upon that government. Only a government thus constituted is rational. The Spartans had the *Ephores* as such a check; Fichte proposes a similar institution.

Of Fichte's Science or Doctrine of Morals we have not space to speak at length; but enough has already been said to acquaint the reader with its general character. Reason having posited the world in order to imprint its character upon it, or in order to determine that world and thus determine itself—that self-determining of the Ego manifests itself in every individual as his conscience.

Conscience therefore cannot err. The moral destination of mankind is to make of the whole earth a perfect work of art; that is to say, a work which shall express the character, not of nature (the Non Ego) but of reason (the Ego). Everyone who helps to impress this character of reason upon the earth is, therefore, in so far an artist, more or less. It has been made a reproach to Fichte that he had no art-spirit, that he wrote no æsthetic. But this reproach is wrong. Fichte does not confine art to architecture, sculpture, painting, music, and poetry. He does not think it the province of art, to make paintings for galleries, busts for public places, &c., but rather to beautify and ennoble every material thing upon earth. All the world should be art, should reflect the spirit of man; not merely isolated works. The woman who adorns the house, the man who cleans the streets, paints his fences or beautifies his grounds; the tradesman who arranges his business-house and his set of books; and the statesman who invents a well-working political machinery; all are equally artists with the poet, the musician or the painter. Art is not an individual prerogative, but belongs to every man by reason of his intelligence.

Of the general enthusiasm Fichte excited in the whole literary world by these works we can scarcely give an adequate description. The success of his system seemed an accomplished fact. Reinhold, Schelling, Niethammer, Forberg, Schlegel, &c., proclaimed themselves its warm adherents. It is true, there was an equally zealous opposition, extending from Herder and Jean Paul down to Nicolai, and gradually gathering around it all the anti-liberal elements of political and religious life; but the powerful nature of Fichte, his terrible invective, annihilating wit, and, above all, his transparent exposition of the innumerable contradictions in which his opponents involved themselves, kept them for a while at bay. Of all the contemporaneous philosophers Jacobi was the only one Fichte felt himself attracted to, and this in spite of Jacobi's opposition to his system. The truth was, Jacobi, a thorough realist and at the same time intensely religious man, conceived Fichte's system to be a one-sided idealism, and as such attacked it with unrelenting bitterness; whereas Fichte, from his higher standpoint, was forced to smile at the windmills Jacobi was attacking, knowing that his views and his own were fundamentally the very same. Fichte's relation to Schiller and Goethe was still more interesting. Schiller he had known several years previous to his arrival in Jena, and a warm personal attachment had sprung up between them and also between their wives. Schiller, as a diligent student of Kant, was fully prepared to enter with Fichte upon philosophical discussions, and soon became profoundly penetrated by Fichte's doctrines, to which he gave popular expression in both his poems and prose writings. They remained close friends to the last, and how deeply they were spiritually united we can best see from a letter written by Fichte on hearing the news of Schiller's death: "I had in him one of the very rare persons who agreed with me in spiritual matters. He is gone. I consider that in him a part of my own existence has been torn from me."

But that Goethe also should have been drawn into friendship with a man of Fichte's tendency, character, and especially political views, was certainly a marvel, and indicates the extraordinary personal attraction of the latter. At first it was probably the boldness and comprehensive, philosophical genius of Fichte, than which he had never seen the like, which fascinated Goethe. Here was a purely speculative philosopher, a professor of that branch of science

which Goethe had always held somewhat in contempt, who was gifted with an unmistakable genius, not of philosophy alone, but of poetry, eloquence, and satire. Goethe, always anxious to objectively observe extraordinary phenomena, felt strangely impressed; and the close personal relation which seems to have established itself between him and Fichte completed the work. Let us hear him in a letter to Fichte:

"My best thanks for what you sent me of your 'Science of Knowledge'; I see in it the fulfilment of the hopes which your 'Introduction' had excited. There is nothing in those pages which I do not comprehend, or at least believe to comprehend, and nothing which does not voluntarily arrange itself to my usual habit of thinking. My conviction is, that by scientifically demonstrating that concerning which nature seems to have been long ago in silent accord with herself, you will confer upon the human race an inestimable benefit, and render a great service to every thinking and feeling man. As far as I am concerned, I shall owe you the greatest thanks, if you finally reconcile me with the philosophers, whom I could never do without and yet with whom I could never agree," &c.

And three years later—in 1797—Goethe writes to a friend: "The evenings I spend in looking over with Fichte his new representation of the Science of Knowledge." Nay, so late as 1810, when the two great men happened to meet again at Toeplitz, Goethe, in a conversation with Zelter, said, pointing to Fichte: "There walks the man to whom we owe all!"

On his side Fichte thoroughly reciprocated this attachment. He often states that his hopes for the future of his philosophy were rested chiefly upon these two great poets. In their works he saw his own system poetically expressed, and he felt that its leading characteristic was also the inspiration of their productions.

But this happy position at Jena was not to be of long duration. The first disturbing element arose amongst the students of the university. The noisy and riotous mode of life to which these young men had given themselves up, and which they considered it their particular vocation in life to perpetuate, was a constant annoyance to the strict moral sense of Fichte. He investigated the cause of this unhappy tendency among the frequenters of universities and traced it chiefly to certain club-organizations of the students. Fichte then sought to get acquainted with the ringleaders of these organizations, and kindly but firmly pointed out to them the evil influence of their practice. His remonstrances had effect. All the organizations of the Jena University prom-

ised solemnly to abandon these societies and to pledge themselves by oath to that effect. Fichte, not feeling himself authorized to take this oath from them, wrote to the proper officials of the university to appoint a committee for this particular and solemn purpose. But the officials hesitated and delayed until the several clubs began to repent of their virtuous resolution and even to accuse Fichte of a desire to betray their names to the government for punishment. The ringleaders now conspired together against Fichte and even went so far as to indulge in riotous demonstrations against his person and residence. Even his wife was assailed in the street several times. Fichte asked the protection of the police, but the police were unable or unwilling to proceed against the students. Under these circumstances Fichte stated that he could no longer live in safety in Jena and asked the Duke of Weimar for a leave of absence for several months, which was granted. He retired to a country place not far from Jena and there spent the summer in literary labors.

Another annoyance arose from the hatred of the orthodox clergy. Fichte had a desire to read lectures on morality, a continuation of his lectures on "The Destination of the Scholar." The lecture-halls in Jena were engaged during the week-days for other purposes, and the only hours for which he could procure a room were on Sundays. Having first inquired whether it was against the rules to lecture on the Sunday, and having received a negative answer—other professors having been allowed the same privilege in former times—Fichte commenced his lectures and had large audiences. His enemies at once hit upon these Sunday-lectures, to charge Fichte with "democratic and revolutionary tendencies" and a desire "to overthrow the Christian religion;" and although he was finally absolved from these charges, still the affair had caused him so much unpleasantness that he resolved to abandon the Sunday lectures altogether.

Then came the third and finally successful attempt of his enemies to remove him from Jena. He had for some time past, in copartnership with Niethammer, published a "Philosophical Journal," which had soon obtained great influence. In the year 1798 Forberg sent Fichte an article "On the Development of the Conception of Religion," for insertion in the Journal. The leading object of this article was to show that a theoretical knowledge of God is impossible; and, in so far, Fichte certainly endorsed it. But

many other points made by Forberg in the same article Fichte did not endorse; and as he wished to publish the article on account of its other merits, he expressed a desire to Forberg to accompany it with editor's notes. To this Forberg objected; and, as a final resource, Fichte wrote an article of his own on "The Ground of our Faith in a Divine Government of the World," which followed Forberg's article in the same number of the Journal; thereby clearly pointing out the difference in the views of Forberg and those of the editor. Fichte's position in that article was in short this: Since every attribute applied to God makes him finite—and hence not God—it is wrong to apply attributes to him. We cannot say of him he is goodness; nor he is justice; nor he is conscious; nor he is thinking; nor he is a person; for every such determination is a negation and makes God a cognizable somewhat. To make God an object of theoretical knowledge is to make him an idol, and leads to Jewish and Pagan idolatry. True religion is to live in God; not to establish dogmas concerning him. This life in God is the true life and is connected with sensuous life through conscience. Conscience, or the moral law, the self-determining of the Ego, is the true governing power of the world. The faith that the moral law does thus absolutely govern the world is religion, and, as such faith, is the faith of God. Hence the surest of all things is that there is a God; and only through this surety are other things sure.

These two articles were published in the Philosophical Journal, and nearly a year had passed away when a scandalous pamphlet made its appearance entitled "Advice of a Father to his Son respecting Fichte's and Forberg's Atheism," and written in a vulgar, coarse, and ungrammatical style, bitterly assailing these two philosophers as atheists and overthrowers of religion, morality, and government. Upon charges contained in this vulgar pamphlet the Saxon government had the bad taste—not to use a stronger expressions—to pronounce a decree of confiscation against Fichte's journal and to address to all other Protestant Courts of Germany a request likewise to confiscate a journal so dangerous to the Christian religion and to government. Be it said in honor of Prussia that her government firmly rejected the request of Saxony, while Hanover and other countries obeyed it. Not content with this, the Saxon government addressed a request to the Curators of the Jena University to have Professors Fichte and Forberg punished as persons guilty of propagat-

ing atheistic teachings, and added, as a threat, that if this request was not complied with, Saxony would prohibit her subjects from frequenting that university—an impertinence which it seems strange how a man like the Duke of Weimar could have tolerated for a moment. But it was tolerated and the whole subject taken under advice. The long-threatened storm had, therefore, broken loose, and the conflict between freedom of utterance and submission to authority in matters of conscience had to be fought out.

It must be remembered that the reaction against the French revolution had just set in and was carrying on matters now with a high hand. It sought to strengthen itself by the bitter and implacable persecution of all its opponents. The "fanatics of moderation" evinced a fanaticism not second to that of the most bloodthirsty of Jacobins. When the news of the horrible murder of the Rastatt ambassadors arrived in Weimar and was discussed in a social gathering, Goethe and Schiller cried out: "That is right; thus these dogs must be killed!" Goethe was an intense hater of the French revolution and of all revolutionary movements. He wanted permanent rest and quiet; no conspiracies; no overthrows of government. Fichte, as soon as he came to Jena, had been carefully watched, with a view to discover apprehended connections between him and the French revolutionaries. His letters had frequently been opened; spies set to watch his actions, &c., &c. No trace of political action, however, had been discovered, although it is more than probable that overtures were made to him by the leaders of the French revolution more than once. True, in his "Science of Rights" he had demonstrated that only republican institutions were in conformity with reason, &c. But the "Science of Rights" was a philosophical book, and no one had as yet dared to restrict philosophical discussions of any question whatsoever. Hence it soon became clear that Fichte would give his many enemies no chance to effect his removal from the Jena University. But that he should be removed by some means or other had been long resolved upon, not only by the Weimar government—for Karl August was rather a liberal man and entertained the highest esteem for Fichte—but by the more orthodox neighboring governments. Since they could not accuse Fichte of democratic conspiracies, they resolved to transfer the charge to the field of religion, and thus, at the same time, to open a crusade long since resolved upon against that free spirit of philosophical inquiry

in religious matters which, since the appearance of Kant's Critics, had spread everywhere. Luther's Catechism and the symbolic books were again to become the standards of orthodoxy, and no philosopher was to be permitted to teach conflicting doctrines. Thus, by establishing a puritan Christianity it was hoped to secure governments more firmly against revolutionary attacks.

This tendency to suppress freedom of conscience had indeed made itself manifest immediately after the death of King Frederic II. His successor, of whom Mirabeau, in his "Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin," has given a most admirable picture, made it his chief aim to remodel Protestantism upon the old orthodox basis. Edicts of religion were issued, a severe censorship established, and strict orthodox tests presented for clergymen and teachers. To such a pass did things come that a severe reproof was administered to Kant when he published—perhaps the profoundest of all his Critics—the *Critic of Religion within the Boundaries of Pure Reason*. Kant was somewhat intimidated by this reproof, and it was perhaps fear that he also might be involved in the charge of atheism levelled against Fichte which induced him, in 1793, to print a public declaration that his Science of Knowledge was an utterly untenable system, and that he would have nothing to do with it. This melancholy declaration gave Fichte profound pain, partly by reason of its bitter, jealous, and uncalled-for tone, and partly because it exhibited the always sad spectacle of a noble mind stooping in old age to a mean action. "May God protect me from growing old," writes he, "if such are the results of old age. I shall try and give my boy a good enough education, so that if I do get old I can place myself under his literary guardianship and thus prevent myself from unworthily closing my career."

Fichte was clearly aware of this new tendency, and determined to test in his present case the freedom of philosophical inquiry. He rejected all compromises proposed by the court of Weimar. For at that court, as Goethe tells us, the general opinion was favorably disposed towards Fichte, and they were unwilling to hurt his feelings; at the same time they wished to avoid a point-blank rejection of the impertinent request of the Saxon government. Fichte was to sign some sort of an excuse or retraction to qualify his statements, and, above all, not to make any public mention of the matter, but to settle it underhand with the Weimar court.

Impatient at the indignity inflicted upon him by even taking into consideration a manifestly absurd and impertinent charge, and, moreover, anxious to defend himself, as author, before the public, against the charge of being an atheist, which the decree of confiscation had pronounced against him, Fichte addressed an "appeal"* to the public, in which he defended his reputation as an author against the slanderous attacks of the Saxon government, and showed that his doctrines were not atheistic. The "appeal" produced a bad impression at the court of Weimar, for it made a compromise on the basis of an excuse more difficult.

But when Fichte's "Judicial Defence" made its appearance the indignation at Weimar redoubled. Fichte, in this defence, reiterated that the whole charge was a lie; proved that if the articles in question taught anything they taught the belief in a God; and demonstrated conclusively that the Saxon government either had never read those articles or had utterly misapprehended them. He concluded by showing that this whole charge of atheism was simply a mask to cover the real charge of Jacobinism, and that his persecution was in reality a political persecution. He insisted that he should either be removed from his professorship as guilty of teaching atheistic doctrines, or be honorably cleared from the odious charge.

This demand greatly annoyed the Weimar Court. "I would have voted against my own son if he had uttered such language," writes Goethe; and in the cabinet-meeting when he advocated Fichte's dismissal and was asked by another minister whether the Jena University would not suffer thereby, he broke out: "Never mind; one star goes down and another one comes up."

Matters were made still worse by a false step which Fichte now took. Of course the dispute had created universal excitement; all liberal men looked upon Fichte's as a test case which would decide their own future position. Bets were made for or against his dismissal. His friends were all anxious that he should remain. Finally one of these friends unfortunately persuaded Fichte to address a private letter to one of the Duke of Weimar's counsellors which might lead to a quiet compromise. Importuned most urgently, Fichte at length acquiesced, against his own bet-

* *Appellation gegen die Anklage Atheismus.*

ter judgment, and sent the letter, wherein he stated that in case of a public reproof being administered he should be forced to resign his professorship, hinting at the same time that other colleagues resign also. The counsellor to whom this private letter was addressed made it public at a cabinet-meeting, and thus gave the Weimar government opportunity both to condemn and dismiss Fichte. The private letter was placed among the *public* documents relating to Fichte's trial, and a reproof addressed to him, "who has been able to clear himself from the charge of atheism only by pleading the use of a philosophical phraseology of his own." At the same time, "since in a letter to one of our cabinet-ministers Fichte had declared his intention to resign, he is hereby dismissed from his professorship."

As Fichte had made no such plea of a philosophical phraseology, it was manifest that the reproof and dismissal proceeded from motives utterly independent of the charge under trial. Thus dismissed, it was impossible for Fichte to remain in Jena. He applied to a certain Prince of Rudolstadt for permission to take up his residence for a short time in that prince's territory; but although friendly disposed towards Fichte, he refused this modest request at the instigation of the court of Weimar. The Jena students twice petitioned the Duke of Weimar to retain Professor Fichte, but the duke curtly refused, and the students, thus baffled, sought to give vent to their appreciation of Fichte by a subscription for a medal to be presented to him. As for Fichte himself, he one day suddenly left Jena and went to Berlin, where he arrived on the 6th of July, 1799.

The sudden and unannounced arrival of so distinguished a man produced no less sensation in Berlin than the news of it did in Jena when it reached there. The Berlin government at first suspected him of political intentions, and, at a government cabinet-meeting, it was resolved to place him under strict surveillance. After some time, when the matter was made known to King Frederick, official interference was removed. The king said nobly: "If Fichte is so quiet a citizen as appears from all I hear of him, and so far removed from dangerous alliances, a residence in my State may be quietly extended to him. If it is true that he is engaged in hostilities with Almighty God, Almighty God must settle that matter with him; it is none of my business."

Fichte found many and warm friends in Berlin. There was the great novel-writer and poet, Tieck; the celebrated Schleiermacher, one of the profoundest spirits of the age and a man who knew how to be both a theologian and philosopher; the Schlegel family; Hufeland, Novalis, Chamisso, Bernhadi, Varnhagen Von Ense, and many others. He soon resolved to settle down permanently in Berlin, and having sold his house in Jena, brought his wife and a son she had borne him in Jena to that city. He worked industriously to complete his "*Destination of Man*;"* worked out a new representation of the "*Science of Knowledge*;" published a "*Similar Exposition of the Science of Knowledge*"—an attempt to *force* the reader to an understanding; elaborated a treatise on "*The Commercial State*"—a political work, written with special reference to Prussia and dedicated to the Minister Von Struensee; and, in a happy satirical novel, wrote "*The Life and Curious Adventures of Frederic Nicolai*," wherein that famous personage received the castigation long since merited. But he was not merely productive. The greater part of the time on his hands was devoted to self-culture. He studied philology with intense interest, learned the Italian, French, Spanish, and Portuguese languages, and busied himself in preparing a work on comparative philology. He also paid close attention to the natural sciences, which were then the great hobby-horse of "thinking men." Immediately after his arrival in Berlin, the young men of that city expressed an earnest wish to hear him lecture. Berlin had as yet no university, and without taking upon himself the character of a professor, Fichte gradually drew about him a circle of earnest friends, to whom he lectured chiefly on moral subjects. Thus arose his famous lectures "*On the Characteristics of the Present Century*;" and later, in 1804, on the "*Doctrine of a Blessed Life*." His marvellous eloquence and inspired zeal made a lasting impression upon all his hearers. The highest personages of the realm came to listen to him. Among his hearers and friends were the ministers Von Struensee, Von Schroetter, and Von Altenstein. Even Prince Metternich—at that time Austrian ambassador to the Court of Prussia—was a regular attendant at Fichte's lectures on the "*Blessed Life*."

It was a very happy life Fichte led during these years at

* *Von der Bestimmung des Menschen.*

Berlin. True, he had no fixed position; but he made money enough to pay his way, and more he did not want. His popular writings sold well; and scientific, purely speculative writings he had resolved to publish no more. He thought the age was not ripe for the reception of his philosophy, and was content to teach it personally to such few students "as may have the courage to receive it." His lectures were either purely of a moral character or else introductory to pure speculation, and were partly carried on in the style of conversations. Public criticism, whether favorable or unfavorable, he paid no attention to. Most of the violent attacks upon him and his system he did not even read.

The quiet sameness of this life was interrupted in 1805, when the Prussian government, after Fichte had received two other offers of a professorship—one from the Russian and one from the Bavarian government—finally tendered him a professorship at Erlangen on very favorable terms. He was to lecture there only during the summer, and had permission to reside in Berlin during the winter months. Erlangen was a quiet little place, and hence with none of the abuses from which all other German universities suffered more or less, Fichte found his position in all respects pleasant; everybody loved and admired him; his lectures "On the Destination of the Scholar" and his other lectures introductory to the Science of Knowledge made a profound impression. At the especial request of his colleagues, he gave them private lectures on the "Science of Knowledge," and, on his part, frequented their lectures, particularly Professor Hildebrandt's lectures on physics and chemistry.

Natural sciences had, as we have said already, become the great hobby-horse of that period. The discoveries of Lavoisier, Cavendish, Volta, Ritter, John Brown, &c., had excited all minds; and from Galvanism, Electricity, Magnetism, Mesmerism, it was expected the key to the great world-riddle would finally be in some way obtained. Fichte needed no such key, for he had made that key himself by his Science of Knowledge, and knew that no other could be found; hence he looked upon that side of the movement, which was now led by his former scholar, Schelling, with contempt and felt an interest only in the practical results of these new discoveries, as tending to bring nature more and more in subjection to our will. But to the men around him the Science of Knowledge had been no such key. They were as much in the dark

as ever. Schelling, vain and thirsting for independent applause, cut loose from the Science of Knowledge, to lead this new movement, and did, indeed, at once obtain a vast reputation. By his "Nature-Philosophy" Schelling became the centre of all the vague tendencies which were then directed upon the field of nature to discover the great secret.

These views, which were, indeed, the annihilation of the great moral system taught by Kant, Schelling carried out likewise in practice. As a characteristic of the times and tendencies which were then making themselves valid, we quote a letter from Feuerbach on this subject. It is dated Jena, 1802 :

"Schlegel's wife, a lady of much culture and learning, resides here ; her husband is usually in Berlin where he reads æsthetical lectures to the fine gentlemen and ladies of that city. At times he also pays a visit to his wife. But "wife," means here only a female person, whose hand a clergyman has, in Schlegel's hand and who now bears his name. The real conjugal rights are held and exercised by Professor Schelling, the Idealist, as everyone here knows. Being a poet and transcendental philosopher, Schlegel has, of course, no rational interest in this matter, for he knows that everything is his own self-created production, and that hence Schelling exists only through him and as a part of his own Ego."

All nature-worship soon and necessarily turns into mysticism, just as the people who live in closest communion with nature are necessarily the most superstitious. It was not long, therefore, before Schelling fell into the hands of the mystics of his own time as well as of the middle ages. The shades of Jacob Boehme, Giordano Bruno, Paracelsus, Cardanus, &c., were brought upon earth again to testify to the new "Nature-Philosophy."

It was not, however, till 1806 that the difference between Schelling and Fichte first became public ; in the very year when Fichte, having returned from Erlangen to Berlin to pass the winter months there, and when industriously engaged in working out a plan for a better university organization, the long-threatened war between Prussia and France broke out. Napoleon hastened to meet the emergency with his usual rapidity, and in Prussia preparations for the war put a stop to all other pursuits. To Fichte's mind the war was a war, not for the maintenance of Prussia as a State, but of Germany as a Nation, and hence for the progress of the whole human race.

Fichte had for many years convinced himself that the German university organization needed a thorough and radical change. Their present organization they had received at a time

when printing had not yet made it possible for men of science to lay down the result of their labors in books. Hence universities were established where these men could read their "books" in the form of lectures. But in modern times, when students find it so much easier to learn from books whatsoever can be taught in books, it was foolish. Fichte argued for professors to read in the form of lectures what they immediately afterwards printed in books. Hence that form of lecturing ought to be utterly abolished and a university should henceforth be rather an institute where teachers might teach and communicate what could not be taught or communicated in books. Young men should go there, not to hear a few books read, but to be in constant intercourse with the teachers, and to have thus all their faculties cultivated with a view to practical results in their several vocations.

He had some years before sketched out a plan of this kind for the Erlangen University, and now proceeded to work one out in minute detail for the new institution at Berlin. This he sent in to the Minister of Education, but anonymously, so that the plan might be accepted or rejected on its own merits.

Schleiermacher, the theologian, also worked out a plan, but only referring to the formal organization of the university, the division of classes, relation of professors to each other, &c.

After much deliberation neither plan was accepted, and the university was allowed to organize in the old-fashioned way, without any fixed plan or basis. Fichte was appointed Rector. He received the appointment reluctantly, for he augured no good from such a commencement; and, indeed, he soon found his position to be untenable. Determined to tolerate no riotous organizations of the students, such as had disgraced Jena, and finding himself opposed in this by Schleiermacher, who feared that the university might lose students if it inaugurated a strict discipline, Fichte handed in his resignation. It was not accepted; he tendered it again, and after several months' waiting he was finally relieved from his unthankful rectorship on the 11th of April, 1812.

Then came the great event of these years—Napoleon's march to Russia. As the French advanced Fichte was warned by a friend to fly from Berlin, his name being noted in France as one of the most dangerous men in Germany;

but he replied that his life belonged to science and his country; that he could not abandon his vocation from idle fears, and that he was prepared for everything. As Napoleon advanced toward Russia Fichte felt hopes arise in him which he had not dared to entertain before. He felt sure that the downfall of Napoleon was approaching. And, true enough, soon the news came of the terrible defeat at Moscow, and still more glorious the call of the King of Prussia urging the Germans to take up arms against the beaten enemy. Fichte immediately broke off the series of lectures on the Science of Knowledge and urged his hearers to take up arms and rally under the king.

A new representation of the Science of Knowledge was elaborated, and as he worked it out, he had never felt so thoroughly happy and hopeful. He had attained a degree of clearness in artistic representation of his system which, in his mind, made this new work the fit embodiment of his great discovery for posterity. Whilst full of hopes from this work and dreaming of a few months' residence in the country to finish it in quiet leisure, the angel of death came to beckon him to another life. His wife had for some months been dangerously ill from a typhoid fever, the result of her visits to the hospitals. At the very moment of her recovery the disease took hold of her husband, and, after a few days' illness, he died on the morning of the 27th of January, 1814, in the 52d year of his age. His death produced a deep impression throughout all Germany. For the people who had rejected his philosophy had been compelled to admire the character which was, after all, as the necessary result of that philosophy, the clearest practical proof of its correctness. Fichte's philosophy never did take a hold upon Germany. As throughout his life he had no disciples, no followers, although practically he influenced the life and improved with high aspirations many who are still living to bear witness to it, so also did his great discovery remain a sealed book to new generations.

A period of restoration had set in. The schools of Schelling and Hegel contrived to turn philosophy back to the pre-Kantian standpoint. Kant and Fichte represented the revolution; the cry now was, therefore, down with them! Philosophy was taught, both by Schelling and Hegel, to be—not an immutable Science of Knowledge, but rather a history of philosophical systems from the days of Kales to the last day of whomsoever wrote such history. It was

denounced as presumptive that Fichte should have claimed the discovery of the Science of Philosophy; although in other departments of human knowledge discoveries are usually admitted and boldly announced, that philosophy was the logical development of the Absolute in different persons at different ages.

The schools of Schelling and Hegel have passed away, after controlling German literature for nearly half a century, and the naked materialistic school now rules in Germany, under the leadership of Karl Vogt, Moleschott, Buechner, &c. Fichte's system, which would grant to the materialist the great truth which the other romantic systems denied them—namely, that the phenomena of nature shall be viewed purely inductively, and with a sole regard to practical results—has never been placed in contact with it, and seems not likely to find acknowledgment in Germany for perhaps a century. That it ultimately will be acknowledged as the best science of human knowledge, human reason itself is the best guarantee.

ART. VII.—*Postal Laws of the United States, and other Documents relating to our Postal Arrangements, &c.*

It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter into any elaborate discussion of our postal system; for we have not yet all the necessary facts and statistics at hand, although we have collected quite a large pile. All we intend to do in these three or four pages is to make a few observations, in the truth and justice of which all intelligent persons who have devoted any attention to the subject will readily concur. We are very unwilling to say that there is no civilized country, great or small, whose postal system is more clumsily managed than ours, but such is undoubtedly the fact. It is only by comparing its working and the results obtained with those of the postal system of any of the principal states of Europe that any adequate idea may be formed of its gross mismanagement. In no other department is there such a combination of imbecility, ignorance, stupidity, and self-conceit; and the remark applies with tenfold force to the New York Post-office.

We suppose we need hardly say that we do not include all connected with the Post-office in this charge, for this would be an injustice, which, we trust, we would not be guilty of. There are and have been individual officers in the department, who would be qualified in every respect to fill similar positions in the best-managed post-offices in the world. These, however, are but rare exceptions; they certainly do not amount to more than one out of twenty of the whole post-office corps, high and low; the most striking characteristics of the remaining nineteen-twentieths being arrogance, rudeness, carelessness, and stupidity.

But it is not they that are to blame for this; nor have we the least unkind feeling towards them. Were they otherwise than what they are, it would be almost a miracle, since none can discharge duties which they do not understand, never have been taught, and have not had time to learn. One may be a very good ward politician so far as to be successful in securing a large number of votes among a certain class, and yet be a very indifferent Postmaster for a city like New York, and a still worse Postmaster General for a nation like the United States. This would not be the less true though he could influence sufficient votes to secure himself a seat in Congress, or a still higher position. But who will deny that it is on his tact in getting votes the candidate for a postmastership must depend, and not on any qualifications, real or imaginary, he may have for the office? The question is not whether he has the necessary intelligence or ability, but whether he is "popular with the party," and whether he is likely to continue to exert himself for the benefit of the party. In accordance with the same plan it is of much more consequence after he gets the office, whether he makes the proper use of his political influence than whether he discharges his duties as a postmaster, efficiently or honestly. If he does the former he has little to fear as to the latter; he may be as rude, overbearing, and negligent as he likes as long as he keeps a careful eye after the votes. Let him only evince his zeal in this way, and he need take no trouble whatever with the affairs of the post-office; he can get one to do all that is necessary for a trifle; this gentleman he calls his "assistant," but he himself is the great man. All the postal business he has to do is to sign his name to public announcements; even this he does mostly by proxy, or he has his autograph printed, so that one serves for five hundred.

But if the successful candidate for Postmaster knows nothing else, he knows at least how to remove every one occupying any important position over whom he has any control. It is not necessary that those who are thus removed should belong to the opposition party; no matter what party they belong to, they are liable to be turned out of employment any day if they are not duly subservient to the new official. We have known intelligent men to be turned off because they would not allow several days' pay to be stopped at election time for the benefit of the party. The more they know, the more experience they have had in the business of the department, the more likely they are to be discharged, lest any change might occur which would cause intelligence and ability to be preferred to ignorance and presumption. Many have been discharged in this way just when they had acquired the necessary acquaintance with their business and were accordingly becoming efficient and useful public officers; while the sole qualifications of those put in their place are a certain slang about "the prospects of the party at the next election" and a fawning obsequiousness to the person to whom they owe their appointment.

Is it strange, then, that the so-called heads of departments in the Post-office of New York are often so grossly ignorant of their business that they cannot answer the simplest question in regard to it. If one asks several, scarcely two will agree in the information they afford. In order to puzzle and bewilder half a dozen, it is only necessary to inquire what is the rate of postage on letters to some foreign city besides London or Paris; and probably there are not more than three in the whole office who can tell what one ought to pay to the capitals of England and France. As to the postage on a periodical to a foreign city, we do not believe there are more than two who can solve the problem, and even these not only often differ with each other on the subject, but sometimes one gives one amount as the rate to-day and quite a different amount to-morrow, although no alteration has been made in the meantime either by the foreign government or our government.

This, it will be admitted, is bad enough; but it is neither so incredible nor so discreditable as that they should blunder in a similar manner in regard to the rates of postage in our own country. In either case we do not speak from hearsay, but from an expe-

rience of more than seven years; and we are assured by many others that their experience has been still worse. We have often sent our messenger to the Post-office with letters and copies of our journal for foreign cities, and have been brought back word that Mr. — was out and that the person representing him had forgotten the rates. Then we should go ourselves and fare but little better. Sometimes more than the rates are charged, sometimes less. On one occasion a letter was sent to the Messrs. Didot, publishers, of Paris; the full postage, as stated by the clerk at the Post-office was paid upon it; but the Messrs. Didot complain in their reply that the letter cost them nearly two francs! We have paid at least a dozen different rates of postage on this journal to each of the principal capitals of Europe, almost every clerk in that department having a rate of his own.

Occasional mistakes as to the rates of foreign postage might, however, be excused, but surely those who can not tell the postage from one city in the United States to another can hardly be said to be qualified for their position. Yet how many rates have our subscribers had to pay on this journal in different parts of the country? Nay, how many have they had to pay in this city? For three years we continued to receive complaints of overcharge from all parts of the United States before we took any further step than to make some inquiries. We learned that in this city some were charged two cents, some four cents, some six cents, and some as much as ten cents. We called on the Assistant Postmaster, who very politely informed us that he would examine into the matter. As to the Postmaster, there was no use either in writing to him or calling upon him. One might as well make application on the subject to one of the statues in Barnum's Museum. But his "Assistant" kept his word; he made the examination, and the result was that the postage for the city was found to be two cents on each copy; the postage for the country being four cents on each copy. We asked whether we could print these rates on the back of our journal in order that in future subscribers might know what they had to pay, and refuse arbitrary rates. We were told we might do so; and our readers may remember that every number issued for nearly three years contained those rates conspicuously printed. This saved ourselves and our subscribers a good deal of annoyance; there were, however, occasional overcharges both in the city and in the country. Upon the

whole, we had reason to be quite satisfied until a newly appointed superintendent of Station D, to whom we had neglected to send a copy of our journal, entered our office and asked, in a significant, rather excited tone, were we aware that he could charge us twice as much postage, as we now paid, for city subscribers? This we regarded as a threat, but we did not pay much attention to it.

Three months afterwards, when our next number was issued, the Station superintendent had become superintendent of the newspaper and periodical department at the General Post-office in Nassau Street, and we were informed that we should pay four cents postage on each copy sent a city subscriber instead of the two cents we had been paying hitherto. At this time the Assistant to whom we allude above had withdrawn from the Post-office and obtained a much more respectable position; one over which politicians have no control; and the new Assistant, though well disposed also, did not like to interfere; and so we had to submit to the double tax. We would rather pay a quadruple tax than to degrade ourselves so far as to pay a person like the superintendent the homage he desired at our hands; and, accordingly, incredible though it may seem, we were informed some four months ago that in future we should pay as much postage for city subscribers as for those to whom the work is sent thousands of miles!—namely, six cents on each number.

This was a new discovery on the part of our friend—the result of a new reading of the postage laws; but rather than comply with the new decree, we had our city subscribers served with our last March number partly by special carriers and partly by Boyd's City Express. But all this was not sufficient. As an instance of the petty annoyances to which we have been subjected in other respects we will mention one fact: A book was left at our exchange box in the Post-office, accompanied with a note. The latter was duly stamped according to law; the former we had a right, as an editor, to receive free. But it seems the wafer or paste on the letter happened to stick to the book. For this offence, of which we knew nothing, both letter and book were detained until the letter-carrier happened to meet us and give the information that we should have to pay letter-postage on the book, and that we were directed to call about it. We refused to pay the letter-postage on the book, but demanded the letter, which had been duly paid. Both

were detained ten days after this. First the charge demanded was eighty cents; a few days after it was reduced to fifty cents; then again to twenty-five, and finally we got both for nothing after they had been detained fifteen days!

Since we have submitted to such annoyances as these for more than seven years, the present being the first instance in which we have said one word in our journal on the subject, we think it can hardly be said that we have been influenced by passion, or by any vindictive feeling. Even now we mention our own experience simply as illustrative of the disgraceful manner in which our postal affairs are mismanaged by ignorant and unprincipled politicians.

But why, it may be asked, have not the facts mentioned above been brought to the notice of the Postmaster-General? The question is a very natural one, as implying that he would have put an end to the annoyances complained of. So we had once supposed ourselves; but it seems we were egregiously mistaken. About one month ago we wrote to that functionary the first time in our life, briefly describing to him the experience we have had and requesting that he would let us know what postage we should pay for city and country; after waiting a fortnight for a reply, we wrote again, so that we might be able to print the rates on the present number; but no use; not a line have we received!

We need hardly say that the way it is, Mr. Randall, like the rest, has certain other little matters to attend to besides the duties for which he is paid; he has to remember what he owes his position and salary to. Far be it from us to charge him with being so vain as to think for a moment that it was because he had any particular qualifications for the office he was made Postmaster-General. He is quite aware that it was his tact and influence as a politician that secured him the position. Why, then, should he not continue to add all he can to his political capital? We do not say, therefore, that he should not have accompanied the President on his recent tour and put in a word for himself, if only by grimace or gesture, whenever he had an opportunity. But we think he ought to have left somebody at Washington who was neither sleepy, lazy, nor stupid, to attend to the business. And yet we admit, on reflection, that this is more than we had a right to expect from the system.

Now, without attributing more blame to any individual, high or low, connected with the Post-office, than he may be found to deserve, may we not ask is it strange that so many

lose their most valuable letters? that there are constant complaints of the non-receipt of periodicals and papers?—nay, that scarcely a week passes but persons employed in the Post-office prove to be habitual mail-robbers in one form or other? Nor need we go beyond the New York Post-office for instances of the worst kind among those who, from their position, ought to be an example to the rest. The whole department is so shamefully mismanaged that those robberies may go on for years without being detected; and when the perpetrators are detected finally what is done to them? One is allowed to go abroad for a year or so until his crime is forgotten; then he may return, promenade in Broadway, or ride in the Central Park, as independently as if he had never robbed anybody. Another is arrested, but immediately bailed; when the time for trial comes on a *nolle prosequi* is entered, so that the person caught in the very act of opening letters and pilfering their contents is allowed to enjoy perfect impunity.

In no other enlightened country would such “management” of the post-office be tolerated for a single year. As for England, France, and Prussia, there is nothing in which any of them presents so striking a contrast to the United States as in its postal arrangements. Any of our readers who have travelled in those countries and had occasion to devote any attention to the working of the postal system will bear testimony to this fact. Take England, for instance. There is no reason why we should have any prejudice in favour of Albion; but we are not the less willing on this account to give her full credit for all that is superior in her institutions. Accordingly, we bear testimony to the fact that no postal arrangements are more nearly perfect than hers. If the humblest citizen or subject of Great Britain or Ireland complains to any of the proper authorities of the non-receipt of his letters or papers, or of any other annoyance experienced from the department, every possible satisfaction that his case would naturally call for is promptly and courteously given him. If this cannot be done otherwise, commissioners are sent from London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, as the case may be, for the purpose of making a full investigation at the office where the missing mail-matter is supposed to be detained; and if it is found that the blame lies with the local postmaster, he is immediately dismissed. No employé of the Post-office, from the postmaster down to the humblest letter-carrier, dare make use of the language to any one, on pain of

immediate dismissal, which we have often heard used, even to ladies, at the Post-office of this city by "superintendents" as well as clerks.

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- ART. VIII.—1. *Introductio in Analysin Infinitorum*. Lausanne: 1744. 2 vols., 4to.
2. *Theoria Motum Lunæ, exhibens omnes corporum inequalitates cum additamento*. Berolini: 1753. 4to.
3. *Theoria Motus Corporum Solidorum seu Rigidorum*. Rostochii: 1765. 4to.
4. *Nova Tabulae Lunares singulari methodo constructæ*. Petropoli: 1772. 8vo.
5. *Elements d'Algèbre, trad. de l'Allemand*, par J. BERNOULLI avec des Notes par LAGRANGE et PARNIER. Paris: 1807. 2 vols., 8vo.

THE world has produced but few really great mathematicians. In modern times we reckon Kepler, Newton, Leibnitz, Bernoulli, Euler, Maclaurin, Clairault, D'Alembert, Lagrange, Laplace, and some others. There is a vast difference between that mind which is only able to follow where another has shown the way and the one which extends the boundaries of knowledge by making new discoveries. Among the latter class but few take a higher rank than Euler.

Leonard Euler, one of the greatest mathematicians of the eighteenth century, was born at Basle, in Switzerland, on the 15th of April, 1707, twenty years before the death of Newton. As soon as he arrived at a suitable age his father, Paul Euler, who had been instructed in mathematics by the celebrated James Bernoulli, taught his son the rudiments of mathematical science, and thus stimulated to action those great powers for analytical investigations which he afterwards exhibited. His father (pastor of the village of Reichen, near Basle) intended that Leonard should study theology; but, fortunately for geometry, the course marked out for him by his father was not that indicated by nature, and he became the geometrician instead of the theologian.

Euler was afterwards sent to the University of Basle, where he received lessons from John Bernoulli, who was then regarded as the first mathematician in Europe. While

in that university, Euler, by his amiable disposition and close attention to his studies, gained the particular esteem of that great master and the friendship of his two sons, Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli, already the disciples and rivals of their eminent father. John Bernoulli was so interested in Euler that he condescended to give him a particular lesson once every week for the purpose of elucidating the difficulties which he encountered in the course of his studies. But he did not long enjoy this great advantage. In 1723 he received the degree of Master of Arts, and on this occasion he obtained great applause by the discourse which he delivered in Latin, containing a comparison between the Newtonian and the Cartesian philosophy. His father now desired him to begin the study of theology, but mathematics possessed a greater charm for him, and his father at length consented to let him pursue the bent of his own genius.

In 1725 Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli accepted the invitation of Catharine I. to become members of the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg, and at their departure they promised Euler to use their influence to procure him an appointment in that city. During the next year they informed him that they had a situation in view for him, and advised him to give his attention to physiology, and he immediately attended the lectures of the most eminent medical professors of Basle. Here, as elsewhere, he made rapid progress in his studies. But he could not relinquish his favorite pursuit of mathematics. He found time during his medical studies to compose a dissertation on the Nature and Propagation of Sound, and another on the Masting of Ships. The latter was written for the prize proposed by the Academy of Sciences in 1727. As the prize was proposed by several members of the Academy to bring into notice the talents of M. Bonguer, who had paid particular attention to the subject, and who was at that time a professor of hydrography in the town of Croisie, it was not probable that Euler, who had no practical knowledge of the subject, should have succeeded in the competition. He gained the second prize, however, which was an honor of considerable importance when we consider that he was but twenty years of age. Bonguer, as was expected, carried off the first prize. About this time he was a candidate for the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Basle, but was defeated.

Daniel and Nicolas Bernoulli succeeded in procuring an

appointment for Euler in St. Petersburg, and they requested him to repair immediately to that city. He lost no time in getting ready to obey; but after he had begun his journey he heard the sad news that Nicolas Bernoulli had fallen a victim to the severity of the climate. He also learned that on the very day on which he entered the Russian territory the Empress Catharine died; an event which threatened the dissolution of the Academy of which she laid the foundation. Having reached St. Petersburg in this critical state of things, Euler resolved to enter the Russian navy; but, fortunately for science, a change in the aspect of public affairs took place in 1730, and he was appointed professor of natural philosophy.

In 1733 he succeeded Daniel Bernoulli when that distinguished geometer retired into the country; and in the same year he married a Swiss lady, Miss Gsell. In the year 1735 the Academy of St. Petersburg proposed a very intricate problem of which Euler completed the solution in three days; but the mental exertion was so great that it threw him into a fever which endangered his life and deprived him of the use of one of his eyes. In 1738 his memoir entitled "*Sur la Nature et les Propriétés du Feu*," was crowned by the Academy of Sciences of Paris. In 1740 the prize offered by the same Academy for the best dissertation on the tides of the ocean was divided among four mathematicians—Euler, Daniel Bernoulli, Colin Maclaurin, and Father Cavalleri.* The first three adopted the principle of gravitation as the basis of their theorems, and the fourth the system of vortices of DesCartes. Maclaurin's essay contains his celebrated theorem on the equilibrium of elliptical spheroids;† and Euler's was marked with an improvement in the integral calculus which seemed to resolve the fundamental equation of almost all the great problems of celestial mechanics.

The three geometers first mentioned supposed the attraction of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean to draw the earth every instant into the form of an aqueous spheroid, which would be maintained in equilibrium if the forces acting on it continued of the same intensity and in the same direction. This is known as the *equilibrium theory*, and its fundamental principle coincides with that of the figure of the earth. It is defective, inasmuch as the continual

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 71.

† See Maclaurin's *Fluxions*.

change of position of the sun and moon with respect to the earth does not permit the waters of the ocean to attain a state of equilibrium; and it is by the mutual blending of oscillations which in this way arise that the different phenomena of the tides are produced. The question belongs to dynamics instead of statics. Laplace was the first to take a correct view of it.

In consequence of an invitation from the King of Prussia, Euler quitted St. Petersburg in the month of June, 1741, and went to Berlin. Upon his arrival he was honored with a letter from the King, written from his camp at Reichenbach; and he was soon after presented to the queen-mother, a princess who took great pleasure in the conversation of illustrious men. She treated Euler with the utmost familiarity; but never being able to draw him into any conversation but that of monosyllables, she one day asked him why he did not wish to speak to her. "Madam," replied Euler, "it is because I have just come from a country where every person who speaks is hanged."

In 1744 Euler was appointed Director of the Mathematical Class of the Academy of Berlin. In the same year he obtained the prize offered by the French Academy of Sciences for the best work on the theory of magnetism. He also published, in 1744, his Introduction to the Infinitesimal Analysis, in two volumes. This work contained much that was new.

Euler was the first geometer that attempted to develop the principles of physical astronomy beyond the point where Newton left it. In the year 1745 he investigated the perturbations of the moon's motion as caused by the disturbing influence of the sun. During the next year he computed tables of the moon, founded on his theory; but as he employed only a few observations to determine the maximum values of the inequalities, his tables did not possess much superiority over those in use. In his solution of the lunar problem, Euler did not carry the approximations sufficiently far to enable him to compute, *à priori*, the true values of the coefficients of the equations. His solutions gave the *form* of the principal inequalities, and observations were needed to give their true magnitude.

The great powers which Euler possessed for analytical investigations were now called into special action in calculating the irregularities in the motions of the celestial bodies. The Academy of Sciences of Paris having offered its prize

for 1748 for an investigation of the perturbations of Jupiter and Saturn, Euler composed a memoir on the subject, which he transmitted to the Academy in July, 1747. The two great geometers of France, Clairault and D'Alembert, also investigated the same subject. All three of these mathematicians treated the subject by analytical processes. Clairault attempted to follow Newton's method, but he met with insuperable difficulties, abandoned it, and had recourse to analysis. The subject, even when so treated, is very intricate; and were it not for the fortunate constitution of the solar system it would be well nigh beyond the skill of the geometer.

According to Newton's law of gravitation, every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle proportionately to its mass; but the fixed stars are so remote that, to our measurement, they influence the members of the solar system alike; but such is not the case when we consider the influence of the individual members. The problem of a planet's motion, when treated in all its generality, requires that we consider in the same investigation the influence of all the attractive forces of the bodies composing the system. The sun, however, has such a preponderating influence that we may regard each planet revolving in a course which approximates very closely to an ellipse; while the other planets, by their influence, continually produce irregularities in the elliptic motion. These perturbations are so small that the influence of each planet may be separately investigated, and the joint or total effect will be the algebraic sum of the separate disturbances. This is always the case when the equations are linear, as in the planetary theory. This has given rise to the famous Problem of Three Bodies. Even when thus limited the complete solution of the problem of a planet's motion surpasses at present the powers of analysis.

The problem is treated by reducing the differential equations to series involving the ascending powers of the ratio of the mean distances of the planets, the eccentricities and inclination of their orbits. With some exceptions, these quantities are so small that the coefficients of the variable part of the terms become so minute that all but a comparatively few terms admit of being neglected. In this way the problem is brought within the reach of analysis. In this memoir of Euler on the motions of Jupiter and Saturn, that great analyst facilitated in a most important manner the treatment of the problem of perturbation by developing the

perturbative forces and the mutual distances of the perturbing planets in *sines* and *cosines* of angles augmenting with the time. Certain errors in his calculations vitiated his results, and the computed longitudes of Saturn differed considerably from the observed; and the errors not being discovered on revising his work, he was led to suspect that the Newtonian law of gravitation required some modification.

In considering the inequalities of Saturn dependent on the eccentricity of Jupiter's orbit, Euler brought out, in integrating his differential equation, a term in the perturbations in longitude which increased with the time, indicating an inequality that would never be compensated. By a particular artifice, however, he caused this term to disappear. Such a term occurs in the lunar theory. Terms of this character arise from the imperfection of our analysis, and not from the inherent instability of the solar system. Such a term is but the first one of the development of a periodic inequality which would be properly expressed as a sine or cosine in a series involving the arc.

In this memoir, Euler resolved the differential equation of the latitude of the disturbed planet into two differential equations of the first order—one expressing the differential variation of the inclination and the other that of the planet's distance from the node. Here we see the first germ of the famous method of the variation of arbitrary constants.

The series of terms into which the disturbing force is developed, and which, as we stated, contains the powers of the ratio of the mean distances of the disturbing and the disturbed body, converges very rapidly in the lunar theory; because the distance of the sun, the principal disturbing body, is immensely greater than that of the moon. But in the theory of Jupiter and Saturn this ratio is large; the series, in consequence, converges very slowly, and the usual methods of calculation become impracticable. Euler, however, was equal to the problem in this case, for he devised the means to overcome the difficulty here presented, which would, doubtless, have effectually stopped the progress of a mind of less genius and perseverance.

The success with which geometers met in explaining the lunar motions by the theory of gravitation induced the Academy of Sciences of Paris again to propose the motions of Jupiter and Saturn as the subject of their prize for 1752. Again Euler was the successful competitor. This time he discovered secular equations in the mean motions of the planets, depend-

ing on the angular distance between the aphelia of their orbits. Contrary to observation, however, he found that the two equations were equal in magnitude and both additive to the mean motion. Euler displayed great analytical skill in his researches, but he completely failed to account for the observed irregularities in the motions of the two planets by the Newtonian law of gravitation, and the subject yet remained a profound mystery. It was reserved for Laplace to point out the true cause.

We notice that in these papers of Euler, his merit in showing the most direct path by which the results of the theory of gravitation may be obtained, and in overcoming by his profound skill in analysis difficulties which would have arrested the progress of most mathematicians is especially conspicuous. He has here exhibited the formulæ for the secular and periodical inequalities of the motions of the planets; and although some of them are erroneous, yet it was comparatively easy for others to follow in his footsteps and rectify his errors.

In 1755 Euler was appointed one of the foreign associates of the French Academy of Sciences. The number was limited to eight; but he was appointed to the ninth place on condition that none should take place at the next vacancy.

In 1756 the Academy of Sciences crowned a memoir of Euler on the perturbations of the earth's motion caused by the other planets of the system. On this occasion he explained and partly developed the theory of the variation of arbitrary constants.

As we have already remarked, the real orbit of a planet differs but little from an ellipse; and Euler conceived the idea of supposing the elements of the orbit to vary, so that by an expansion or contraction, as the case might require, the motion of a body in such a curve would be precisely the same as in the real orbit. The elliptic elements are six in number, which, by their independent variation, will modify the motion. The elements are the major axis of the orbit, the eccentricity, the longitude of the perihelion, or the position of the line of apsides, the inclination of the plane of the orbit to a fixed plane, the longitude of the ascending node, and the mean longitude of the body at a given time, or the epoch, as it is called. Now, if the planetary body were subject only to the action of the central body around which it revolves, the elements would remain invariable and the planet would revolve in a constant ellipse. Knowing the

elements, it is easy to compute the place of the planet in its orbit at any assigned instant. But observation shows that the position of a planet at any given time differs a little from the computed place on the hypothesis of constant elliptic motion; and this difference, which is always small, is owing to the disturbing action of the other planets. Geometers had heretofore assumed a mean ellipse in which the planet was supposed to revolve, and then the minute irregularities produced by the disturbing force were calculated. Euler, however, as before remarked, supposed the planet to move in an ellipse whose elements are constantly changing. He showed how the variation of the elements except the epoch might be computed for any instant, which, being added to the *undisturbed* elements, would make known their true value. With the elements thus found, the position of the planet can be computed for the assumed time by the elliptic theory. After obtaining the differential coefficients of the elements, Euler says, in reference to the advantages of this method: "Those formulæ appear to be peculiarly commodious in computing the deviations of the motion from Kepler's laws; since they have reference to motion in an ellipse, which varies continually, as well in respect to the parameter as to the eccentricity and the position of the apsides. For during an indefinitely small portion of time the motion of the planet may be conceived as taking place in an ellipse according to the laws of Kepler; and if the elements of this ellipse be computed for any given time, by means of the formulæ just found, the true place of the planet, relative to an assumed plane, may be also assigned."* The method of the variation of arbitrary constants was perfected by Lagrange and Poisson, but not discovered by the former, as is sometimes stated. This investigation of Euler and the ones previously referred to show the great fertility of his genius; but he was unfortunate in the application of his principles, for errors of calculation prevented him from realizing the importance of his methods.

Euler, by introducing the method of the variation of arbitrary constants, made one of the greatest steps in the treatment of the motion of the planets that has been made since Newton's immortal discovery. The method is peculiarly adapted to the discovery of secular equations in the perturbations of the planets, whether they be periodical, as the variation of the eccentricity, or permanent, as the motion of the node and perihelion.

* *Investigatio Motuum Planetarum*, p. 29. *Prix de l'Académie*, tome viii.

A comparison of distant observations had shown that the elliptic elements of the planets were continually changing in the same direction ; and although these changes were scarcely perceptible in a few years, yet if they were to continue indefinitely in the same direction, not only the existing tables of their motion would become useless except due allowance were made for the variation of each, but the stability of the system might be endangered. It therefore became indispensable to investigate the secular changes of the elements and discover their law, so that they might be introduced into the tables of the planetary motions. Here, also, the illustrious Euler led the way in these sublime investigations. In his memoirs of 1748 and 1752 he determined the secular variations of the elements of Jupiter and Saturn ; but, owing to the intricate nature of the subject and the immense calculations which it entailed upon him, he was prevented from arriving at very accurate results.

After Newton discovered the unequal refrangibility of light, he perceived that the existence of that principle offered a serious obstacle to any further improvement of the refracting telescope. He made experiments on the passage of light through several contiguous media to see whether the different refractions might not correct one another ; but his conclusions were the reverse of this. It was Dalland, the English optician, who succeeded in showing that Newton's conclusions were erroneous, and that a combination of crown and flint glass could be effected so as to produce an image free of color. But it was Euler who directed Dalland's attention to the subject, which finally resulted in the construction of the achromatic telescope.* In 1747 Euler communicated a memoir to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, in which he attempted to show that by a combination of different substances it would be possible to construct object-glasses for telescopes in which the effects arising from spherical aberration and the unequal refrangibility of light would be completely corrected. He remarked that the human eye is so constructed, and analogy should lead us to suppose that an object-glass of similar construction might be produced. Although Euler failed to point out the true law for the construction of such object-glasses, yet it may be said of him that *here*, also, he led the way to the discovery of the true principles.

* Grant's Hist. Phys. Ast., p. 531.

Euler's *Letters on Philosophy* addressed to a German princess were written in 1760-62, and they have always been universally admired for the simple language which he employs and the singular perspicuity with which he explains some of the most profound truths in natural philosophy. The work has been translated into most of the languages of Europe.

In the year 1760 the Russian army, under General Todtleben, pillaged a farm which Euler possessed near Charlottenberg; but as soon as the Russian general was informed of the event he repaired the loss by a very large sum; and the Empress Elizabeth, on learning the circumstance, added to this indemnity a present of four thousand florins. "This act of generosity, no doubt, had a powerful effect in attaching Euler to the Russian government, which, in spite of his absence, had always paid him the pension which it granted him in 1742."

The Empress Catharine having invited him to return to St. Petersburg to spend the remainder of his days, the King of Prussia gave him permission to go, but his oldest son was not allowed to accompany him. Soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg, on the 17th of July, 1766, Euler lost the sight of his other eye. For some time he had been obliged to perform all his calculations with large characters, traced with chalk upon a slate. His pupils and his children copied his calculations and wrote his memoirs while he dictated them. To one of his servants, who was quite ignorant of mathematical knowledge, Euler dictated his *Elements of Algebra*, a work of great merit; and the servant in this way became a good algebraic scholar, so clearly was every thing connected with the subject explained. After Euler lost his eyesight he acquired the faculty of carrying on in his mind alone the most complicated calculations. For the purpose of instructing his grandchildren, he constructed a table of the first six powers of all integral numbers from one to one hundred, and he recollected them with the utmost accuracy. At one time two of his pupils having computed to the seventeenth term a complicated converging series, their results differed by a unit in the fiftieth figure, and an appeal was made to Euler, who went over the calculation in his mind, and his decision was found to be correct.

In 1771 a great fire broke out in St. Petersburg and reached the house of Euler. Peter Grimm, a native of Basle, learning the danger in which his distinguished countryman

was placed, rushed through the flames and, reaching Euler's apartment, brought him off on his shoulders at the risk of his own life. His library and furniture were destroyed, but his MSS. were saved by the activity of Count Orloff.

In 1772, with the help of his colleagues, Krafft and Dexell, Euler revised his lunar theory and constructed a new set of lunar tables. These tables were rewarded by the Board of Longitude in France; and when the more perfect tables of Mayer obtained the premium of £3,000, offered by the British government, £300 were given to Euler for having furnished the theorems made use of by Mayer in his theory.

In 1773 Euler published, at St. Petersburg, his great work on the construction and management of vessels. By the recommendation of the French king it was introduced into the schools of the marine, and the author was rewarded with 1,000 rubles. An Italian, an English, and a Russian translation appeared about the same time, and the Russian government presented Euler with a gift of 2,000 rubles.

Euler underwent the operation of couching, which had the happy effect of restoring his sight; but from some cause he again lost it, and suffered much severe pain from the relapse. His love for scientific knowledge, however, did not die out with his sight. In the course of seven years he transmitted no fewer than seventy memoirs to the Academy of St. Petersburg; and at his death he left behind him two hundred ready for publication, to fulfil a promise made to Count Orloff to supply memoirs for the *Acta Petropolitana* for twenty years after he had passed away.

Euler died on the 7th of September, 1783. He was amusing himself with one of his grandchildren when, on a sudden, his pipe fell from his hand, and he expired of an apoplectic stroke in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

After a long life so nobly and successfully devoted to the cause of science Euler's reputation was very widely extended. Besides being a foreign member of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, he was a Fellow of the Royal Society of London, and he had received the most flattering marks of esteem from the princes of the North, with whom he was well acquainted. His death was considered a public loss; and the Academy of St. Petersburg decreed him, at their own expense, a marble bust, which was placed in their public hall.

In respect to intellectual ability, Euler ranks as one

of the first minds of the nineteenth century. There was scarcely a subject that he touched but he left the mark of a master's hand. The number of his discoveries and improvements in the differential and integral calculus has hardly been equalled by any other mathematician. But Euler's knowledge was not confined to mathematics and the physical sciences. He had carefully studied anatomy, chemistry, and botany; and he was deeply versed in ancient literature. He could repeat the *Æneid* of Virgil from beginning to end; and he could even tell the first and the last lines of every page in the edition which he used.

IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Genius of Solitude. The Solitude of Nature and of Man; or, the Loneliness of Human Life. By WILLIAM ROUNCEVILLE ALGER. 16mo, pp. 412. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

Few have read more than Mr. Alger. This is evident from any of his books; it is also evident that he has a taste for the mysterious and sublime. We have seen three of his books, including that now before us, and there is none of them which we would not recommend to the thoughtful reader as worthy of his attention. But more than this we could not conscientiously say in favor of any work we have yet had from Mr. Alger's pen. Upon the other hand, there are very few productions of which we could say as much. There are more striking thoughts in the present volume than in all the other new books which we have examined during the quarter, yet it is by no means a successful work. The fine ideas to which we allude are collected from numerous sources; but they are again scattered about without any regard to order or system. By this we do not mean to accuse Mr. Alger of plagiarism, because an author has a perfect right to avail himself of ideas as well as facts wherever he finds them, provided he digests them and clothes them in his own language. But if he does not do this he is bound to indicate the sources whence he has drawn them.

The difficulty with Mr. Alger is that he does not complete the process of digestion. In most instances, indeed, he presents us the thoughts in a new dress; but, in general, it is too gaudy. It looks too much as if it were intended for show; at least, it strikes us in this way. The general form is still more defective than the dress. Instead of that unity of design which the title would lead us to expect, and which, let the title

be what it may, is essential to a work of art, the utmost confusion pervades the whole performance. If we want to know what the aim of the author is we may as well turn to the last chapter as to the first, to the middle as well as to the last; and whether we turn to one or the other we shall not be much the wiser for our pains.

In short, the *Genius of Solitude*, as described by Mr. Alger, is an *ignis fatuus*. He is alternately everything and nothing. At the same time everybody who has any genius, or fancies he has, must be a genius of solitude. It is only vulgar, commonplace people who are not. We have already alluded to what we should expect ourselves from the title. Well, we have the different kinds of solitude disposed of in one hundred and eighty-one pages at the beginning of the work, and all the rest, with the exception of some fourteen pages at the end—that is, more than half—is occupied with “Sketches of Lonely Characters.” Of these we have not fewer than thirty-seven. But who are they? A more motley category it would be difficult to form. Thus, among the “lonely characters” we have Cicero, Dante, Tasso, Rousseau, and Byron, as well as Jesus Christ, Buddha, Confucius, &c., &c. Now, with the exception of Buddha, whom some biographers represent as fond of solitude, not one of these was a lonely character in the sense in which the expression is used by Mr. Alger. Surely Cicero was not lonely. Not one of his contemporaries was more cheerful or fonder of agreeable society.

If Dante was lonely for a time, it was against his will; in proof of this we need only refer to his sonnets, especially those to Beatrice, another man's wife. Tasso was indeed lonely while he was in prison, but his greatest regret in his captivity was that he could not have his beloved “Leonora” beside him. How “lonely” Rousseau was can be seen from his “Confessions.” Byron was lonely probably for a few days after his wife left him, but let Tom Moore's *Life of him* or his own “*Don Juan*” tell how long that loneliness continued. Milton, too, was lonely when he was deserted by his young wife, but when it failed him to induce her to return he soon tried to get another. As Mr. Alger is a clergyman, we presume it is all right to put Jesus in the same category with Rousseau, Byron, &c., although it seems to us a little odd. But, independently of the comparison, where is the proof that Jesus Christ was a “lonely character?” No one of his time was more in public than he; no one travelled or spoke more. In a word, he who has taught, “Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself” can hardly be said to have favoured solitude either by precept or example. But let us see what solitude is, according to Mr. Alger. He tells us that it is defined by Zimmerman as “that state in which the soul freely resigns itself to its own reflections;” but our author adds, “This is really no definition,” &c. He informs us that “the true definition is this: solitude is the *reaction of the soul without an object and without a product.*” (p. 33.)

Our readers can judge for themselves between Mr. Alger's definition and that of Zimmerman; for our own part, we greatly prefer the latter. We think it has at least the advantage of lucidity. But assuming that Mr. Alger's definition is the true one, as he informs us, can it be said that the reaction of the soul of Jesus was "*without an object and without a product?*" Can such be said even of mortals like Dante, Tasso, and Milton? But, this is one of the difficulties of Mr. Alger; he is constantly contradicting himself, seeming to pay much more attention to the sound than to the sense or reason of what he says. He appears to think that simple language can have nothing to do with the sublime, and is only fit for stupid people who have not the genius to be "lonely characters." Accordingly, such sublimity as the following abounds in the volume before us: "*The Sahara spirit and simoon career of Attila, the schemes revolting in the colossal brain of Mirabeau, the Titanic aloofness and pessimism of Schopenhauer, the oceanic soul of Spinoza, winged only by the All and calmly hearing forever,* are more appalling, more suggestive of the infinite than any material bulks, abysses, or wildernesses." (p. 31.) This, it will be admitted, is upon a pretty high key. We have not yet met with a comparison between Niagara Falls and that human "reaction" vulgarly called a "revulsion of feeling," but if we do not hit upon it as we proceed we are pretty sure to find as "strong" language in "*The Genius of Solitude.*"

Judging from many passages in Mr. Alger's new book, we should infer that he has read "*Harvey's Meditations on the Tombs,*" at least as carefully as any other work. Perhaps we are mistaken; at all events, the following sentence will serve as a specimen of the kind we allude to: "*The visitor who pauses in the huge catacombs of Thebes stuffed with death, the hollowed hills with stacks of bandaged humanity that they are but thinly-masked mountains of mummies, feels for a time as if he were the survivor of a world.*" (pp. 83-84.) We confess that, to our plain understanding, this seems rather tumid; it is not pathos, but bathos. It is the misfortune of Mr. Alger that when he is treating a subject that is pathetic in itself he is sure to introduce something that gives it a ludicrous turn. Thus for instance, while laboring to say some very profound and affecting things about death he suddenly informs us that "*a fop like Brummel, lying dead in his garret, affects us with a melancholy incongruity. Meant to flutter in the sunshine of fashion, he is a dismal sight in the grim storm and tragedy of mortality—a belated butterfly frozen on a leaf.*" (p. 83.) Now, in the name of justice, what did poor Brummel do that he should be treated in so tragical a manner as this? But what sort of a feeling is "melancholy incongruity?" We hope none of our readers are "affected" with it. Why was Brummel a "*more dismal sight in the grim storm,*" &c., than scores of others who died the same day and hour—especially if he was only "*a belated butterfly frozen on a leaf?*"

We cannot afford to give any more specimens. While we repeat that the book ought to be read for the striking passages which it contains, we must frankly say that, in our opinion, the author is but an indifferent philosopher. Although we are given to understand in several parts of "The Genius of Solitude" that he is in advance of his age, that the present generation are not capable of appreciating him, we cannot but regard his views of human life as exceedingly erroneous. It is not philosophy, or anything of the kind, we have in "The Genius of Solitude," but a morbid sentimentality. There are not many intelligent men, for example, who will agree with Mr. Alger that those who spend much of their time alone must necessarily be unhappy. He does not make the assertion thus roundly and generally; but if this be not the most prominent idea in his book we do not know what is. It should be remembered that a large proportion of those who are regarded as solitary characters, are so not from choice, but from necessity. The greatest thinkers—those who have immortalized themselves by their works—have formed the strongest and most lasting attachments to humanity. This is true of Dante, Tasso, Milton, and many of the other "lonely characters" of Mr. Alger. If they did not love man, they at least loved woman; and, far from shunning her society, it was dear to them to their last breath. But they should either seclude themselves or leave no memorial of their genius; the same is true of the greatest painters, sculptors, astronomers, chemists, &c. But when such men do seclude themselves, not because solitude is pleasant in itself, but because it is necessary, it is a great mistake to think that they are so unhappy as Mr. Alger would represent them. And if those who exercise self-denial in secluding themselves do not render themselves wretched or miserable by it, with what reason can it be said that those who lead a solitary life for the love of solitude make themselves unhappy by doing so?

But without being impelled by either motive, cannot the cultivated, thoughtful mind commune with itself, or with the great minds of the past, when brought into solitude by accident or force? Is it not at least as free from unhappiness as the mind that has had no such advantages? In a word, cannot the true man of genius—he who has been taught to reason on life, death, and eternity—keep company with himself, so to speak, when alone, as well as the man without genius, thought, or reflection? If he cannot, then Mr. Alger is right; and most of what we hear about the advantages to be derived from the culture and development of the human mind is to be regarded as a nursery tale.

1. *The Poems of ALFRED B. STREET.* In two Volumes. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.
2. *Frontenac; or, The Atotarho of the Iroquois: A Metrical Romance.* By ALFRED B. STREET. From Bentley's London Edition. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1849.

MORE than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the first appearance, in a fugitive form, of many of the poems of Mr. Street, now collected together in the two volumes the title of which heads this article. "Frontenac" was first brought out some twenty years since in England by Bentley, after most of our own leading publishers had declined assuming the responsibility of its publication. Immediately on its appearance public attention at home and abroad was directed to the claims of the new aspirant to the laurel wreath of poetry; and while the verdict of the critical canons of Britain was promptly and decisively pronounced in favor of the author, assigning him a place in the front rank of the immortals, by the side of Thomson and Wordsworth, Bryant and Longfellow, his reception by the leading reviews on this side of the water afforded only another illustration of the truth that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.

Notwithstanding, however, the silence or the condemnation of these literary tribunals which should have been the first to welcome the advent of the new poet, the popular appreciation of his works was clearly indicative of the final judgment of that higher court from which there is no appeal. That magnificent lyrical effusion "The Gray Forest Eagle" found its way at once to the heart of every lover of poetry and stamped its hitherto unknown author as a child of song. The series of poems illustrative of "Nature," in all its varied aspects of flood and field, mountain and glen, beauty and desolation, indicated not only an intense love of all the works of the Creator of the Universe, but the most accurate perception of their distinctive features, their lights and shades, their varying manifestations, and their peculiar influences. And superadded to all this was a power of expression, "word-painting," which enabled the author, while submitting himself to all the requisitions of rhythmical accuracy and melody, to present a complete transcript of his conceptions, a life-like picture of the vivid impressions of animate and inanimate nature stamped upon his own soul. So minute and accurate, indeed, were these graphic delineations of the poet's pen that both in England and America he was almost simultaneously designated by competent judges as the best representative, at least, if not the founder, of that school of poetry which, by analogy to the modern school of painting, might properly be designated the "Pre-Raphaelite." It would, perhaps, be too much to claim for Mr. Street the same degree of excellence in "word-painting" which Turner and his disciples accomplished with the pencil, and which John Ruskin has with such marvel-

lous power of language glorified; but it is scarcely too much to say that in his reproduction of those features of the external universe which were subjected to the scrutiny of his poetical observation, he has been exceeded by few, if by any, of his most distinguished predecessors in the walks of descriptive poetry.

As an imaginative poet, as a poet of the reflective, thoughtful, sentimental order, as, in short, a *creator* in the original sense of the word designating the class to which he belongs, we cannot place him in the same rank with those great master-workers who during the past century have left the impress of their powerful genius upon the world's literature—with Wordsworth and Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Emerson, and others “whose names posterity will not willingly let die.” As a *descriptive* poet, however, as the successful and accurate delineator in harmonious verse of every phase of nature which passed under his eagle-eyed observation and scrutiny, we regard him as in all respects the equal, and in many the superior, of any of his predecessors and compeers.

Suum cuique tribuito. Mr. Street, in our judgment, possesses no faculty of genius which would have enabled him to write, or even to conceive, the “Christabel,” the “Ancient Mariner,” or the “Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny,” of Coleridge, the “Revolt of Islam,” the “Alastor,” or the “Adonais” of Shelley, the “Endymion,” “Samia,” or “Hyperion,” of Keats. We doubt whether he could give utterance to those grave, solemn, and mournful creations of Tennyson, Longfellow, and Bryant—“In Memoriam,” “Psalm of Life,” and “Thanatopsis.” But neither could any of these poets have looked with such microscopic vision into the minute details, or fixed so indelibly by a single but most accurately poised dash of the pen the exact impression of a bit of forest scenery, the gathering and rushing together of the elements in their terrific warfare, the soft, hazy, slumbering repose of an October day, the “storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye” of the “Gray Forest Eagle,” the “settler’s echoing axe” and the “rushing and thundering down” of the “Titans of the Wood,” and a thousand other admirably daguerreotyped pictures of life and nature. Thomson himself, the poet, *par excellence*, of the Seasons, though he might have painted with equal power and skill what he saw, was far too indolent to take into his field of observation all those nice and more delicate shades of vision and coloring which lend such a charm to the pictures of Mr. Street. Take the following picture from one of his earliest sketches of an English landscape, and compare its finely discriminated coloring and its characteristic tints with other most elaborate descriptions of similar scenery by Thomson:

“A green winding lane
Skirted with fragrant hawthorns, casting down
Broad stripes of shadow on the pleasant grass,

*Streaked by the slant rays of the setting sun ;
 The mown hay's odor fills the balmy air,
 And the light clanging of the whetted scythe
 Rings from the meadow ; o'er yon grove of oaks
 Tufting the sky with dome-like foliage
 Points the mossed steeple of the village church ;
 And through the parted edges of the leaves
 Gleam the white gravestones ; by this cottage porch
 Sleeps the rough cart, its long tongue thrust to earth ,
 And near it couches the tired, panting ox,
 With the grim mastiff growling in his sleep.
 Beneath the woodbined lattice, flashing back
 In dazzling sparks the sunshine, the faint hum
 Of the whirled spinning-wheel is blending sweet
 With the deep low of the approaching kine
 And the shrill creaking of the harvest-wain."*

Or this spirited rendering of the refreshing fragrance and beauty of a summer shower in our own clime :

" The full-grown canopy-leaves

Sketch in the gentle breathings of the air
 Black, quivering forms upon the flower-gemmed earth.
 O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the laurel hangs
 Its gorgeous clusters, and the basswood breathes
 From its pearl blossoms fragrance *Swinging light
 Upon the hemlock top, the thrasher sounds
 His three-toned flute.* From her cool, shadowy nook
 The doe ha led her dappled fawn, to taste
 The low, sweet glade-grass, with its clover spots.
 * * * * * Wafted up,
 The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,
 And in its vapory mantle, onward steps
*The summer-shower ; o'er the shining grass
 It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells
 Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on
 It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet
 And softly murmured music.* Off it glides ;
 And as its misty robe lifts up and melts,
 The sunshine, darting with a sudden burst,
 Strikes o'er the scene a magic brilliancy.
*A damp, fresh fragrance from bathed leaves and flowers
 Sleeps the cool, pleasant air.* Tree speaks to tree
 In mirthful warbles ; the wet bushes chirp,
 And the grass answers with its insect tones."

In his sketch of " A Forest Nook " we are presented with the " bristling plume " of the spruce " tipped with its pale green points," the " scalloped beech-leaf " interlacing with the fine ragged edges of the birch :

" While here and there, through clefts, the laurel lifts
Its snowy chalice, half-brimmed with dew,
 As though to board it for the haunting elves
 The moonlight calls to this their festal hall."

" The fern displays
Its fluted wreath, beaded beneath with drops
 Of richest brown ; the wild rose spreads its breast
Of delicate pink, and the o'erhanging fir
 Has dropped its dark, long cone."

We see the butterfly fanning his rich velvet form," the "toiling bee" shooting by "with sounding hum and mistlike wings," the robin on his bending spray, the red-bird seeking the shelter of the leaves, the insect tribes, the ant "toiling on with its white burden," the wood-tick tapping its "tiny muffled-drum to the shrill cricket-fife," the maple-leaf on its crimson stem "displaying its white lining underneath."

"Such nooks as this are common in the woods,
And all these sights and sounds, the commonest
In Nature when she wears her summer prime."

It is given to few, however, to see and hear with the eyes and ears of the true poet, and to still fewer to describe "thoughts that breathe" in "words that burn." Among the magnificent scenery of Dutchess county, in the deep forests, and by the clear, transparent streams flowing through the valleys of Sullivan, Mr. Street wandered in his earliest youth, breathing in, day by day, the inspiration of their mountains, rocks, and gorges, and overhanging cliffs; familiarizing himself with every aspect of the wild and picturesque region around him; intensely scrutinizing every development of plant, tree, flower, and shrub, every note of the feathered songsters of the wilderness, every motion of its wild and wayward inhabitants; and interpreting, as only genius can interpret, the myriad voices of earth, air, and life which surrounded him on every hand. The Willowemoc, the Delaware, and the Calicoon, the cascades, the glens, and the "hollow in the hills," Lake "Kan-na-on-ga" with its "two expanded wings" and its silvery waters, and the "giant shadows, black and deep," of the forest which skirts its shores, the legendary lay of the "Lost Hunter," the Falls of the Mongaup, with its "deep-toned, sullen boom," pealing its everlasting hymn amid the vastness of the "sublime cathedral-pile" of the dark wilderness of "rocks, woods, and waters, wild and rude;" even the "humble mill" with its "red-gabled front;" the school-house, "long, and low, and blackened with the hues of time"—all and each speak intelligibly to his heart and find adequate and fit expression in his verse.

And not nature alone, but man—wild and primeval—rude, uncultivated, revengeful and savage, as well as refined and civilized—is here depicted with a fidelity and power which have seldom been exceeded. In several of his minor poems, but more especially in "Frontenac," the untamed and untamable red warriors of the wilderness pass before us, as they battled with the swiftly advancing tide of conquest which was destined to sweep them from their boundless forest domain. With the restricted space at our disposal, we are unable to do more than merely to glance at this large portion of Mr. Street's labors. It is not so much in the conception, or in the management of the plot, or in the grouping of its accessories, that the "Metrical Romance," based upon the futile attack of the French in Canada upon the Great Confederacy of the Iroquois,

deserves our admiration, as in the beauty of the descriptive sketches of scenery and the striking delineation of character with which the volume abounds. We apprehend that few readers of romance, metrical or prosaic, would recur over and over again to the pages of "Frontenac" as they do to those of Marmion, Rokeby, and the Lay of the Last Minstrel, for the deep and sustained interest of the story and the picturesque and artistical arrangement of the details. But no one who can appreciate genuine poetry, warm from the heart of genius and abounding with life-like portraiture of man and nature, the majestic and fierce chieftains of the indomitable tribes of the forest, and the sweet influence of rural scenery, will fail to perceive the charm of Mr. Street's descriptions. Take, for instance, this picture of forest life in the opening canto :

" The green and sun-streaked glade was rife
With sights and sounds of forest life.
A robin in a bush was singing,
A flicker rattled on a tree ;
In liquid, life-like tones round ringing
A thrasher piped its melody ;
Crouching and leaping with pointed ear
From thicket to thicket a rabbit sped,
And on the short, delicate grass a deer
Brushing the insects from off him sped."

* * * * *

" Over the glade the laden bee
Darted straight forward to its tree ;
Each bird low twittered on its perch ;
The night-hawk flew in jarring search ;
The crow flapped o'er in solemn croak ;
The frog its clamorous piping woke ;
The wolf drew out his plaintive howl ;
Shouted, in pauses brief, the owl ;
Her wail set up the whippoorwill ;
The tree-toad swelled its hollow trill ;
The fire-flies shod in thickening flight
Their gold-green intermittent light,
Until the gray and glimmering haze
With fairy meteors seemed ablaze."

We cannot refrain from quoting one more characteristic sketch of forest scenery, as an illustration of Mr. Street's unrivalled power of minute and accurate description :

" THE WILDERNESS.

" Innumerable vistas far
Extended, myriad trunks between,
Eye-tangling and irregular,
Till closed by hillock or ravine.
Trees, trees, a verdant world, were round,
Strait, crooked, slant, each seeking light ;
With some all splintered, bare, and white,
Telling the lightning's blasting bound.

And now and then was seen a path
Of prostrate trunks in chaos cast,
With upturned roots, dark circles vast,
Signs of the fierce tornado's wrath."

"Pines met the eye, all tasselled o'er,
Hemlocks that fringy cones upbore;
Oaks with their scalloped verdure; beeches
Whose moss the northward pathway teaches;
Poplars, light-hued and sensitive,
To every air-breath all alive;
Maples their red-stemmed foliage flickering
To downiest winds like streamlets bickering;
Striped dog-woods, birches sweet, that stood
The incense-bearers of the wood;
Grim lurching firs and laurels green,
Showing the swamp's wet, clustered scene."

"Through this gigantic roof, the light
Here, made some natural opening bright;
Here, down a narrow vista swept;
Here, underneath dense thickets crept;
Here, broken, struggling being found,
Sprinkled like fire flies on the ground,
But scarce these colors few the way
Broke of the general hue of gray,
That filled, subdued and soft, the air,
Making a solemn twilight there."

"This glorious sylvan scene showed rife
Each stage of vegetable life.
The downy sprout, the ground-bird trod
Elastic to the downy sod;
The sapling with faint verdure crowned,
Low bending to the squirrel's bound;
The tree, that, towering strong and high,
Spread its green standard to the sky;
Then, the dead top with lichens dressed;
Then, the dark hollow in the breast;
At last the dead prone log, with moss
Flung like a shroud, its form across."

The description of the Cataract of Niagara and the apostrophe in the sixth canto to "Cayuga Lake;" the "Strawberry Dance" in the same canto; the "Moccasin Print" and the "Night Watch" in the eighth; and "The Battle," "The Torture," "The Defiance," "The Death," and the solemn and mournful "Mass for the Dead," in the concluding canto, are each fine specimens in widely differing veins of the author's peculiar power of "word-painting"—presenting so many separate pictures every detail of which is carefully elaborated, and the varying lights and shadows admirably intermingled.

But we must close. It will be seen that while we cordially concur with his foreign and many of his most appreciative American critics in awarding to Mr. Street the palm of true poetical genius of a high order,

we deem his chief element of power to consist in his passionate love of nature, and his unequalled ability faithfully and accurately to observe its varied phases of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, and vividly and clearly to express in melodious numbers, his minutest perceptions, at the same time clothing them in the rich hues of the imagination and coloring them with the most graceful tints of fancy. He has not, as we have already intimated, the thoughtfulness or the deep philosophy of Wordsworth, nor the grandeur, or sublimity of Coleridge, nor the exuberant fancy of Shelley, nor the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Keats; nor will the vibrations of his poetry ever thrill the popular heart as do those of Tennyson, Bryant, and Longfellow. As a *descriptive poet* he has no superior. No modern painter of the "Pre-Raphael" school could even desire for his study more graphic, minute, or comprehensive sketches than abound in his descriptions of animate and inanimate nature. When, as is not unfrequently the case, he attempts to soar into the higher regions of the imagination, his wings soon flag and he seems conscious of an uncongenial element. When he endeavors, with high-sounding words, to moralize over the imperfections of humanity or to enlist our sympathies with its varied scenes of suffering and wretchedness, he beats the air with vapid commonplaces, and is manifestly going over a prescribed task, which he feels others of far inferior ability could much more successfully perform.

Many of his lyrical ballads, and patriotic odes, and legendary tales have the true ring and are well deserving the popularity they have obtained. But even here he fails to do full justice to his powers. It is only when he treads firmly upon the green sward of his native earth and inhales its beauty and fragrance; when he climbs its rugged mountains and plunges into its wild and ragged gorges, and glides upon its placid streams, and penetrates its pathless wildernesses; when he listens to the music of its birds, the chattering and chirping of its tiny inhabitants, and explores the secluded haunts of its more savage inmates; or when he revels in luxuriant idleness in the "glory of the grass and splendor of the flower"—it is only when surrounded by these elements of his beloved "NATURE, the emblem of Omnipotence," that he puts forth all his powers and "soars into the highest heaven of invention." It is only there that he "walks gowned" with "his garland and singing robes about him." And it is there that we most love to follow him and listen to the music of his lyre. However far he may, at times, wander from these his favorite haunts in search of other fields in which to plume the wings of his imagination and disport his fancy, we feel assured he will speedily return and reawaken the echoes of his "wood notes wild."

Early and Late Papers hitherto uncollected. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. 12mo, pp. 407. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

HAVING been informed that Mr. Longfellow's translation of Dante had been issued, we have gone to hunt it up among the new books of Ticknor & Fields; but instead of the *Inferno* or the *Purgatorio*, we have found Thackeray's "Early and Late Papers." We should undoubtedly have preferred Dante to Thackeray; at the same time we have quite a predilection for the author of "Pendennis." Thackeray had honesty and courage as well as talent, and few modern novelists possessed higher culture or a more extensive acquaintance with general literature—qualifications which have enabled him to use his talents to the best advantage.

The papers contained in this volume are not to be numbered among his best efforts. Yet there are none of them unworthy of him. Some are very good; they are marked with his peculiar humor; but all will be read with avidity by his admirers. Indeed, had we known nothing of the author, the fact that they have been collected by Mr. James T. Fields, who is an author himself as well as a man of taste, would have strongly prepossessed us in their favour. We would have regarded them at least as worth reading. To this we need only add that the papers which are most characteristic of Thackeray, and at the same time most interesting are those entitled "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," "Picture Gossip," "The Notch on the Axe," and "John Leech's Pictures of Life and Character." These are more or less illustrative of all the qualities, both intellectual and moral, which distinguished Thackeray from his contemporaries.

Our readers need not fear, however, that we will forget Dante. We mean to give the best account we can in our next number of the manner in which the author of "Hiawatha" interprets the *Inferno*.

Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature. A Mixture of Excerpts, Curious, Humorous, and Instructive. Collated by C. C. BOMBAUGH. A. M., M. D. 12mo, pp. 548. Baltimore: T. Newton Kurtz. 1867.

WE have here a really honest book. Those who expect the most from its title will be agreeably surprised at its multifarious contents rather than disappointed at not finding so much as they had expected. The compiler is not merely one who has read much; he exhibits taste and discrimination in his selections. Had he called his well-filled volume "Curiosities of Literature" instead of the more unpretending title of "Gleanings," no one capable of judging, and willing to encourage intelligent, extensive, and successful research for the amusement and instruction of the public would have accused him of setting too high a value on his labors.

Most of the typography being small, though remarkably clear and

legible, an incredible amount of curious and instructive matter, the most heterogenous in its character, is compressed into this handsome volume, which we most cordially recommend to all who have any curiosity to take an occasional saunter through the by-ways of literature.

SCIENCE AND HISTORY.

Twelve Lectures on the Connection between Science and Revealed Religion
Delivered in Rome by the late CARDINAL WISEMAN. New edition
Dublin: 1866.

WE do not pretend to take up this work through pious motives, and still less is our purpose sectarian. An esteemed lady friend has expressed a wish that we should call attention to some of the arguments adduced by the Cardinal in proof of the unity of the human race, fearing lest some recent lectures by an eminent naturalist, favouring the theory of plurality, might injuriously conflict with the Christian principle of universal brotherhood. It always affords us pleasure to comply, as far as possible, with the suggestions of those who combine modesty with superior intelligence; and in the present instance we have an additional inducement in the intrinsic merits of the work to which our attention has so courteously been called. Did we set aside the book because it is the production of a dignitary of a church to which we do not belong, we should despise ourselves. Far from doing so, we are so deeply impressed with what cardinals have done for literature and science, both by their own pens and by their generous patronage, we confess that the name would rather attract us, and lead us to expect something that is superior. Cardinal Wiseman is pre-eminently one of this character; and it has been our privilege to have heard two of these very lectures from his own eloquent lips; nor shall we ever forget the deep impression which they made especially on the Protestant portion of the large and intelligent audiences which his Eminence was always sure to attract wherever he spoke.

As the late Cardinal is but little known in this country, it may be well to make a remark or two relative to his early life and the manner in which he attained the distinguished position which he had occupied for some years before his death. Nicholas Patrick Etienne Wiseman was born at Seville, Spain, of Irish parents, August 2, 1802. His father, who was a respectable merchant, that travelled a good deal, liked England so well that he settled in that country, and thus it was that young Nicholas Patrick, or Patrick, as he was more generally called at this time, learned

his "humanities" at a private school near Durham. From this he was sent to the English college at Rome, which he entered in 1818. In 1824, he was ordained a priest, and received the degree of D. D. In the meantime, he had made remarkable progress in the Oriental languages, including the Arabic and Persian, as well as the Hebrew and Syriac; accordingly, only three years had elapsed from the time he got his Doctor's degree until he was appointed Professor of Oriental literature in the Roman University, and at the same time made Sub-rector of the college in which he had been but recently a student.

Much as he had now to occupy his attention, he pursued his literary studies with more ardor than ever; this is sufficiently proved by the fact that he was but one year in his new position when he published the first volume of his *Horæ Syriacæ, seu Commentationes et anecdota res vel litteras syriacas spectantia*; a work which has elicited the praise of the most eminent Orientalists of Europe. But a new career was now opening before him. The emancipation of the Catholics in England suggested to him that he could render some service to the church, which had been so long oppressed in that country. As his superiors readily concurred in his views, he visited England as soon as possible; and the Anglican clergy of all grades were surprised to see a young priest come directly from Rome and offer to enter the lists with the most erudite and learned of them, asking no other weapons than those which they represented as utterly proscribed by the Church of Rome—namely, reason and free discussion. Although many Protestants came to hear his sermons, he knew that, in order to influence the Protestant mind to any considerable extent, he must not confine himself to sermons from the altar, and accordingly he delivered a series of public lectures in 1836, which were published the following year in two octavo volumes, entitled "Lectures on the Principal Doctrines and Practices of the Catholic Church." These lectures attracted considerable attention among all classes; several Anglican divines, including Dr. Taunton, Bishop of Ely, undertook to refute the arguments of Father Wiseman. Some indulged in abuse instead of argument, and they were aided in that mode of reasoning by some of the leading newspapers of the day. But Wiseman was neither timid nor vindictive; but manly, frank, and generous—qualities which no people appreciate more highly than the English. Thus it was that many of those who had been most ferocious in their assaults upon him at the beginning soon became sincerely attached to him as friends.

It is not strange, then, that even the universities were influenced by his lectures; for it is beyond doubt that the Oxford "Tracts for the Times," especially those from the pen of Dr. Pusey, are to be regarded as but a part of the germinating process of the fruit so quietly but carefully sown by Dr. Wiseman. Nor did the Pope fail to perceive the great influence he was exercising; and he readily availed himself of it by

increasing the number of English Catholic bishops from four to eight. One of the sees thus formed was tendered to Father Wiseman as a just recognition of the valuable services he had rendered the church, but, with characteristic generosity, he requested to be placed in the subordinate position of coadjutor to Dr. Walsh. His request was granted by the Pope; he was appointed coadjutor in 1840, with the title of Bishop of Melipotamos. His duties were now largely increased, but they were not sufficient for so active a mind as his. He is conscious of his ability to use his pen as well as his tongue; and in order to do so with most effect, he founds the *Dublin Review*, and makes it beyond all comparison the ablest Catholic periodical in the world. Some of his numerous contributions to this journal were republished in an octavo volume in 1853, under the modest title of "Essays on Various Subjects;" and while writing them he had undertaken the additional duties of Rector of the College of St. Mary of Ascot. In 1849 he succeeded Dr. Walsh as Vicar Apostolic, and the following year Pius IX. issued a rescript declaring the ancient Catholic hierarchy re-established in England; and the same document raised Dr. Wiseman to the dignities of Archbishop of Westminster and Cardinal.

Much progress as liberal ideas had made in England, these announcements created a profound sensation. Protestants of all denominations were more or less indignant; the indignation of the Presbyterians and Methodists, especially that of the former, knew no bounds. Meetings were held everywhere to denounce pope and popery; and all the newspapers indulged in daily fulminations to the same effect. In short, so intense was the excitement that the government of the day felt called upon to introduce a bill which rendered it a penal offence for Catholics to assume any ecclesiastical titles, and it was passed by a large majority in June, 1851. But the Cardinal was not in the least dismayed, nor did he permit his characteristic equanimity and good humor to be disturbed. Without indulging in any recriminations, he quietly prepared three lectures on the Catholic hierarchy and delivered them to large audiences at St. George's, Southwark; these were fully reported by the leading journals and they had a most powerful effect. Those who hated popery most admitted that there was something sublime in the course of the Cardinal in attempting to stem such a torrent by appealing to the reason and justice of the nation in its own stronghold. All now remembered his exemplary character as a man and a citizen; it was conceded that his English patriotism was beyond question. His learning was then taken into account, and the good he had done for science and literature; so that in a very short time there was a reaction in the public mind which rendered the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill a dead letter.

It is superfluous to say that this was a great triumph; but the Cardinal continued as unassuming, liberal, and conciliatory as ever. Having

secured the esteem of the British nation of all classes by these various means, he visited Ireland in 1858, where his tour through the greater part of the island was a continued ovation, the enthusiasm of the people being greatly increased from day to day by his eloquent addresses. In short, so great was the renown of Cardinal Wiseman, that when the health of Pius IX. became seriously impaired in 1864, he was spoken of throughout the Continent, as well as in England, as in every respect the best qualified of all the cardinals then living to succeed to the chair of St. Peter; but he died in February of the following year universally lamented.

Such is a brief outline of the life and labors of the author of the work which a lady, who is herself a competent judge of literary merit, requests us to notice. To this we need hardly add that the twelve lectures are such as might be expected from a thorough scholar, whose chief object in studying the natural sciences, as well as the Oriental languages, has been to render the knowledge gained from each available to remove all doubts as to the divine origin of Christianity. That they have done much good will be readily believed by any intelligent person who reads them; for, besides being well and eloquently written, they exhibit profound research, presenting interesting and cogent testimony from numerous sources, sacred and profane, in support of the author's views.

The subject of the first two lectures is the Comparative Study of Languages, and it is treated with unquestionable ability. We have two lectures more on the Natural History of the Human Race; two on the Natural Sciences; two on Early History; two on Oriental Literature, and one on Archaeology. There is no work of any value on the history of the human race extant which the Cardinal has not consulted in order to obtain testimony in support of the original unity of mankind. We have ourselves devoted some attention to the subject; and in no work, not excepting that of the learned Prichard, have we found stronger or more ingenious arguments in favor of unity than we do in these Lectures. No one extract we can give will sufficiently illustrate this fact; but the following passage will give those who have not seen the work an idea of the manner in which the Cardinal treats the subject:

"For you will perceive how, on several occasions, besides my principal object of tracing the bearings of scientific researches upon sacred truths, I have endeavoured to call your attention to the light which one pursuit casts upon another. And, so here, I wish you to note how our former inquiries seem to receive striking illustration from these totally different researches, yet so as to confirm still farther the evidence they gave in favour of the inspired narrative. Thus we found that every new step in the comparative study of languages, brought us nearer to a positive demonstration, that mankind were originally one family; and the investigation of the early history of nations, assisted by the observation of their manners, religions, and habits, brings us to precisely the same conclusion. Nor is this confined merely to the members of the same ethnographic family, such as the Ger-

mans and Indians; but Colonel Tod has certainly pointed out such curious coincidences between the origin assigned to their respective nations by the Monguls and Chinese, and the early mythological annals of the Indians, as seem to place us, in the historical investigation of their common origin, much in the same position as the discoveries of Lepsius and others do in respect of the ethnographical inquiry, that is, in the possession of strong probability that families of men, now completely distinguished by different languages, may be shown to have been originally one. In each science, perhaps only one step has been made, but that is so successful as to augur still fuller and more satisfactory discoveries. And if the common origin of these nations can be historically established, we have a strong proof that some great and unknown cause must have acted to give each of them a language so essentially peculiar and distinct.

"Again, by these researches we have it still farther proved that climate or some other cause may change the outward habit and physiognomy of a people. For, taking the learned writer's hypothesis to its full extent, and supposing the race now occupying the Rajasthan to be a northern tribe, who invaded it from the north only 600 years before Christ, indeed to be a portion of that nation which, about the same period, took possession of Jutland, we have it shown how two colonies of the same tribe may, in the course of some centuries, have acquired the most different physical characteristics; the one receiving the fair and xanthous traits of the Dane,—the other, the dusky hue of the Indian. But, if we do not go so far, and only suppose the resemblances of names and manners to be traces of a primeval affinity, we may still draw a similar conclusion, varying only in a comparative vagueness of date, that the Getae of Scythia formed the fairest of the Caucasian race, while those of Hindostan rank among the darkest of Mongul. This reflection, too, will go far to overthrow Heeren's hypothesis of the existence of two different races in the Indian peninsula, discernible at this day by variety of colour, and constituting the Brahman and the inferior castes.

"The complete resemblance between the mythological systems of India, Greece, and Scandinavia, obvious not merely in the characters and attributes of their respective deities, but even in their names and in the minutest circumstances of their legends, is a discovery which belongs to the earlier history of these studies. Sir W. Jones, Wilford, and others, in the last generation, had abundantly established this point. The last mentioned writer also renewed with elaborate care the old hypothesis, that a close affinity existed between the ancient worshippers of the Nile and the Ganges; but, unfortunately, the circumstances I have already detailed regarding him, have cast a damp upon the interest which his researches must have otherwise excited. Colonel Tod has, however, added many interesting points of resemblance to those which we already possessed, between the mythologies of the two countries. I will content myself with alluding to his description of the festival of Gourè, as kept with great solemnity in Mewar, and to the remarks which he has added as a commentary upon it. Here, then, again, we have an accession of strength to those reasons which would lead us to suspect affinity between two nations belonging to different families, according to their philological distribution.

"This growing accumulation of proof in favour of the common origin of nations, drawn from researches which have no natural direction to its discovery, must greatly strengthen our confidence in the usefulness of every study, when reduced to proper harmony with its sister sciences, and made to advance with them at an even pace." (pp. 284-286.)

We have thus given our attention to the learned and excellent work from which this extract is taken, all the more cheerfully because we learn that we are soon to have an American Cardinal, and should be sorry, for the sake of many esteemed Catholic friends, if for no other reason, to

see a narrow-minded person, without learning, ability, or a will of his own, placed in so important a position. Far be it from us to say that there are many Catholic Bishops or Archbishops of this character. We readily admit that, on the contrary, there are very few; that in nine cases out of ten the episcopal appointments of the present Pope have been judiciously and discriminatively made. But we are sure that his Holiness himself would not deny that in the best of times there have been bishops and archbishops—though, perhaps, not more than three or four in all Christendom—who, while they might have done excellent work as curates in some country village, have been an incubus to the Church in their episcopal capacity. Now, what we beg leave to wish is that no such dignitary as this may be made Cardinal for the United States.

It should be remembered that this, as well as England, is a Protestant country, and that our people as well as the English admire talent, frankness, and courage; while they despise the opposite qualities as cordially as any people in the world. We confess that we should rather have his Eminence a little deficient in piety than without intellect; and in this we are sustained by the most intelligent Catholics in this country. Cardinal Wiseman was, indeed, a good Christian; no prelate was more sincerely devoted to the duties of his sacred calling; but he made no pretensions to constant praying; he was none of those who would palm off lugubriousness and timidity for piety; for no one, lay or clerical, was more good-humored or more sociable than he; and certainly no prelate of any country was more gentle or considerate to his reverend subordinates of all grades. The great change which he himself had contributed so much to produce in the popular mind of England, had encouraged several religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods to establish seminaries and other educational institutions in that country. He visited all; encouraged all; but allowed none to control him to the prejudice of any of the rest.

If he showed favours to any, it was to the weaker; to those who had not yet time to establish a reputation or secure a prestige, but who were labouring honestly and intelligently for both. One fraternity took offence at this and made an indirect effort to coerce the Cardinal; but they soon found that this would not do, and had to be content with the credit, not of what others had done ages before they were born, but of what they were doing themselves at the present time, in Great Britain and Ireland. This showed that Cardinal Wiseman was not merely a preacher; it proved that he understood the art of government, and, what was better still, that he acted in strict accordance with the favorite British motto—"Fair play;" and none admired his impartiality in this respect more than the intelligent portion of the Catholics.

We mention these facts because, however trifling they may seem in themselves, they contribute to show what a Cardinal ought to be in a

Protestant country, especially in a great city like London or New York—that is, if the influence which he is to exercise, as the highest representative of the Church, on Protestant as well as Catholic, is to be taken into account in his appointment. At the same time, we hold that there is no need to go beyond the United States to find one who is eminently qualified in every respect for the duties and position of a Cardinal. We are satisfied that the Archbishop of Baltimore, who, we believe, is now at Rome, would give universal satisfaction, were he elevated to that high dignity. Like Wiseman, he is a man of learning and talent; like Wiseman, he is an author and a critic; and, like Wiseman, he is manly and generous, and conciliatory in his manners.

Had Archbishop Hughes survived we should not have desired a better cardinal than he would have made; for he, too, had a will of his own. He allowed no clique, pious or profane, in or out of the Church, to make a tool of him or restrain him from giving merit its due. He was not as learned as Archbishop Spalding, but he had learning enough to distinguish mere smatterers from true scholars, no matter how high-sounding and sanctimonious were their pretensions, and he had the courage and sense of justice to keep them in their place accordingly. Now, if a heretic who knows nothing of theology may have anything to say on the matter, this is the sort of man we want to be Cardinal in New York. We have great respect for the Cardinal's hat; but we hold that the head on which it is to be placed ought to be large enough to fill it. That of his grace of Baltimore has the necessary dimensions, and we beg leave to think, accordingly, that his Holiness could not do better than to appoint him now during his visit to Rome.

SUMMER TRAVEL, FISHING, &C.

The Fifth Annual Report of the Directors of the Erie Railway Company to the Stockholders. New York: 1867.

THERE are facts and statistics in this Report in which the public at large have an interest. It is impossible to read it without being impressed with the magnitude of the institution to which it relates; and yet to realize it in its full extent one must see for himself. Nor is it sufficient to travel on the road from one terminus to another, as well as on its different branches. It is necessary to stop at a dozen stations, and observe the immense freight-trains passing day and night, laden with all the productions of the Western country, and bringing back in return both the necessities and the luxuries of civilization. Looking at one side, we cannot but admire the industry, intelligence, and fertility which can bear so gigantic a drain on their products; turning to the other, we must wonder at the enormous quantities of manufactured goods, foreign and domestic, consumed in the Western States, not to mention teas, sugars, wines, &c. If one only reflects

for a moment he must exclaim: "What an immense business to transport all these, and with such rapidity!"

While thus reflecting, a passenger-train, including some fifty cars, comes rushing through the valley with a velocity that recalls the fabled genii of oriental story, and with a bellowing that would make the roaring of the lion seem tame and commonplace. There is something truly grand in the scenes thus presented in some of those wild, romantic glens on the Erie road which the adjacent mountains cover, towards evening, with their shadows, as with a mighty pall. The huge caravan stops almost at a glance and the stranger instinctively asks: "Whither are these thousands going?" Proverbially populous as the principal countries of Europe are, we see there no such scenes as these constantly occurring. As soon as he can compose his thoughts he looks around from an eminence and contemplates the scenery; almost every variety presents itself; here, woodland, dale, and mountain; there, precipitous rocks and murmuring streams, or, perhaps, the more stately movements of rivers like the Delaware and the Susquehanna. "Ah," exclaims the traveller, "this, indeed, explains the mystery. Every one who can travels through this beautifully romantic and picturesque region, especially in the summer season."

These are no imaginary pictures on our part, for there is not a beautiful or attractive spot from the Susquehanna to the Passaic with which we are not acquainted, or in which we have not spent some pleasant hours. To no other parts of the country equally distant from New York do we go with so much confidence in search of sport, whether the game we seek be trout and pickerel, or quail and woodcock; and if we had only time and space, we could point out to our sport-loving readers the favorite haunts of the finest game we have met in this country. As for gunning, one having a good dog, a good double-barrel, and a good, steady eye, can amuse himself at it at about any secluded spot west of Paterson; although those in search of genuine sport must go as far as Port Jervis, taking the woods there a few miles from the village, on the right bank of the Delaware or on either bank of the Neversink.

As for fishing, we know at least a dozen places where one can enjoy himself at it to his heart's content, and gain strength and weight of muscle at the same time. We do not say that the quantity caught at any of those places is large; but, to us at least, the sport has been greater than if the fish had been much more abundant. This is true, for example, of Sawyer's Creek, two miles from Port Jervis, and Pond Eddy Creek, nine miles from the same village.

There are few stations westward of this until one reaches the Susquehanna, in the vicinity of which there are several streams that contain trout and pickerel. One of the finest trout we have ever tasted, in Europe or America, we caught a year ago in Carr's Rock Creek, fourteen miles from Port Jervis, with a rod we borrowed from a lad in the

neighborhood while waiting an hour for the express train to New York. This good luck induced us to extend our researches on a subsequent occasion, when we went as far as Deposit, one hundred and twenty-six miles from New York, stopping on our way at Lackawaxen, Mast Hope Creek, Cockerton, and Callicoon, and enjoying more or less sport at each.

We mention these facts rather than discuss the dry details of the pamphlet before us, because many of our subscribers (who prefer the wood and the river's bank to the drinking-saloon and the gambling-hall, especially when the mercury is approximating to 90° Fahrenheit in the shade) have asked us our opinion as to the best places to spend a month or two with the view of combining field-sports with the improvement of health.

Several have asked whether we would recommend the northern part of Long Island or the line of the Erie road. This is a question easy enough to propose, but rather delicate to answer. Long Island is undoubtedly a very beautiful place; the vicinity of the sea to most of the villages is a great advantage. But the Island has hardly any streams in which one can enjoy the sport of fishing. What is worse, three-fourths of the country are flat, a large proportion of it is marshy, and several of those villages which are most attractive in other respects suffer considerably from intermittent fevers of different kinds. But the greatest objection of all is the manner in which the Long Island Railroad is managed. The complaints against this are universal. It seems to be the principal object of the company to exact all the money they can from those who have occasion to travel on the road. On no road that ever we have travelled upon in Europe or America are passengers so heavily taxed for their baggage. As an instance of the extortion practised in this way we may mention that last summer we saw two ladies forced to pay \$6.50 cents for their trunks in addition to their fares, for the distance between Hunter's Point and Cutchogue.

Is it any wonder, then, that the general remark is, "Long Island is, indeed, a beautiful place, but we are sick of this hateful monopoly and the Shylocks (Charlicks) who have charge of it." "But their domineering reign won't last long now," remarks another, in the same bitter, indignant spirit. "The new road is already commenced, and when that is finished the Jews may take all they get." In honorable contrast with this sort of management, we find the Erie Company offering a large commutation in one of the documents before us, as an inducement for New Yorkers and others to visit some of the beautiful places above alluded to, or to settle on them permanently. Thus, for example, an excursion ticket taking one to Port Jervis—a distance of 88 miles—and back only costs \$3.10. The rate for three months to the same place is \$41.80; for six months \$74.75, &c., and a similar ratio of reduction is allowed for all the intermediate places. Now, those who inquire about the relative advantages and attractions of the two regions may judge for themselves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Emigrant's Quest; or, "Is it our own Church?" By M. E. BEAUCHAMP. New York: Genl. Prot. Epis. S. S. Union. 1867.

THIS is an unpretending tiny volume; but the author, of whom we have no personal knowledge, could have rendered a much larger work interesting and attractive. The story purports to be that of an English emigrant belonging to the Anglican Church, whom the injustice of an avaricious landlord had forced to abandon the home of his ancestors and emigrate to this country. The unfeeling conduct of the landlord; the grief of the family at having been dispossessed merely because the lease happened to expire; their parting with their friends, &c., are each portrayed by Mr. Beauchamp with considerable pathos.

Having arrived in this country, the emigrant, his wife, and young daughter attend different Episcopal churches in New York; and they naturally compare what they see and hear to what they had been used to in attending church at home. Some of the criticisms thus made are quite piquant; but it must be admitted that in general they are true. Thus, then, in a small, neatly bound volume of only ninety-two pages, which one could put into his vest pocket, we have illustrations of the defects of two systems widely different from each other, but each highly characteristic of England.

The Votary. A Narrative Poem. By JAMES D. HEWETT. 16mo, pp. 123. New York: G. W. Carleton. 1867.

It is but seldom we meet with a new "poem" at the present day that has much poetry in it; but there are really some good passages in this—certainly sufficient to satisfy us that if Mr. Hewett will only exert himself he will produce something that will secure him a respectable niche in the temple of fame. But this exertion must comprehend more than writing; he who would be a poet must read much, as well as reflect and observe much; and this reading and reflection must be of the right kind. We hope the author of "The Votary" is not one of those who say: "Why, the greatest of all poets read nothing—he had nothing to read; he depended wholly on his genius." This, we know, is often said of Homer, but it is not correct. No intelligent person can examine the *Iliad* without feeling convinced that the author was not only an educated person in the ordinary sense of the phrase, but one of superior culture. But were the facts otherwise, it would be very unsafe to infer that because Homer immortalized himself without learning, others may do the same.

By this, however, we do not mean that Mr. Hewett is more deficient in this respect than most of our poets; we think, on the contrary, that his

taste is more refined than that of some whose productions are extensively read. This we could prove had we a little more time to devote to the work than we have at present; as it is, we must confine ourselves to an extract, and this must be brief. In our opinion, the following lines, taken from the opening of the first canto, compare favorably with the general tone of Young's "Night Thoughts:"

"Retiring Eve with beckoning finger signed
To Night, her sister, mantled for her throne,
Who in the East's dim portals waiting stood;
Then, gathering to her breast her shadowy robes,
Withdrew within the russet drapery
Of her august pavilion in the West.
Night paced with soundless feet up to her seat,
And lingering light, before her routed, fled.
Her star-shot veil, flung loose, swept floating far
From her swart brow, and trailed like sable fleece
Round her tenebrious feet; the fair full moon
Glowed in her dusky zone, outshining all
The shivering splendors of her coronet,
Like one resplendent pearl, by her caprice
Set in the girdle of an Orient Queen,
Arrayed in state to hold her evening court.
Her children followed her,—the twain she bore
To silence at one birth,—blue-lidded Sleep."

This is by no means the best passage we could have given from "The Votary," for our object is not to praise, but to do justice, by a fair general specimen. In a word, the poem has considerable merit, and we are sure that many of our readers will thank us for calling their attention to it, even in this hurried way.

The Triumph over Midian. By A. L. O. E., authoress of the "Shepherd of Bethlehem," "Exiles in Babylon," &c., &c. 16mo, pp. 333. New York: Gen. Prot. Episcopal Sunday-school Union and Church Book Society. 1867.

THE authoress of this volume is so well and favorably known to our readers that we need only say that if it is not better than any of her previous works, it is certainly not inferior to the best of them. Its object is "to illustrate the history of Gideon;" and, in order to render the illustration agreeable as well as instructive, we are treated to a story which is not the less interesting for the religious tone that pervades it, and the fine Christian precepts and excellent moral lessons which are so skilfully intertwined with it.

INSURANCE.

1. *Twelfth Annual Report of the Insurance Commissioner of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, January 1, 1867. Part II. Life and Accident Insurance.* p. civ. 88. Boston: 1867.
2. *Recent Insurance Laws, Reports, and other Documents.*

THE large pile of printed matter on Life Insurance now before us affords a cogent and interesting evidence, by itself, of the immense increase of the business. But it shows and promises much more than this, for whatever encourages discussion and presents an inducement to the acquisition of knowledge is not merely utilitarian in its character; it exercises an important influence on civilization. It can no longer be denied that there is really an insurance literature, and that it is rapidly improving in its tone and general character. We cannot give the credit of this to what is called the Insurance Press, although we cheerfully admit that in some instances it is conducted with intelligence and ability. The real secret of the improvement is, that there are very few life companies which have not at least one officer who is capable of discussing the subject in an able manner; indeed, there is not one respectable company who has not this advantage.

Those desiring to engage in the business begin to understand this, and they are preparing themselves accordingly, so that it is no exaggeration to say that in a very short time every office of a Life company worthy of the name may be regarded as an academy in itself. Already we know several that have excellent libraries. They no longer confine themselves to atlases, globes, tables of mortality, gazetteers, reports of insurance superintendents, commissioners, &c. Several have complete mathematical works, treatises on geometry as well as on algebra, essays and dissertations on probabilities, on the influence of climate and other agencies on the duration of life, political economy, &c., &c.

In illustration of the rapid stride that has recently been made in this direction we may mention that we have been accommodated in an insurance office with portions of the works of Laplace, Kepler, and Des Cartes, which were not to be had at our public libraries, or at any book-store in New York or Boston. We do not say that it is strictly necessary for underwriters to study books like these; but we hold that all should have some knowledge of algebra. They certainly should understand the simpler equations; but no actuary is qualified for his business who does not understand quadratic equations as well as the nature of infinite series.*

* It will be remembered that we have spoken on different occasions of the habit on the continent of Europe of having a mathematician, as such, connected with every respectable Life Office. We are glad to see that the plan has been introduced into this country by the Mutual Benefit of Newark. Mr. Grever has done many good, judicious things during the twenty-two years he has been connected with the Mutual Benefit, but nothing more so than this.

But we must not forget that our space is limited, and that now, as well as on former occasions, we have some comments to make and some facts to state; although the experience of the last three months has added but little to those materials from which alone important inferences are to be drawn. By this, however, we mean no disparagement of the Report of the Massachusetts Commissioner, which, in our opinion, is at least as able, also as honest, as any previous document from the same office. If Mr. Sandford is a novice in life insurance, as we are occasionally informed, he is a pretty shrewd one. For our own part, we must confess that we have never been able to perceive the superior brilliancy and skill which, according to some of the insurance journals, have characterized the reports of his immediate predecessor. Perhaps this is caused by prejudice, inasmuch as we had always some difficulty in procuring a copy of Mr. Wright's Report; once or twice we wrote to him for one, but never got it; so that it might as well have been published off in Timbuctoo for aught we could know about it had not some of our insurance friends been so polite and obliging as to send it to us.

Thus far, at least, Mr. Sandford has acted differently; he has promptly sent a copy of the pamphlet before us to our office. But no matter how a publication comes to us, we speak of it as we think it deserves. Now, as on former occasions, insurance friends have voluntarily sent us copies, so that had the new Commissioner failed to send one himself, we should nevertheless have been provided in that way. We mention this because we always suspect that there is something wrong with those who will furnish their performances only to those who are likely to praise them. No one, indeed, can blame Mr. Barnes on this ground; if the Superintendent for New York is in the least averse to publicity, or even to the fullest criticism of his own views and actions, we have never seen any sign of the fact, for he has always promptly and cheerfully sent us his Reports. Sometimes we have criticized him, but far more generally his conduct has elicited our unqualified approbation.

Towards Mr. Sandford we will pursue the same course; when we think he does right we will cheerfully say so; but when we think he does wrong we will also state the fact, though he send us a cart-load of Annual Reports. We do not know how long the new Commissioner has studied life insurance; but he need not have gone beyond his own city to meet with one capable of giving him the best instruction both in theory and practice. Mr. Stevens of the New England Mutual Life is one of the oldest underwriters in America, though comparatively young in years; it is also true of him that no one has spent his time in the business more thoughtfully. Indeed, his mind is fully imbued with the subject, its nature and principles; and what he understands he has the faculty of communicating to others both with tongue and pen. We do not know, or say, that Mr. Stevens is the instructor of Mr. Sandford. We only make these remarks in reply to those who wonder at the

extensive and intimate acquaintance with the insurance business evinced by the new Commissioner in the pamphlet before us.

But, although we have the greatest respect for the general intelligence of Boston, we do not think that any other underwriter of that city is capable of instructing Mr. Sandford. Perhaps, then, he went to Hartford, as the President of the New England Mutual is much more famous abroad than he is at home. In the latter city he could, indeed, have got instructors enough, of the best class, at least half a dozen; men, too, who, like Mr. Stevens, could have helped him to write his report had he been in need of aid in that way. This is true, for example, of Mr. Phelps, of the Connecticut Mutual; Mr. Endors, of the *Ætna Mutual*; and Mr. Fessenden, of the *Phoenix Mutual*. There is not a judicious or forcible remark in the Report before us, from one end to the other, which any of these gentlemen could not have suggested. It is true that if he had sought some lessons in duplicity, or in the art of saying one thing and meaning another quite different, with these, too, he could have been accommodated by Hartford underwriters, although only, we believe, by those who are new and "accidental." But we hold that there is sufficient internal evidence in his Report that he has accepted no tuition from the latter gentlemen. Had he done so, there are certain comments which would not have appeared in his "summing up" as they now do.

In estimating the amount of information contained in Mr. Sandford's Report it is proper to remember, as he reminds us himself, that he did not enter upon the duties of his office until July 1, 1866; this only left him four months of the insurance year to report upon. It is evident that he has been industriously employed during this time. In illustrating the growth of insurance he informs us that there are forty-four (44) life companies now doing business in Massachusetts. Of these only six belong to that State; of the remaining thirty-eight (38) twenty-three belong to the State of New York, seven (7) to the State of Connecticut, &c. Some idea of the growth of the business may be formed from the fact that the total number of companies doing business in Massachusetts in 1858 was only fourteen (14), less than one-third the present total; the amount insured increasing during the same period from 116 millions to 872 millions, very nearly a decuple proportion. In commenting on this increase the Commissioner remarks: "The growth of Life Insurance in this country, surprisingly rapid as it is, is not a false nor unnatural growth. It rests upon a solid foundation of truth and reason." (p. ix.) Further on in the same page he adds, that it is, "in fact, a necessity of American society. Our male population are emphatically a race of producers. The fortunes of a great majority of our families are in the productive brain or hand of the paternal head."

We need hardly remind our readers that we fully concur in these views, for we have held that life insurance flourishes here more than

anywhere else, partly because we have no laws of primogeniture; no privileged class, and partly because our working classes are more intelligent than those of any other country. These are the secrets of the incomes of American companies, which would seem fabulous were they not attested by official reports that are subject by law to the strictest scrutiny. Thus it is that companies like the New York Life, the Equitable, the New Jersey Mutual Benefit, the New England Mutual, Connecticut Mutual, and the Aetna, have revenues which in several instances exceed those of the principal sovereigns of Europe. It is a singular fact, and one which could be true only of this country, that those of the above companies which have the largest piles, legitimately and honorably made by insurance, belong only to fourth or fifth rate cities, namely, Hartford and Newark.

Referring to Life Insurance in its philanthropic aspects, the Commissioner remarks:

"The obligations of the oldest of the companies represented in these Reports, have hardly begun to mature; still they have dispensed within the last eight years over \$21,000,000 to the widow and the fatherless, and are even now causing more than *five millions of dollars* to flow out annually in channels where money comes with a double blessing, and to spots which the head waters of no other system of beneficence are high enough to reach."

Statements of this kind may well seem incredible to those who only give casual attention to the subject, but they do not in the least exaggerate the facts. The sums which we ourselves have known Life underwriters to pay out in one year to widows and orphans would seem fabulous if stated in round numbers. It is almost superfluous to remark that those who pay out such sums must have immense receipts. Thus, for example, the Equitable of this city, which is a comparatively young company, received \$400,000 for policies issued during the month of May alone, the total for the year amounting to not less than \$50,000,000. Turning to the New York Life, we see evidences equally interesting of its rapid accumulation of wealth. Most of our readers remember the large building occupied by Appleton & Co. as a book-store and publishing house, before they removed up-town, and which was burned down a few weeks since. For the site of this the directors of the New York Life have paid \$450,000; and in order to have room for a library and other kindred appurtenances they have paid \$30,000 more for some property in the rear belonging to another party. The building to be erected on this site will, we are informed, be of the most superb description; we have no doubt that it will combine chasteness and elegance with spaciousness, strength, and durability; and what will it cost to erect such a palace at this time?

But some will remark, "Fortunes are made at all kinds of business in New York." Very true; but it is not because these companies belong to New York that they receive and pay out such enormous sums. That they could have done so in New Jersey or Connecticut

by perseveringly using the same means and efforts, is not to be doubted, since, wealthy as they are, there are companies in these comparatively obscure and thinly-populated States which have still larger piles than they. The Mutual Benefit of Newark has \$12,000,000, after paying over \$5,000,000 to the widow and the orphan, and declaring dividends to the amount of \$6,000,000, or more; while the pile of the Connecticut Mutual, after making similar deductions, is nearly, if not quite, \$15,000,000.

Now, here are two "village companies," but what metropolitan companies surpass them? The only one that pretends to do so is that which, with characteristic arrogance, styles itself "the Monarch of Insurance Companies." But if it be the monarch, why does it spend so much of its revenue in issuing circulars for the purpose of disparaging its vassals? Is this monarch-like? Is it honorable? Does it not rather cast suspicion on its own proclamations as to its income, dividends, &c.? But the truth is, we believe, that the receipts of the Connecticut Mutual for the last year exceeded those of the Mutual Life by half a million. Be this as it may, we should certainly think it much safer to insure in either of the "village companies" than in the "monarch." Neither of the former indulges in the habit of paying excessive commissions to brokers, so that it may *seem* to do a larger business than its rivals; still less, we believe, does either pay a percentage to its officers, on business done, in addition to their salaries. Why does not the "monarch" claim honour for this new sort of dividend? Why not proclaim it among its "new features?"

Such is our reply to those who honestly think that the New York companies we have mentioned above as illustrations of the rapid growth of insurance are in a flourishing condition, not on account of the nature of the business in which they are engaged, and the intelligence and industry with which they conduct it; not on account of the faith which the American people have in life insurance; but because they are New York companies; and, with the exception of the amount of assets, there is nothing we have said in favor of the Mutual Benefit and Connecticut Mutual which does not apply with equal force to the New England Mutual, the Aetna, the Phoenix Mutual, and the Charter Oak, each of which also counts its assets by millions, and does so without arrogance or exaggeration.

The faith of Mr. Sandford in the Hartford Accident Companies is evidently not much. He speaks of one as follows:

"Some doubt was felt in regard to the proper mode of stating the condition of the Traveler's, of Hartford. This company, *under the same charter and organization*, does both an Accident and a Life Insurance business, the latter being the more recent, and as yet *much the smaller department*. It is understood that the receipts and expenditures of the two departments are kept distinct; but *there is but one corporation*, and the capital stock and all the assets must be equally

holden for the liabilities of both. In the tables, the net assets of the company in both departments, *excluding* the capital stock in the first table and *including* it in the second, are put down in the *one column*; and the net value of the life policies and the amount required to reinsure the accident policies—in other words, the computed premium reserve in both departments—is put in the other. The amount required for re-insurance in the accident department is, however, *merely the estimate of the company*. The return does not state the amount of risks outstanding, nor the amount of premiums received on them; so that the estimate must pass for what it is worth. No data are furnished for testing its correctness." pp. xc., xci.

The Insurance Commissioner is by no means peculiar in the opinion but too plainly implied by his comments. For some six months past it has seemed to ourselves as well as to others that the Traveler's has not been travelling in the right direction. During this time, especially during the two last months of it, we confess we would not give much for what was "merely the estimate of the company." If we were asked to-day to accept that estimate "for what it was worth," we should have to name a very low figure. We were once quite willing to believe the statements of Mr. Batterson, but in doing so we have learned a useful lesson, although it has cost us somewhat more than we would have been willing to pay for it. Let that pass, however; we will judge the company only by its public acts, and from such testimony as that of the Insurance Commissioner. Nor do we wish any one to accept our judgment any further than it is founded in truth and reason.

We have now before us one of the publications of the company which is entitled "Agent's Manual" and dated August, 1866. Some of the instructions which agents receive in this Manual strike us as rather curious. Everybody knows what fine promises are held out by the Traveler's to all who insure themselves against accidents, no matter of what nature. Those promises have been made so persistently and loudly that several railroad companies in different parts of the country have excluded its agents from their cars as nuisances. We all know what is dinned into the passenger's ears in a hundred forms as he enters the cars, but only a few are aware of what all this talk really means. We will, therefore, allow the company to give their "private tuition" in their own words. Five of the following "Rules" should, in our opinion, be quite enough to open the eyes of the public:

"1. This Company does not insure against *partial disability*; and the compensation is only to be paid when the injury is of so serious a nature as *absolutely* to prevent the insured from attending to business.

"2. Distress of mind, or *bodily pain* as such, *even though the result of accident*, are not subjects for compensation.

"3. ALL injuries entitling the insured to compensation must be caused by some outward or visible means—the result of violence—of which satisfactory proof can be furnished.

"4. An injury totally disabling a policy-holder (having a variety of employments) from one branch of business, but not from another, would be treated as a case of partial disability, and *rejected*.

"5. TOTAL DISABILITY implies absolute physical *incapacity for business*, resulting from personal injuries caused by accident.

"6. Injuries totally disabling the insured from the use of *certain tools*, or any particular description of manual labor, but not sufficiently serious to prevent him from a general supervision of all or any kind of business, are cases of partial disability." (pp. 27, 28.)

Thus one may buy as many accident tickets as he will from Batterson & Co., when an accident happens to him he need expect nothing if he can pay any attention to his business. He will be told, on application, that "bodily pain, as such, *though the result of accident*, entitles him to no compensation," &c. In short, if these rules be not so many quibbles we cannot understand what the latter are. But we will give one other specimen of the instructions given to agents:

"When the agent is allowed to advertise in the local journals, it should be made as *effective* as possible. To this end, he should visit the editor of the journal in which he proposes to advertise, fully explain the plan of insurance—its *charitable and economic* bearings—thoroughly interest him in the enterprise, and, if possible, *insure him*, thus compassing a personal influence by a personal interest. He should also secure a favorable notice of the Company, editorially, on the appearance of the advertisement, and occasionally editorial notices from time to time, subsequently, as when accidents occur in the vicinity, calling the attention of the people to the importance of insuring against them." pp. 14, 15.

In view of the *modi operandi* indicated by these extracts, it is not to be wondered at that the Insurance Commissioner closes his Report by warning the public against accident insurance as follows:

"Accident insurance must be regarded as still in its experimental stage, *both as regards its practical usefulness and its success*. Unless it can thrive without expending on its own machinery two-thirds of all its receipts from premiums, it will neither demonstrate the former nor achieve the latter. Whether it has the elements of stability which pertain to life insurance—of which it claims *with some ingenuity* of reasoning to be the supplement—time will be the best proof. It ought to have full and fair trial in its own chosen field; but until it has found where its soundings and permanent moorings are, it *ought not to claim practical affinity with any other department of insurance*. A company which confines its energies and applies its skill to a single line of insurance, of whatever kind, is not only more likely to succeed, *but more certain to do justice to its several policy-holders*; and any branch of insurance business, which is not of enough magnitude and importance to command the entire abilities and the sole devotion of the responsible officers of a company, is not worth doing at all."

These are facts which none can deny; but they must not be regarded as referring to all accident companies—only to those that deserve them; and we readily admit that the large majority of those now doing business in this country may be ranked in this category. There are three or four in New York whose characters are very much like those of the extinct petroleum companies, whose untimely end we predicted while they pretended to count their capitals by tens of millions.*

We were about to say that there is not a single accident company in which we have the least confidence; on reflection, however, it occurs to us that there is an exception. But it is neither a New York nor a New England company—we mean the North American Life and Accident of Philadelphia;

* *File* article entitled "Uses and Abuses of Petroleum," in *National Quarterly Review* for March, 1865.

although our readers will remember that our estimate of the life underwriters of the Quaker City is by no means high. But we have given our reason for it; we have shown that Life Insurance lags there, not because Philadelphia lacks the necessary intelligence and ability, but because the right class have not hitherto devoted themselves to that profession. The principal officers of the North American Life and Accident would have taken rank anywhere as accomplished underwriters, and accordingly their having their principal office in Philadelphia presents no obstacle to their success. These gentlemen make no noise or bluster; they make no attempt to force their tickets on either steamboat or railroad passengers. Still less do they exhibit their "smartness" when the time arrives for the fulfilment of their engagements by insolently denying that they promised to do this or that. Nor does the company belong to the unfledged brood; for it was chartered as an accident company seven years ago (1860). We have no knowledge of its Secretary further than to know that he is an experienced, intelligent, and popular underwriter; but its President we have known by reputation of old—first, for many years, as one of the principal officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and subsequently as the presiding officer of the North American. Then among the directors of the company are the late General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, and the cashier of the Commercial National Bank; while among those who vouch for its integrity and soundness are men like Mr. William H. Gatzmer President of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company, and Mr. J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These are the reasons of our faith in the North American Life and Accident, and our readers may judge whether they are cogent or not. It was this company we believe that originated the plan of paying all life policies upon the insured attaining the age of eighty, and sooner if death should occur; and with this excellent feature it combines the best of those recently adopted by our most flourishing companies.

Returning to the purely Life Department, it occurs to us as somewhat strange that, inexperienced as Mr. Sandford is said to be by a certain class, he has not a word of approbation to bestow on life companies like the United States, the North America, the Security, the Guardian, and the Universal. If he has the least admiration for any of their boasted "features," we see no evidence of the fact; and had it been otherwise we confess that we should have thought him credulous as well as inexperienced. Nay, we think that the large majority of the intelligent portion of the public would have passed a similar judgment. But those of a different character, when they reason at all on the subject, do so somewhat as follows: "Such and such must be good companies, after all; if they were not, so many would not trust them as they do. See what fine houses their officers have! Look at their diamonds, their carriages, &c., &c. Our readers will remember that we have often sought to undeceive those

who reason in this plausible but erroneous manner. We are glad to find that Mr. Sandford views the subject in the same light. After referring to the pains taken by Massachusetts to prevent frauds, he proceeds as follows :

"Life insurance reverses the laws which govern all other commercial enterprises and investments. In the latter the expenditure comes first and the profits, if any, come afterwards. In the first years of a life insurance company its treasury overflows with the incoming premiums, while its liabilities are postponed for the lifetime of a generation. For more than thirty years it furnishes a constant margin *for plunder or perversion of its funds*, while its ultimate failure, though certain if the opportunity is improved, is still remote. Unless its condition is probed by some decisive test, it exhibits no necessary symptoms of its insolvency until the claims by death *begin to equal or exceed the premium receipts*; and this period will not ordinarily be reached until nearly *forty years from its start*." p. liii.

These are the principles upon which we have been in the habit of judging even the boasted "monarch," and endeavoring to impress upon the public that much more depends upon the character of a company's officers than upon its dividends or its assets, even when both the latter are really as large as they are advertised to be; and that some of the loudest of the boasters are aware of the fact is sufficiently proved by the pains which they take to identify themselves in some manner with charitable and pious societies. Of course nobody would accuse those of "plunder and perversion of funds," no matter what their antecedents may have been, who are so kind and generous as to occupy much of their valuable time in sending the Bible to the Heathen, and raising private funds for the benefit of widows and orphans who had no insurance policy to fall back upon.

This reminds us by contrast of the course pursued by the officers of the Knickerbocker. Instead of making himself hoarse at the Bible House, or anywhere else, sending tracts to the Heathen, Mr. Lyman busies himself in sending tracts to his agents in British America and the German States, as well as throughout the United States; and lest they might not read them as carefully as would be desirable, he makes periodical visits to them. We believe he has but just returned from a tour of this kind throughout the South; we learn that he feels quite as well in his conscience and general health as some of those who pursue the opposite course; and we feel satisfied that the day will come when the most pious of the widows and orphans will say that this is the best sort of piety, after all, at least for an underwriter.

As we are fond of comparisons, we may be excused for the remark that the Secretary of the *Ætna* and the President of the Knickerbocker resemble each other in many particulars. Both are energetic and shrewd; but these are qualities which they possess in common with other underwriters. But how few have so little to say as Mr. Lyman or Mr. Endors? How few make so little fuss? How few can afford to speak so well of their rivals? If both are occasionally envied themselves, that they

cannot help; nor does it seem to disturb their equanimity much, even when this envy assumes an aggressive form. We have recently had an interesting illustration of this in an attack made on the *Ætna Life* by a certain agent, who, in his bewilderment, must have fancied for the moment that he represented the most unprincipled company in this city, instead of one of the most respectable. But a company that has 40,000 patrons to vindicate its integrity can afford to be attacked. We are glad to learn that the person who has been guilty of the indiscretion has been rebuked as he deserved by the company which he represented, or rather misrepresented. It may become a "monarch" very well to act upon the *Macchiavellian* precept, that a sovereign is perfectly justified in making a timely onslaught on his neighbor; but the *New York Life* has far too high a sense of honesty and honor to tolerate such a course. We are much mistaken, therefore, if it does not transpire one day that the aggressor in this case was but a cat's paw in the hands of the party that issued private circulars about the same time abusing the *Connecticut Mutual*; but with no better arguments than "wooden nutmegs," "wooden nutmegs!"

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the *Charter Oak Life* of *Hartford* to speak authoritatively of it from our own knowledge; but no company has a better reputation, and but few have a larger pile of assets or a larger income, the former being nearly three millions, the latter a million and a half. It is a pretty good sign that while it has paid a million to the insured and their heirs it has no lawsuits. Companies like the *United States* would do well to learn from it how it guarantees annual dividends; then, perhaps, their policy-holders would not have reason to grumble, as they do now, that when there are dividends "once in a long while" it is the stockholders that profit most by them. Intelligent and experienced underwriters know better than to pursue this course. Thus, for example, the original charter of the *Globe Mutual* contained a clause which set aside twenty per cent. of its surplus or net profits for the stockholders. But the company has caused the charter to be amended, so that the amount is now "declared to belong to the policy-holders." This is as it should be, and it is creditable to the veteran presiding officer, at whose suggestion and through whose influence the change has been made.

The *Phoenix Mutual* of *Hartford* bids fair to outstrip all rivals in its endowment department. It has always been a popular company, and deservedly so; but the liberal manner in which it is carrying out the endowment plan has considerably increased its popularity at home and abroad. Last year its income was over \$600,000; from present appearances, that for this year will exceed one million. Certain it is, in a word, that there is no other *Phoenix* in this country so worthy of its poetical name.

The quiet, unassuming managers of the *Phoenix* always remind us of

those of the Manhattan. Both are very Quaker-like, not only in saying little and doing much, but also in taking care that their expenses will only bear a certain proportion to their receipts. The Manhattan, whose annual income now amounts to two millions, shows, in a circular to its agents, that its percentage of expenses is less than that of any of twenty-nine companies which it enumerates.

The Continental Life of New York continues to make strides which will soon prove that it is eminently worthy of its name. More than once we have expressed our regret that the Life company which has assumed the name of Washington has been acting rather as the stepfather than the father of the Republic*; but the old Continentals, Washington's soldiers, have now a faithful exponent of their probity and courage in the institution so ably managed by Lawrence, Scribner, and Rogers. There are several new companies on which we are unwilling to make any comments until they have had time to give some proof of their qualifications. But in the meantime we would advise them to take some lessons in underwriting. Nor would we send them to any very old office. That of the National, at the corner of Broadway and Fulton, is as good a school as we could refer them to; for although the company is young, those who manage it are veterans in life insurance, and they give instructions in honesty and straightforwardness as well as in the other various branches of the profession.

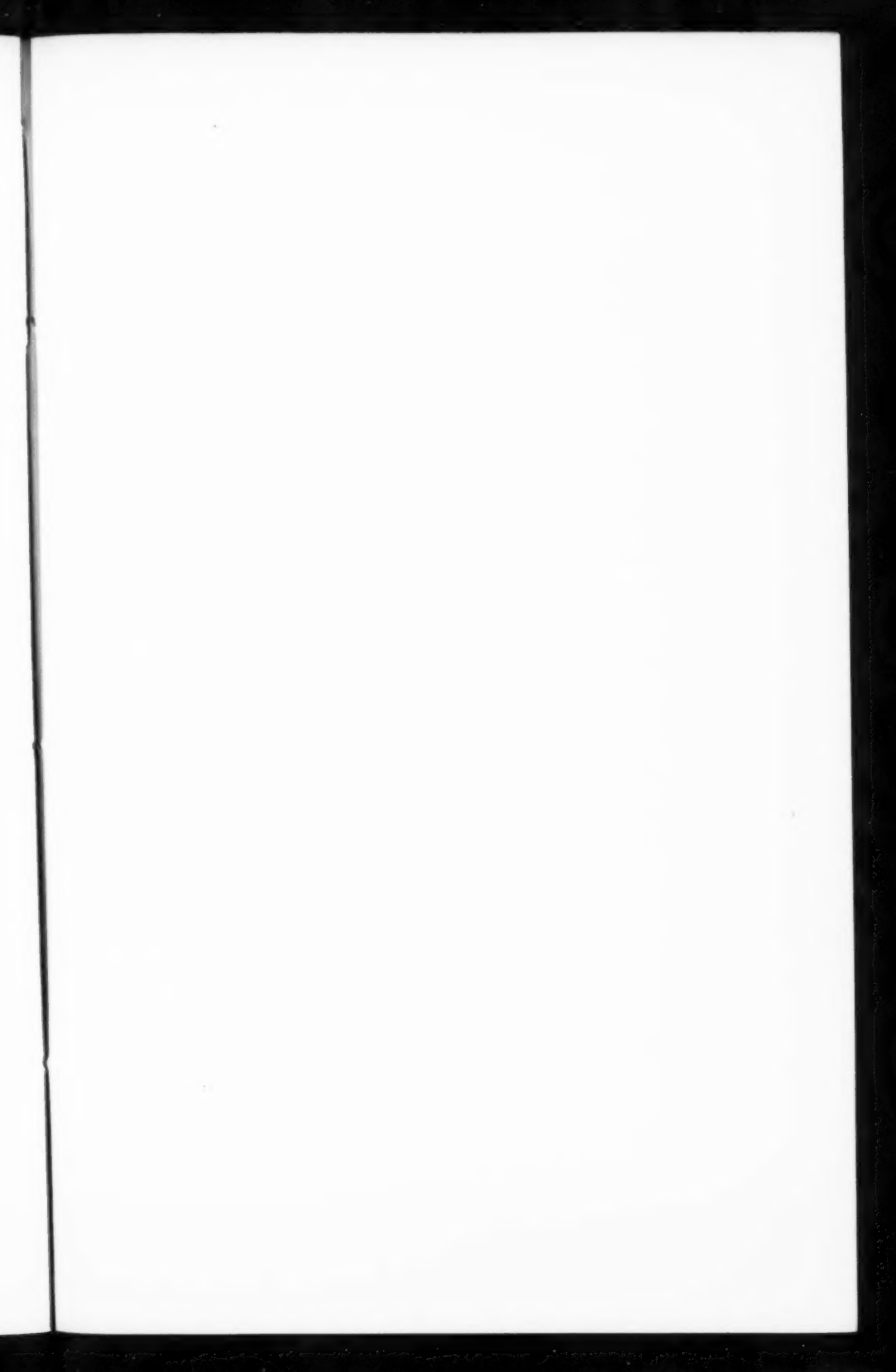
There has not been much change in the Marine or Fire department since our last, but those personages who, like empty vessels used to make the loudest noise, have become wonderfully quiet and modest. They now seem very much in the mood of the pious individual who, when his two legs were broken, thanked God that his thigh was still safe.

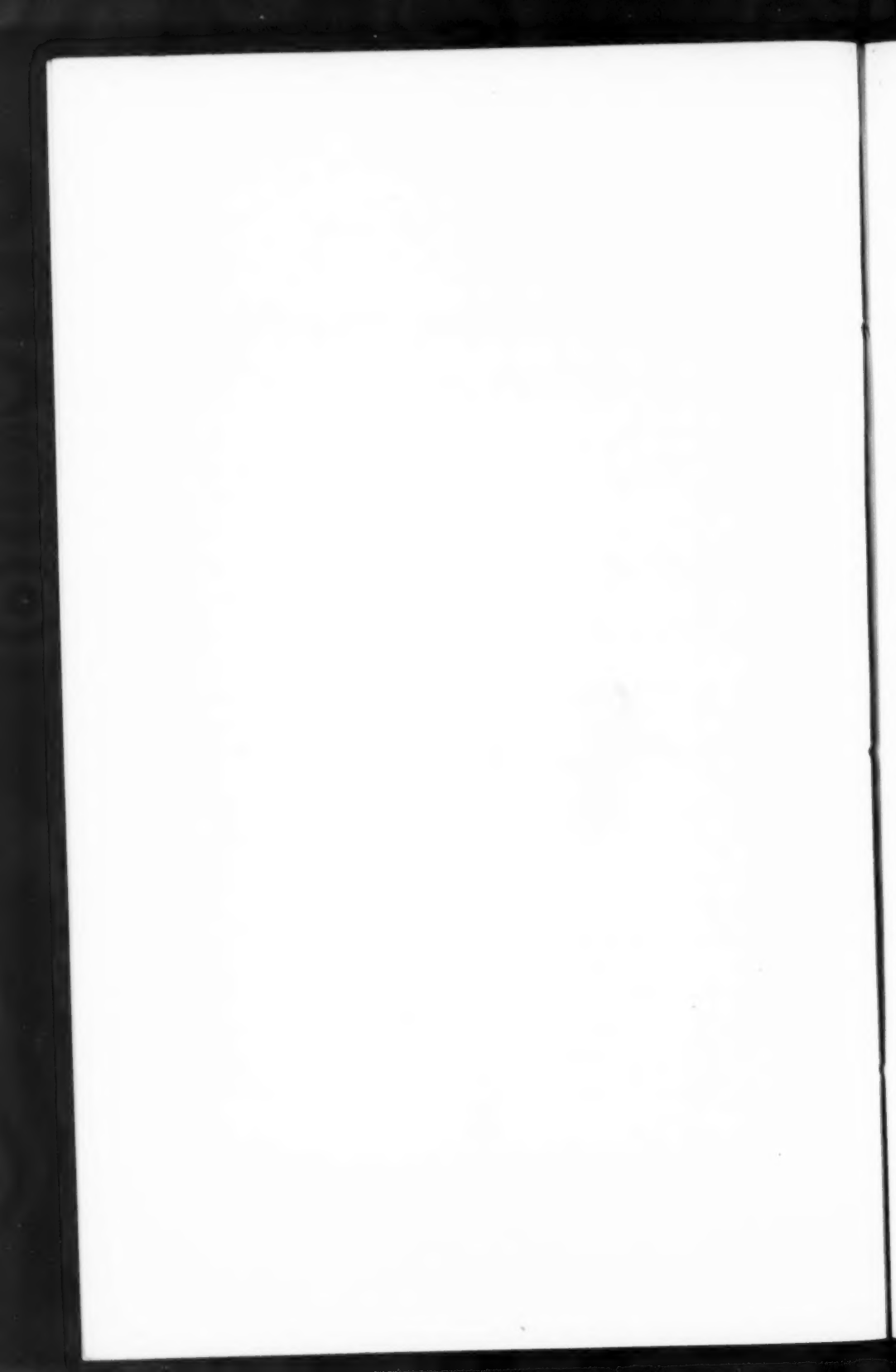
The next excitement after that caused by the bursting of the great insurance bubbles was that occasioned by the objections of several insurance companies to "Jew risks." The Jews were, of course, greatly indignant; and why should they not? They who have always been so much trusted and respected everywhere except in the United States! Yet, the most amusing part of the whole affair was the letter of Mr. C. J. Martin, President of the Home Insurance Company. Such a sample of grammar, logic, and common sense is so rarely seen that it ought to be neatly framed with brass and sent to the Paris Exhibition as a specimen of what an American Fire and Inland President, who boasts of having millions at his command, can do when he gets a pen into his hand. We have, however, learned one fact from this curious epistle; for we had hitherto supposed that the author was himself a Jew.

The Hope Fire has recently had an election of directors, and the first act of the new board at a subsequent meeting was to elect Mr. Jacob Reese, unanimously, as President. Had they done otherwise they would

* The Washington Fire, however, does justice to the Father of his Country in the protection which it always affords in the time of need.

hardly have inspired much public confidence either in their intelligence or sense of justice; for no underwriter is more universally esteemed by our business men than Mr. Reese. The only change that has occurred therefore, in the Hope is the retirement of Mr. Hartshorne from the secretaryship, and the appointment of Mr. James A. Moore, a gentleman well qualified for the position, in his place.





THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 92 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

| | | |
|--------|-----------|-------------|
| ASSETS | - - - - - | \$3,000,000 |
| INCOME | - - - - - | \$2,000,000 |

All the most desirable and popular kinds of LIFE and ENDOWMENT POLICIES issued, and every advantage appertaining to the business granted to Policy-holders.

PURELY MUTUAL.

THE CHARTER OF THIS SOCIETY REQUIRES THAT ALL PROFITS GO TO THE ASSURED.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED ANNUALLY

and applied as cash to the reduction of future premiums. Dividends upon the first year's premium may be applied to reducing the second year's premium, and so on annually thereafter.

Liberality in its dealings and special advantages offered to the assured have secured to the Society a success almost marvellous, certainly never equalled in this country or Europe. In the short space of seven years it has accumulated a fund of over three millions of dollars, and has secured an annual income of over two millions. During the year 1866 alone it assured, by new policies, over thirty millions of dollars, increased its income over one million, and added to its fund more than fourteen hundred thousand dollars.

It is thoroughly established on a solid basis, conducts its business on the CASH PLAN, AND ITS RATIO OF "TOTAL EXPENDITURES" TO "TOTAL CASH INCOME" IS LESS THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY PREVIOUSLY ORGANIZED.

Its Policies *average larger in amount than those of any other company in America*, showing that, for investments, persons elect this Society in preference to any other.

The Funds of the Society can, by law, be invested only in United States or State and City Bonds, and in Bonds and Mortgages on unincumbered Real Estate worth double the amount loaned thereon.

The Assured have the option annually of applying their dividends in any of the FIVE following ways under the rules of the Society:

First—To the permanent increase of the sum assured.

Second—To the increase of the sum assured for one year or a term of years.

Third—To the permanent reduction of the premiums.

Fourth—To the reduction of the premiums for one or more years.

Fifth—To the reduction of the number of years in which premiums are to be paid.

DIVIDENDS WILL HEREAFTER BE DECLARED EVERY YEAR ON THE 1st DAY OF FEBRUARY.

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.

HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.

PROSPECTUS.

THE

NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

A LITERARY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL OF THE FIRST CLASS; EACH NUMBER CONTAINING OVER 200 PAGES.
PUBLISHED IN MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, AND DECEMBER.

This journal has just closed its seventh year with the present (March) number. The liberal increasing patronage extended to us even during the gloomiest period of the late rebellion, and for which we are sincerely grateful, affords us the most gratifying proof that, in subjecting to fearless and searching criticism whatever has a tendency to vitiate the public taste, and exposing charlatanism of all kinds, we enjoy the approbation of the educated and enlightened in all parts of the country.

Nor have we to rely on mere inference. Were we to avail ourselves of private letters emphatically commending our course, we could fill pages with the briefest extracts from those of distinguished men and women, including authors, artists, lawyers, clergymen of different denominations, chancellors and professors of colleges, principals of academies, seminaries, and schools. We assure all who have thus encouraged and aided us that we will exert ourselves more and more in the future to merit their approbation.

While it affords none more pleasure to do justice to the merits of good books, we shall continue to criticise those of the opposite character. A notice in a paper which must necessarily be brief may be more appreciative than the character of the work noticed deserves; and yet it may imply any dishonesty or bad faith on the part of the editor; but if a Quarterly does not make some attempt at separating the wheat from the chaff, but praises every book it notices, it is simply a puffing machine, not a *Review*.

We do not make this remark with the view of depreciating any other journal, or finding fault with the manner in which it is conducted, but simply to show that if our criticisms sometimes seem harsh, it is not because we are actuated by personal feeling against any one. In proof of this our readers will bear us testimony that under no circumstances have we ever made an attack on private character; that if we have denounced men of all grades, we have, in every instance, confined ourselves to their public acts; nor shall we do anything different in the future.

All subjects of public interest will continue to be fully and fearlessly discussed in the *Review*, but without impugning anybody's religious creed, although, as long as we have control of its pages, we shall oppose bigotry and intolerance. Talent and culture will always be welcome to its pages, and as much as possible encouraged.

Education in every form, including art and science, will receive prominent and friendly attention; and whatever seems calculated to retard or vitiate it, whether under the name of a text book, a painting, a seminary, a gallery, or a college, will be subjected to fearless but fair and temperate criticism. In short, no pains or expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion at home and abroad—namely, "*The best of American Reviews*."

Whilst aiming at being cosmopolitan—doing justice as far as possible to what every nationality has contributed to civilization and human progress—the "*NATIONAL REVIEW*" is decidedly American in feeling and sympathies and unalterably attached to our free institutions.

Once more the editor returns his sincere thanks to the daily and weekly press for the cheering words with which it has received every number, from the first to the last issued. Among the more intelligent and respectable class of American journals we do not know a single one that has spoken of our journal in any other terms than those of approbation and encouragement; and never were cheering words more disinterestedly spoken. We are also indebted to several of the ablest journals of Great Britain, France, and British America for very flattering estimates of his labor.

EXTRACTS

From reviews and notices of our last (December, 1866) number by leading journals representing the most opposite opinions both in politics and religion.

Out of eight separate articles here we give highest credit to that upon "Indecent Publications"—the subject being the reprint, in this country, of a volume of very loose verses, entitled "Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads." * * * * * The American publishers, who had reprinted his former books, refused to reproduce it, but another house brought it out, and the severe but justifiable criticism in this Review clearly shows what manner of book this is, thereby greatly serving the cause of morality and religion. —*Philadelphia Press*.

There is also an admirably written review of Swinburne's works, of proper tone and style; and the notices of new books are written in a spirit of fairness which is refreshing when seen in a Northern magazine. We shall make some extracts from these at another time. —*Richmond Examiner*.

"Indecent Publications"—a scathing review of *Laus Veneris*. This Review is always brilliant, fearless, and aggressive, and is one of the most thoroughly American of our periodicals. —*New York Citizen*.

The Acquisition of Knowledge Impeded by our Legislators, a sharp and able attack on the high taxes and other impediments to the cheapness and consequent general publication and circulation of books in our country; Indecent Publications, a very severe review of Swinburne's *Laus Veneris*. —*Cincinnati Gazette*.

It is sufficient to say of the *National* that it fully sustains its well-earned reputation, and that its caustic articles upon insurance are worth twice its price to the underwriters of this country. The manner in which this topic is treated in the present number we commend to the especial consideration of Mr. Morgan. It solves the seeming paradox—at least so far as that gentleman is concerned—that indigestible provender may sometimes become "wholesome wittles." —*Baltimore Underwriter*.

It is rich in stores of learning and criticism. * * * The more we see it the more highly we think of it. —*Cleveland Christian Standard*.

The December number of the *National Quarterly Review* contains an able and instructive article on this subject. We have read it with infinite pleasure, and cannot withhold our highest praise for the fearless and thorough exposure of the motives which could actuate publishers in such flagrant violations of public decency as issuing from their press the abominable tissue of obscenity and dullness to which Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne has given the title "Laus Veneris and other Poems and Ballads." —*Baltimore Catholic Mirror*.

This Review comes to us, as of old, with its well-known marks of interest and power. Its independent position should recommend it to all scholars, who will find in its pages ample food for thought. —*N. Y. Protestant Churchman*.

The seventh article, evidently from the pen of Mr. Sears, is just what we would expect from the high character of the reviewer and the trenchant impartiality of his criticisms. We are glad to find the first review in the country denouncing, in fitting terms, the insult to the American public, which is couched in the issuance of indecent publications. It deserves the gratitude of every man and woman who reverences literature, and who could not, without sorrow, see it degraded into a handmaid of vice. —*N. Y. Metropolitan Record*.

We can commend it to our friends with sincerity as the best source of instruction and entertainment of a high order of literary and practical impulses that we know of at the same or even any cost. We have no personal acquaintance with its able editor, who is also proprietor, nor with his antecedents, but he seems to have launched his own bark at his own hazard, and conscious of his own ability to navigate it, with a studious eye to the good of his readers as the polar star of his individual interests in it. For all this daring we honor him. And to say that his readers have thus far had a satisfactory success in it is what we are sure of; and we hope that the indefatigable editor has found his individual recompense also in labors so well performed for the public advancement in useful knowledge and liberal, tolerant, catholic views. —*Patriot and Advertiser*.

The *National Quarterly* very good humoredly criticises two of the "war" books* which have recently appeared, and takes the opportunity of exposing the ignorance of those who attempt to describe the manners of the Southern people with no better knowledge than they could obtain in the course of a "great march" or hurried "raid." —*Charleston Mercury*.

The seventh article, while condemning Swinburne, denounces his American publisher, Mr. Carleton, as an offender against public morals. The truth is, our critics have confined their attention too closely to authors. The public ought to be warned against the publisher who will issue an immoral book. * * * * * The Review is always sound, moral, and conservative in its principles and teachings. —*The Home Monthly*.

* "The Sanctuary" and "Sunny Back."

1867.

TWENTY-SECOND
ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK

Life Insurance Company,

Nos. 112 and 114 Broadway.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL - - - - \$7,009,092.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

| | |
|---|--------------------------|
| Amount of assets January 1, 1866..... | \$4,881,919 70 |
| Amount of premiums received during 1866..... | \$2,736,062 43 |
| Amount of interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, &c..... | 353,742 04— 3,088,804 47 |
| Total..... | \$7,970,724 17 |

DISBURSEMENTS.

| | |
|---|-------------------------|
| Paid losses by death ... | \$480,197 33 |
| Paid on account of deposit for minors..... | 71 44 |
| Paid for redemption of dividends, annuities, and surrendered and canceled policies..... | 327,838 42 |
| Paid salaries, printing, and office expenses..... | 91,378 96 |
| Paid commissions and agency expenses..... | 230,796 95 |
| Paid for advertising and medical examinations..... | 38,616 62 |
| Paid taxes, Internal Revenue stamps, and law expenses... | 24,007 81— 1,342,907 53 |
| | \$8,727,916 65 |

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.—(CONTINUED.)

ASSETS.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| Cash on hand, in bank, and deposited in the Union Trust Company | \$532,154 79 |
| Invested in United States stocks, cost | 2,399,591 24 |
| (Market value, \$2,523,753.25.) | |
| Invested in New York City Bank stocks, cost | 52,561 50 |
| (Market value, \$57,518.) | |
| Invested in New York State stocks, cost | 791,436 54 |
| (Market value, \$825,800.) | |
| Invested in other stocks, cost | 21,087 50 |
| (Market value, \$31,000.) | |
| Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks | 344,600 00 |
| (Market value, \$381,536.) | |
| Real estate | 115,608 87 |
| (Market value, \$225,000.) | |
| Bonds and mortgages | 402,450 00 |
| Premium notes on existing policies bearing interest | 1,384,821 40 |
| Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to January 1, 1867 | 336,438 89 |
| Accrued interest, not due, to January 1, 1867 | 54,246 25 |
| Accrued rents, not due, to January 1, 1867 | 2,474 32 |
| Premiums on policies in hands of agents and in course of transmission | 289,745 35 |
| | <u>\$3,727,816 65</u> |

The Trustees have declared a return premium as follows: A scrip dividend of FIFTY PER CENT. upon all participating premiums on existing policies which were issued twenty months prior to January 1, 1867, and the redemption of the dividends declared in 1865.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash on and after the first MONDAY in MARCH next on presentation at the home office. Policies subject to notes will be credited with the redemption on the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year 7,236 new policies were issued, insuring \$23,724,338

BALANCE-SHEET OF THE COMPANY JANUARY 1, 1867.

| | |
|---|-----------------------|
| Assets as above, at cost | \$6,727,816 65 |
| Market value | <u>\$7,009,092 25</u> |
| Disposed of as follows | |
| Reserved for losses due subsequent to January 1, 1867 | \$64,291 45 |
| Reserved for reported losses, awaiting proofs, &c. | 49,000 00 |
| Amount reserved for reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest net premium) | 4,979,867 93 |
| Return premium, declared prior to 1864, payable on demand | 93,394 96 |
| Return premium, 1865 [now to be paid] | 331,643 56 |
| Return premium, 1866 [present value] | 422,817 86 |
| Return premium, 1867 [present value] | 597,392 00 |
| Special reserve [not divided] | 191,408 83 |
| Reserve undivided, reckoning securities at market value | <u>447,838 75</u> |
| | <u>\$6,727,816 65</u> |

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.
ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice-President.
WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.
CORNELIUS R. BOGERT, M. D., } Medical Examiners.
GEORGE WILKES, M. D., }
CHARLES WRIGHT, M. D., Assistant Medical Examiner.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY

OF

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

| | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------|--------------------|
| CAPITAL | - - - - - | \$3,000,000 |
| Cash assets over..... | | \$4,000,000 00 |
| Losses paid in forty-seven years..... | | 19,127,410 06 |

LUCIUS J. HENDEE, President.
J. GOODNOW, Secretary.
J. B. BENNETT, General Agent. Branch, 171 Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. A. WILLIAMS, General Agent for New England. Office, Providence, R. I.

CAPT. E. P. DORR, Superintendent Inland Department : Buffalo, N. Y.

Fire and Inland Navigation Policies issued at the Agencies of this Company, on terms adapted to the hazard and consistent with a fair profit.

THE

Putnam Fire Insurance Company

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|---------------------|
| Cash Capital | - - - - - | \$500,000 00 |
| Assets, January 1, 1867 | - - - | 586,562 04 |

DANIEL BUCK, Secretary. **SAMUEL WOODRUFF, President.**
J. S. HOLLINSHEAD, Agent,

No. 4 Pine street, New York.

ÆTNA

Life Insurance Company.

CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS

OVER

\$3,000,000.

Officers and Directors:

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| E. A. Bulkeley, | Leverett Brainard, |
| Austin Dunham, | Robert E. Day, |
| Gurdon W. Russell, | Daniel W. Norton, |
| Timothy M. Allyn, | Thomas K. Brace, |
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E. A. BULKELEY, PRESIDENT.

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Medical Examiner and Consulting Physician.

Pamphlets containing rates of premium and information on the subject of Life Insurance may be obtained at the office of the Company or from any of its Agents.

Agencies of the Company can be obtained by applying at the office either personally or by letter.

CONTENTS OF ALL THE NUMBERS
OF THE
NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.
OF WHICH COPIES CAN BE FURNISHED.

CONTENTS OF NO. IV.

March, 1861.

- I.—Persian Poetry.
- II.—Americanisms.
- III.—Mexican Antiquities.
- V.—Modern Criticisms.
- V.—Popular Botany.

- VI.—The Saracenic Civilization in Spain.
- VII.—Motel's United Netherlands.
- VIII.—The Lessons of Revolutions.
- IX.—Quackery and the Quacked.
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- II.—The Jesuits and their Founder.
- III.—Jeremy Bentham and His Theory of Legislation.
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- VI.—Wills and Will Making. [encec.]
- VII.—Aristotle—His Life, Labors, and Influ-
- VIII.—Carthage and the Carthaginians.
- XI.—Spasmodic Literature—Philip Thaxter
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- III.—Female Education; Good, Bad, and In-
- different.
- IV.—Christopher Martin Wieland.
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- VI.—Bombastic Literature.
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- VII.—Sir Philip Sidney
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| IV.—Character and Destiny of the Negro. | IX.—Notices and Criticisms. |
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| III.—Arabian Civilization, and What We Owe It. | VII.—Sample of Modern Philosophy. |
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| II.—Cuba, its Resources and Destiny. | VII.—Indecent Publications. |
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| II.—Oliver Cromwell, his Character and Government. | VII.—The Sun and its Distance from the Earth. |
| III.—The Temporal Power of the Pope. | VIII.—Insurance, Good, Bad, and Indifferent. |
| IV.—Chatterton and his Works. | IX.—Notices and Criticisms. |
| V.—Poisons and Poisoners. | |

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TO

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

☞ The following list includes only those whose contributions have attracted attention :

| Contributors. | Titles of Articles. |
|--|--|
| ADLER, Dr. G. J., New York..... | William Von Humboldt as a Comparative Philologist. |
| BOYLE, HON. LAWRENCE, New York..... | The Canadas, their Position and Destiny. |
| BURTON, E. L. M.D., LL. D., New York..... | Quackery and the Quacked. |
| BRISTOW, DR. HENRY G., St. Louis, Mo..... | Yellow Fever, &c |
| CHEEVER, HENRY R., Boston, Mass..... | Modern Italian Literature. |
| DENNISON, PROF. HENRY, Glasgow, Scotland..... | The Works of Charles Dickens. |
| GALBRAITH, REV. H. LE POER, Dublin, Ireland..... | Mexican Antiquities. |
| HENZEL, PROF. CARL B., Philadelphia..... | Wills and Will Making. |
| HILL, CLEMENT HUGH, Boston, Mass..... | William Pitt and his Times. |
| HOLLAND, REV. HENRY L., New York..... | Our National Defences. |
| HUDSON, JOSEPH DANA., Portland, Maine..... | Vico's Philosophy of History. |
| HOWARD, EDWARD D. M.D., New York..... | Availability, or Politicians vs. Statesmen. |
| KREGER, A. E., St. Louis, Mo..... | Chatterton and his Works. |
| LIEBER, PROF. JAMES T., Louisville, Ky..... | New Theories, &c., in Natural History. |
| LOYD, PROF. MAX G., Boston, Mass..... | The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. |
| MACKENZIE, DR. R. SHELTON, Philadelphia..... | Lord Palmerston. |
| McCABE, J. B. LL. D., Philadelphia..... | Effects of War and Speculation on Currency. |
| MILLS, REV. HENRY, LL. D., London, England..... | The Saracenic Civilization in Spain. |
| McCLENAHAN, JOHN, New York..... | A Glance at the Turkish Empire, Hungary, Pass. and Present, Berkeley, his Life and Writings, The Union not a League, &c. |
| MEZZOCCHI, E. C. M.D., Boston, Mass..... | Count de Cavour. |
| MORSE, JOHN T., Boston, Mass..... | The Conspiracy of Cataline, Graham of Claverhouse, and the Covenanters, Wallenstein. |
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| PRENDERGAST, THOMAS D., LL. D., London, England..... | Italy, Past and Present. |
| RYAN, PROF. D. J., St. Mary's College, Ky..... | Sir Thomas More and his Times, Sacred Poetry of the Middle Ages. |
| SEARLE, GEO. W., Boston..... | Chief Justice Taney, Edward Everett. |
| SEARS, E. I., LL. D..... | Dante, Torquato Tasso, Camoens and his Translators, James Fenimore Cooper, The Nineteenth Century, The Modern French Drama, Persian Poetry, Modern Criticism, Ancient Civilization of the Hindus, French Romances and American Morals, The Greek Comic Drama—Aristophanes, The Men and Women of Homer, Influence of Music—The Opera, The Poetical Literature of Spain, Vindication of the Celts, Christopher Martin Wieland, Bombastic Literature, Female Education, Good, Bad, and Indifferent, the Chinese Language and Lit- erature, The Comedies of Molière, The Works and Influence of Goethe, The Laws and Ethics of War, Lucretius on the Nature of Things, The Arts and Sciences among the Ancient Egyptians, The Quackery of Insurance Companies, Arabic Language and Literature, Spuri- ousness and Charlatanism of Phrenology, The Insane and their Treatment, Past and Present, &c., Laplace and his Discoveries, The Mexicans and their Revolutions, The Brazilian Empire, Klopstock as a Lyric and Epic Poet, Our Quack Doctors and their Performances, Kepier and his Discoveries, Chemistry—its History, Progress, and Utility, Do the Lower Ani- mals Reason? Spinoza and his Philosophy, Commencements of Colleges, Universities, &c., Pythagoras and his Philosophy, Leibnitz as a Philosopher and Discoverer, Our Presidents and Governors compared to Kings and Petty Princes, Italian Poetry—Aristo, Machiavelli, and his Maxims of Government, The Celtic Druids, Galileo and his Discoveries, Socrates and his Philosophy, Authenticity of Ossian's Poems, Heine and his Works, Napoleon III's Julius Cæsar, Newton and his Discoveries, &c. |
| STUART, PROF. JAMES C., Aberdeen, Scotland..... | The Sciences among the Ancients and Moderns. |
| WOODRUFF, J. B..... | Nashville, Tenn., The Civilizing Forces. |
| WENTWORTH, REV. E. L., Toronto, Canada..... | The works of Miss Evans. |

**CONNECTICUT MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**
OF
HARTFORD, CONN.

Annual Income \$6,500,000
Accumulated Assets January 1, 1867, over . \$13,000,000

Receipts during the year ending, January 1, 1867 :

| | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| Premiums..... | \$5,380,894 13 |
| Interest..... | 1,125,126 74 |
| Total..... | \$6,506,020 87 |

Amount of Losses paid\$928,688 11
Amount of Dividends paid..... 531,458 00

The number of Policies issued during the year ending January 1, 1867, is **13,766**. After payment of the Annual Dividend to the Assured of **SIXTY PER CENT.**, and the payment of all losses during the year, the capital has increased over **Three Millions of Dollars**, being nearly **\$10,000** per day; showing a prosperity unequalled—even in its own previous history. It has now **over Forty Thousand Policy Holders**, and is the largest Company in this country.

The following letter from Bankers who are insured in the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY shows how the promises of the CONNECTICUT MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY are performed :

Troy, October 20, 1866.

Messrs. PECK & HILLMAN, GENERAL AGENTS OF CONN. MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO. :

GENTLEMEN—The undersigned, policy-holders in the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, feel that it is too late in the day for this Company to need any recommendation from us. Yet, in view of the fact that rival companies are jealous of her unparalleled success and are making an effort to disparage her, we take great pleasure in saying that the Connecticut Mutual has done better by us than was promised. Your representations to us have been more than realized. The non-forfeitable feature adopted by your Company—the great economy and prudence in the management of its business—the large dividends annually paid to us, and especially the sixty per cent. dividend paid this year—also the change made by which in the settlement of policies at death, not even a single note comes out of the policy—all combine to increase (if any increase is possible) our confidence in your Company. And we cheerfully recommend it to all desiring to get their lives insured. We would not change our insurance in this for one in any other company.

Respectfully yours,

JARED S. WEED, President Troy Savings Bank.
WILLARD GAY, Cashier National State Bank, Troy.
C. M. WELLINGTON, Cashier Manufacturers' National Bank, Troy.
G. F. SIMS, Cashier Troy City National Bank.
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C. P. WILLIAMS, Cashier National Albany Exchange Bank.
A. WALSH, Cashier National Bank of Lansingburgh.
C. P. HARTT, Cashier Second National Bank, New York.

This Company was organized DECEMBER, 1846, and has been in existence twenty years.

| | |
|---|-----------------|
| During this period it has accumulated a capital of..... | \$13,363,275 11 |
| Has paid losses to the amount of..... | 3,451,456 00 |
| Has paid dividends to its members to the amount of..... | 3,625,919 00 |
| And has now a membership of over..... | 40,000 |

WHY THE CONNECTICUT MUTUAL SHOULD BE PREFERRED.*Because it is the Largest, Safest, Cheapest, Best.*

It has been demonstrated to be

The Great Life Insurance Company of this country.

- I. It has the *largest* number of members.
- II. It has the *largest* amount insured.
- III. It has the *largest* surplus.
- IV. It has the *largest* divisible surplus.
- V. It has the *largest* business.
- VI. It has the *largest* income.
- VII. It has had through its whole history the *smallest* average expenses.
- VIII. It obtains the *largest* average rates of interest on its investments.
- IX. It therefore furnishes insurance at *less cost* than any other company.

All Policies issued by this Company are either non-forfeitable by their terms, or may be converted into those which are so, at the option of the insured.

None but strictly unexceptional risks accepted, and only upon ages between FOURTEEN and SIXTY.

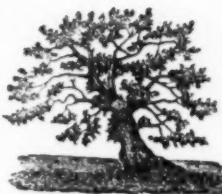
GUY R. PHELPS, President.
W. S. OLMSTED, Secretary.

Z. PRESTON, Vice-President.
L. S. WILCOX, Physician.

JANUARY 1, 1867.

Charter Oak Life Insurance Co.**ASSETS:**

JUNE, 1867,

\$3,200,000.**Annual Income**

OVER

\$2,500,000**Annual Dividends.****DIVIDENDS GUARANTEED****Policies Issued, over 26,000. Losses Paid, \$1,250,000.****Dividends Paid, over \$750,000.**

Those intending to obtain Insurance, are urged to consult our Agents, and examine the merits of this Company.

JAMES C. WALKLEY, Pres.

S. H. WHITE, Sec'y.

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HENRY M. PALMER, Supt. of Agencies.

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This article is a beautiful red or crimson color, and surpassingly brilliant and rich. It is free from sediment, and will not mould, fade, or turn dark by exposure to the air.

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AND BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS AND STATIONERS.

JAY COOKE & CO.,
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AGENTS FOR GOVERNMENT LOANS,

~~~~~  
DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT BONDS, TREASURY NOTES,  
CERTIFICATES, ARMY AND NAVY VOUCHERS,  
COIN, CURRENCY, AND EXCHANGE.

~~~~~  
CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO
COLLECTIONS

Upon the several Departments of the Government, and
prompt returns made.

~~~~~  
In connection with our houses in PHILADELPHIA and WASHINGTON, we have opened  
an office at

**No. 1 NASSAU STREET, Cor. of WALL STREET, NEW YORK.**

The resident partners will be

**Mr. EDWARD DODGE,** late of Clark, Dodge & Co., New York,

**Mr. H. C. FAHNESTOCK,** of our Washington house; and

**Mr. PITT COOKE,** of Sandusky, Ohio.

We shall give particular attention to the purchase and sale of

**GOVERNMENT SECURITIES**

and to orders for purchase and sale of STOCKS, BONDS, and GOLD.

**JAY COOKE & CO.**

---

ROYAL CRYSTAL PALACE

**FAMILY HOTEL,**

**SYDENHAM, near LONDON.**

---

This Hotel has recently been entirely redecorated and greatly enlarged and improved. In all the arrangements especial regard has been had to the comfort of the visitors. The rooms, which have been arranged in suites, with all the requisites of a private house, are capable of accommodating families whose establishments may demand an extensive or limited range of apartments. The Hotel is situate within five minutes walk of the Railway Station (Crystal Palace), and is divided from the Crystal Palace by the high road only. Immediate access is thus obtained to the Palace, and both the West End and City are within fifteen minutes' ride. The garden is perfectly secluded, and commands uninterrupted views of some of the loveliest scenery in England. An elegant Coffee-room for Gentlemen, fitted with every comfort and supplied with every luxury. Cuisine and wines of first-rate quality.

The Lawn Rooms may be engaged for Private Dinner-parties by giving the Manager one or two days' notice; and during the summer months a liberal Table d'Hôte will be provided daily, at 2 P.M., at 3s. 6d. each, and at 6.30 with Dessert, at 6s. each, attendance included.

---

**FRENCH AND GERMAN SPOKEN.**

# SECURITY INSURANCE COMPANY

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, 119 BROADWAY.

Capital and Surplus - - - - \$1,421,325 39

## CONDITION JANUARY 1, 1867.

|                                                                               |             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Amount of Cash on hand and in bank.....                                       | \$28,272 94 |
| "    "    in hands of agents and in course of transmission.....               | 151,773 89  |
| Government Stocks.....                                                        | 281,562 50  |
| Other Stocks owned by the Company. Market value.....                          | 99,810 00   |
| Loans on Bonds and Mortgages.....                                             | 498,184 00  |
| Loans on United States Stocks and Bonds, payable on demand.....               | 106,300 00  |
| Other property, miscellaneous items.....                                      | 148,888 70  |
| Due for Premiums on Policies issued at Office (Fire, Inland, and Marine)..... | 19,575 06   |
| Bills receivable for Premiums on Marine and Inland Navigation Risks.....      | 54,966 81   |
| Interest accrued on 1st of January, 1867.....                                 | 10,412 17   |
| Salvages on Inland Marine Losses.....                                         | 15,870 12   |
| Claims for Losses on Reinsurance Policies in other Companies.....             | 5,709 20    |

**\$1,421,325 39**

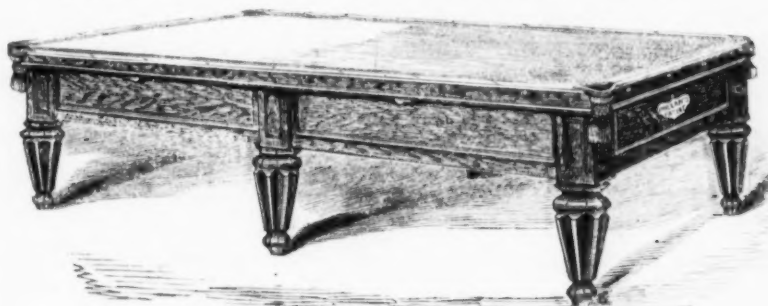
Total amount of Losses, Claims, and Liabilities, \$158,956 99.

Fire and Inland Insurance at reasonable rates. Losses promptly and equitably adjusted.

**A. F. HASTINGS, President.**

**FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.**

## THE STANDARD AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE



### AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1859. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cues, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

**PHELAN & COLLENDER.**

Cor. Crosby and Spring streets New York.

# Continental Life Insurance Company

OF  
NEW YORK.

Office, No. 26 Nassau Street, corner of Cedar.

## DIRECTORS.

JAMES B. COLGATE,  
of Trevor & Gol-  
gate, Bankers.

C. M. DEPEW,  
of Depew & Potter,  
Bankers, late  
Sec'y of State.

M. B. WYNKOOP,  
of Wynkoop & Hal-  
lenbeck, No. 113  
Fulton street.

JUSTUS LAWRENCE,  
President.

G. HILTON SCHIRMER,  
Vice-President.

JOSEPH T. SANDER,  
Merchant, No. 35  
Liberty street.

HENRY C. FISH, D.D.,  
Newark, N. J.



## OFFICERS.

President,

JUSTUS LAWRENCE.

Vice-President,

G. HILTON SCHIRMER

Secretary,

J. P. ROGERS.

Actuary,

R. C. FROST.

Medical Examiner,

E. D. WHEELER, M.D.

## PROFITS OF THE COMPANY ANNUALLY DIVIDED.

One-third of the Premium may Remain unpaid as a Loan.

NO NOTES REQUIRED.

## Policies Non-forfeitable.

Thirty Days' Grace Allowed in Payment of Premiums.

## EACH POLICY-HOLDER HAS A VOICE IN THE ELECTIONS.

After THREE annual payments of premiums, a CASH LOAN may be had equal to four fifths of the value of the policy.

INSURED HAVE THE WIDEST LIBERTY TO TRAVEL WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

No Fee Charged for Medical Examination or Policy.

T H E

# North America Life & Accident INSURANCE COMPANY,

General Office, 432 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

**CAPITAL, - - - \$500,000.**

This Company insures against **DEATH** from any cause, with or without indemnity for **disability** resulting from **accident**.

The rates are exceedingly low, as compared with other companies.

**All Policies are non-forfeitable except for fraud.**

**All Policies payable at death, or 80 years of age.**

The Company is doing business in New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Arkansas and Tennessee;—and persons desiring Life or Accident Insurance, are respectfully referred to our numerous Agents in those States.

L. P. DARLINGTON,

*Secretary.*

LEWIS H. HOUP, T,

*President.*

OFFICE OF THE

HOPE FIRE INSURANCE CO.,

No. 92 BROADWAY.

May 28th, 1867.

At an Election for Directors held at the office of this Company on Monday, 13th inst., the following gentlemen were elected for the ensuing year, viz.:

Henry M. Taber,  
Theo. W. Riley,  
Stephen Cambreleng,  
Robert Schell,  
Jacob Reese,  
Henry S. Leverich,

Joseph Foulke,  
David L. Eigenbrodt,  
Joseph Grafton,  
Frederick Schuchardt,  
Joseph Britton,  
Thos. P. Cummings,

John W. Mercereau,  
William Remsen,  
Stephen Hyatt,  
Amos Robbins,  
William H. Terry,  
Lebbeus B. Ward,

D. Lydig Suydam,

Cyrus H. Loutrel.

And at a subsequent meeting of the Board, Mr. JACOB REESE was unanimously elected President.

JAMES E. MOORE, Secretary.

OFFICE OF HOPE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, }  
92 Broadway, May 24th, 1867. }

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held this day, Mr. JAMES E. MOORE was appointed Secretary in the place of Mr. Charles D. Hartshorne resigned.

JACOB REESE, President.

**HUGH B. JACKSON,**  
**GROCER,**  
**IMPORTER AND DEALER**  
 IN  
**WINES, TEAS, GROCERIES,**  
 FRUITS, SAUCES, CONDIMENTS,  
 TABLE AND HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES, ETC.,  
**192 FIFTH AVENUE.**  
 (Madison Square.)

☞ The partnership hitherto existing under the name of WM. H. JACKSON & Co. has been dissolved by mutual consent, and the business in all its branches is now carried on by the undersigned member of the late firm, who will continue to furnish the best goods at the most moderate prices.

Families may always rely on getting at our store the best Goods, in our line, the American market affords, at reasonable prices

**GOODS DELIVERED FREE IN ANY PART OF THE CITY.**  
**ORDERS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY**  
**ATTENDED TO.**

Our facilities for importation are such that we can afford to sell the best Wines, Brandies, Teas, Fruits, &c., &c., at the lowest rates they can be procured in this country. The following articles are extracted from our extensive catalogue, which will be sent to any address on application.

**Teas.**

Oolong, Souchong, English Breakfast, Congon, Young Hyson, Hyson Imperial, &c., in the usual variety of packages, comprising all grades from medium to finest quality.

**Sugars.**

Stuart's Double Refined Loaf, Crushed, and Ground. Stuart's Refined White A, Yellow B, and Yellow C; Moller & Co's. Patent Cut Loaf, and Granulated, St. Croix, Porto Rico, and New Orleans.

**Coffee.**

Roasted, Ground, or in original packages, Old Mocha, Government Java, Sumatra, St. Domingo, Maracaibo.

**Chocolate, Cocoa, &c.**

French, Vanilla, American, spiced, Baker's No. 1 Chocolate, 1 Cocoa, and No. 1 Cocoa Paste, Baker's Broma, Taylor's Soluble, Cracked Cocoa, Cocoa Shells.

# HUGH B. JACKSON, GROCER.

## Cognac Brandy.

Otard, Dupuy & Co., Jas. Hennessy, Dark & Pale, of various Vintages, in wood or glass;  
Dupuy's White Brandy, for fruits.

## Holland Gin.

Beaver, Stag, Wolfe's Schiedam Schnapps, Charles London Cordial, Old Tom.

## Rum, &c.

Old Jamaica, Old St. Croix, New England, Bay Rum, St. Thomas, Cider Brandy, Peach Brandy,  
Motheglin.

## Pure Old Wines, in Bottles and on Draught.

### Madeira.

Blackburn, Reserve, Southside, Sicily.

### Sherry.

Sierra, Pemartin, Duff, Gordon & Co., &c.

### Port.

Sandeman's, Cockburn's, Queen's.

### Clarets.

Chateaux Margeaux, Chateaux Lafite, Chateaux Latour, Chateaux Leoville, and Beycheville  
in cases; Chateau de Vosegeat, St. Julien, &c., &c., Sauterne, various Brands.

### Champagne.

Of all the different styles, and in the usual packages, pints and quarts. Moet & Chandon's,  
G. H. Mumm & Co.'s, Jules Mumm & Co.'s, Piper's Heidsieck, Ruennart, Pere & Fils, Madame Ve,  
Chiquot's, Sparkling Moselle, Still and Sparkling Catawba.

### Hock.

Johannisberger, Rudesheimer, Sparkling, &c., &c.

### Malt Liquors.

Barclay, Perkins & Co.'s, Brown Stout and Porter, quart and pint bottles, Bass' East India  
ale Ale, quart and pint bottles.

### Foreign Fruits.

Boxes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  Boxes, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  Boxes Raisins in Layers; Boxes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  Boxes, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  Boxes in Bunches,  
White Grapes, French and German Prunes in Glass and Wood, of the first quality, Elmo Figs,  
Sultana Raisins in Drums, Zante Currants, Genoa Citron, Orange and Lemon Peel, Lemons,  
Oranges.

### Nuts and Almonds.

Jordan, Paper, Soft, and Marseilles Shelled Almonds, Grenoble Walnuts, Naples, Pecan Nuts,  
Filberts, Brazil, and Hickory Nuts.

### Preserves.

Citron, Quince, Quince Jelly, Peach, Pineapple, Crab-apple Jelly, Pear, Strawberry, Rasp-  
berry, Blackberry.

### Extracts for Flavoring.

Vanilla, Lemon, Bitter Almond, Orange, Rose, Peach, Ginger, Celery, Nectarine, &c.

### Flavoring Waters.

Peach, Orange, and Rose.

**H. B. JACKSON,**  
No. 192 Fifth avenue (MADISON SQUARE),  
New York.

## NEW BOOKS

JUST ISSUED BY THE

General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union and  
Church Book Society,

762 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

---

|                                          |        |
|------------------------------------------|--------|
| EXPLANATIONS OF THE CHURCH SERVICES..... | \$1 00 |
| FRANZ, THE LITTLE STREET SINGER.....     | 40     |
| THE CHILDREN'S TREASURY, A. L. O. E..... | 90     |
| THE TRIUMPH OVER MIDIAN, do.....         | 1 25   |
| THE HOLIDAY CHAPLET, do.....             | 90     |
| THE EMIGRANT'S QUEST.....                | 40     |
| RACHEL'S EASTER OFFERING.....            | 75     |

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## SUNDAY-SCHOOL TICKETS.

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY THE SOCIETY.

|                                                                   |         |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Picture Reward Cards (small), 100 in package.....                 | 15 cts. |
| Reward Cards, with illustrated borders, 100 in package.....       | 25 "    |
| Scripture Alphabet Tickets, with Pictures.....                    | 5 "     |
| A new series of Reward Tickets for Punctuality, Good Conduct, and |         |
| Good Lessons, on paper, per 100.....                              | 10 "    |
| On Card, per 100.....                                             | 20 "    |

The Society also publishes

THE CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE, Monthly. Three copies to one address,  
per annum, \$1; one copy, 50 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S GUEST, Monthly. Six copies to one address, per  
annum, \$1; one copy, 35 cents.

THE CHILDREN'S GUEST, Semi-Monthly. Three copies to one address,  
per annum \$1; one copy, 70 cents.

The subscriptions to the Periodicals are payable in advance.

The Society now issues about 650 choice Illustrated Books, which, with  
its secondary catalogue of "Books allowed for sale," make a list of over  
1,000 volumes suitable for the Sunday School and Parish Library.

The Society also publishes Catechisms, Scripture Reading Lessons,  
Primers, Class Books, Registers, Reward Tickets and Cards, Tracts, Books  
of Family and Private Devotion, and every requisite for organizing and  
conducting the largest Sunday Schools.

Orders and remittances should be sent to

E. M. DUNCAN, Agent,  
762 Broadway, New York.



MERCANTILE

Mutual Insurance Company,

NO. 35 WALL STREET.

NEW YORK.

ASSETS, January 1, 1867..... \$1,261,349

ORGANIZED, APRIL, 1844.

During the past year this Company has paid to its policy-holders,

IN CASH,

a rebate on premiums, in lieu of scrip, equivalent in value to an average scrip dividend of

TWENTY PER CENT.

Instead of issuing a scrip dividend to dealers, based on the principle that all classes of risks are equally profitable, this Company make such cash abatement or discount from the current rate, when premiums are paid, as the general experience of underwriters will warrant, and the net profits remaining at the close of the year will be divided to the stockholders.

The Company continues to make insurance on Marine and Inland Navigation and Transportation Risks on the most favorable terms, including risks on merchandise of all kinds, Hulls and Freight.

Policies issued making loss payable in Gold or Currency at the OFFICE IN NEW YORK, or in Sterling at the OFFICE of RATHBONE BROS. & CO., in Liverpool.

TRUSTEES:

JAMES FREELAND,  
SAMUEL WILLETS,  
ROBERT L. TAYLOR,  
WILLIAM T. FROST,  
WILLIAM WATT,  
HENRY EYRE,  
CORNELIUS GRINNELL,  
JOSEPH SLAGG,  
JAMES D. FISIL,  
GEORGE W. HENNINGS,  
FRANCIS HATHAWAY,  
AARON L. REID,

ELLWOOD WALTER,  
D. COLDEN MURRAY,  
E. HAYDOCK WHITE,  
N. L. McCREADY,  
DANIEL T. WILLETS,  
L. EDGERTON,  
HENRY R. KUNHARDT,  
JOHN S. WILLIAMS,  
WILLIAM NELSON, JR.,  
CHARLES DIMON,  
A. WILLIAM HAYE,  
HAROLD DOLLNER,

PAUL N. SPOFFORD.

ELLWOOD WALTER, President.

CHARLES NEWCOMB, Vice-President.

C. J. DESPARD, Secretary.

---

## JOHN ARTHUR & CO.,

AGENTS TO THE BRITISH AND AMERICAN EMBASSIES,

### BANK AND EXCHANGE OFFICE,

House, Estate, and General Commission Agents, and Wine Merchants,

10 Rue Castiglione, Paris,

Successor to his Father—Established 30 Years.

Messrs. JOHN ARTHUR & CO. beg to call the attention of the Nobility and Gentry visiting Paris and the Continent to the advantages afforded by the following branches of their Establishment:

### BANK AND EXCHANGE.

Checks on the various Banks of Great Britain cashed on presentation at the highest premium, thus avoiding the inconvenience of carrying Circular and other Notes, the usual Bankers' Commission not being charged. Accounts Current allowed and interest granted on Deposits. Letters of Credit given for India, China, and the Continent. Sales and purchases of public securities effected.

### HOUSE AND ESTATE AGENCY.

Furnished and Unfurnished Houses and apartments of every description procured in Paris, its Environs, or any part of France, without any expense to the Tenant. Estates Bought and Sold. Temporary or other accommodations secured in the best Hotels by advising the Firm

### COMMISSION AGENCY.

Every description of Merchandise, Furniture, Works of Art, Bronzes, &c., obtained at the trade price, thus saving the buyer from 20 to 30 per cent.

### FOREIGN AND FRENCH WINES.

The extensive stock of JOHN ARTHUR & CO., formed during the last thirty years enables them to supply Wines of the finest quality on most moderate charges. Wines in Cask or Bottle forwarded to all parts. Goods Forwarded or Warehoused. Parcels sent daily from Paris to London for three francs and upwards. Letters and parcels may be addressed to the care of the above Firm till called for. No expenses incurred for Agency. All information gratis.

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## JOHN ARTHUR & CO.,

ESTABLISHED THIRTY YEARS,

10. Rue Castiglione. 10.





PROSPECTUS  
FOR 1867.  
— THE —  
NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY EDWARD I. SEARS, A. M., LL. D.

A LITERARY AND CRITICAL JOURNAL OF THE FIRST CLASS; EACH NUMBER CONTAINING OVER 200 PAGES.  
PUBLISHED IN MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER, AND DECEMBER.

This journal has just closed its seventh year with the present (March) number. The liberal increasing patronage extended to us even during the gloomiest period of the late rebellion, and for which we are sincerely grateful, affords us the most gratifying proof that, in subjecting to fearless and searching criticism whatever has a tendency to vitiate the public taste, and exposing charlatanism of all kinds, we enjoy the approbation of the educated and enlightened in all parts of the country.

Nor have we to rely on mere inference. Were we to avail ourselves of private letters emphatically commending our course, we could fill pages with the briefest extracts from those of distinguished men and women, including authors, artists, lawyers, clergymen of different denominations, chancellors and professors of colleges, principals of academies, seminaries, and schools. We assure all who have thus encouraged and aided us that we will exert ourselves more and more in the future to merit their approbation.

While it affords none more pleasure to do justice to the merits of good books, we shall continue to criticise those of the opposite character. A notice in a paper which must necessarily be brief may be more appreciative than the character of the work noticed deserves; and yet ~~not~~ imply any dishonesty or bad faith on the part of the editor; but if a Quarterly does not make some attempt at separating the wheat from the chaff, but praises every book it notices, it is simply a *puffing* machine, not a *Review*.

We do not make this remark with the view of depreciating any other journal, or finding fault with the manner in which it is conducted, but simply to show that if our criticisms sometimes seem harsh, it is not because we are actuated by personal feeling against any one. In proof of this our readers will bear us testimony that under no circumstances have we ever made an attack on private character; that if we have denounced men of all grades, we have, in every instance, confined ourselves to their public acts; nor shall we do anything different in the future.

All subjects of public interest will continue to be fully and fearlessly discussed in the *Review*, but without impugning anybody's religious creed, although, as long as we have control of its pages, we shall oppose bigotry and intolerance. Talent and culture will always be welcome to its pages, and as much as possible encouraged.

Education in every form, including art and science, will receive prominent and friendly attention; and whatever seems calculated to retard or vitiate it, whether under the name of a text-book, a painting, a seminary, a gallery, or a college, will be subjected to fearless but fair and temperate criticism. In short, no pains or expense will be spared to render the work worthy of the character assigned to it by the leading organs of public opinion at home and abroad—namely, "*The best of American Reviews*."

Whilst aiming at being cosmopolitan—doing justice as far as possible to what every nationality has contributed to civilization and human progress—the "*NATIONAL REVIEW*" is decidedly American in feeling and sympathies and unalterably attached to our free institutions.

**To Contributors.**

All articles should be received at least a month before the day of publication.  
Contributions from all parts are equally welcome; they will be accepted or rejected solely according to their merits or demerits, their suitableness or unsuitableness.

**CONTENTS OF No. XXIX.**

**JUNE, 1867.**

- I.—THE ANCIENT PHENICIANS, AND THEIR CIVILIZATION.
- II.—ORNITHOLOGY OF NORTH AMERICA.
- III.—ORIGIN OF ALPHABETIC WRITING.
- IV.—VIRGIL AND HIS NEW TRANSLATOR.
- V.—RELEASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, *vs.* MILITARY DOMINATION.
- VI.—FICHTE AND HIS PHILOSOPHY.
- VII.—WHAT THE POLITICIANS MAKE OF OUR POSTAL SYSTEM.
- VIII.—EULER AND HIS DISCOVERIES.
- IX.—NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

**AGENTS**

FOR THE

**National Quarterly Review.**

**The Review may be had of the following Agents:**

NEW YORK.—New York, Sinclair Tousey, General Agent, 121 Nassau street. Rochester, D. M. Dewey. Buffalo, J. S. Hawks. Troy, S. T. Hoyt.  
CONNECTICUT.—New Haven, J. H. Pease. Hartford, F. A. Brown.  
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Washington, Taylor & Maury.  
ILLINOIS.—Chicago, John R. Walsh.  
KENTUCKY.—Louisville, J. W. Clarke and F. A. Crimp.  
MAINE.—Portland, George R. Dennis & Brother. Augusta, Edward Fenno.  
PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, James K. Simon, 33 South Sixth street, General Agent for Pennsylvania. Pittsburg, Kay & Co.  
BRITISH AMERICA.—Kingston, C. W., T. W. Robinson. Montreal, B. Dawson & Son. Quebec, P. Sinclair. St. Johns, N. B., J. & A. McMillan. Halifax, E. G. Fuller.  
MASSACHUSETTS.—Boston, A. Williams & Co., General Agents for New England; W. V. Spencer, 134 Washington street; John J. Dyer & Co., 35 School street. Springfield Chapin, Birdsever & Co. Lowell, B. C. Sargent.

**SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$5 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.**







1867.

TWENTY-SECOND  
ANNUAL REPORT

OF THE

NEW YORK

Life Insurance Company,

Nos. 112 and 114 Broadway.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL - - - - \$7,009,092.

TWENTY-SECOND ANNUAL REPORT.

|                                                                             |                          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Amount of assets January 1, 1866.....                                       | \$4,881,919 70           |
| Amount of premiums received during 1866.....                                | \$2,736,062 43           |
| Amount of interest received and accrued, including premium on gold, &c..... | 352,742 04— 3,088,804 47 |
| Total .....                                                                 | \$7,970,724 17           |

DISBURSEMENTS.

|                                                                                          |                         |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Paid losses by death .....                                                               | \$480,197 33            |
| Paid on account of deposit for minors.....                                               | 71 44                   |
| Paid for redemption of dividends, annuities, and surrendered and canceled policies ..... | 327,838 42              |
| Paid salaries, printing, and office expenses .....                                       | 91,378 95               |
| Paid commissions and agency expenses.....                                                | 280,796 95              |
| Paid for advertising and medical examinations.....                                       | 38,616 62               |
| Paid taxes, Internal Revenue stamps, and law expenses...                                 | 24,007 81— 1,242,907 53 |
|                                                                                          | \$6,727,816 65          |

## ASSETS.

|                                                                            |                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Cash on hand, in bank and deposited in the Union Trust Company .....       | \$532,154 79          |
| Invested in United States stocks, cost .....                               | 2,390,591 34          |
| (Market value, \$2,523,753.25.)                                            |                       |
| Invested in New York City Bank stocks, cost .....                          | 52,561 50             |
| (Market value, \$57,518.)                                                  |                       |
| Invested in New York State stocks, cost .....                              | 791,436 54            |
| (Market value, \$823,890.)                                                 |                       |
| Invested in other stocks, cost .....                                       | 21,687 50             |
| (Market value, \$31,000.)                                                  |                       |
| Loans on demand, secured by United States and other stocks.....            | 844,600 00            |
| (Market value, \$381,536.)                                                 |                       |
| Real estate .....                                                          | 115,608 87            |
| (Market value, \$225,000.)                                                 |                       |
| Bonds and mortgages .....                                                  | 402,450 00            |
| Premium notes on existing policies bearing interest.....                   | 1,384,821 40          |
| Quarterly and semi-annual premiums due subsequent to January 1, 1867 ..... | 336,438 89            |
| Accrued interest, not due, to January 1, 1867.....                         | 54,346 25             |
| Accrued rents, not due, to January 1, 1867 .....                           | 2,474 32              |
| Premiums on policies in hands of agents and in course of transmission..... | 289,745 85            |
|                                                                            | <b>\$3,727,816 65</b> |

The Trustees have declared a return premium as follows: A scrip dividend of FIFTY PER CENT. upon all participating premiums on existing policies which were issued twelve months prior to January 1, 1867, and the redemption of the dividends declared in 1865.

Certificates will be redeemed in cash on and after the first MONDAY in MARCH next on presentation at the home office. Policies subject to notes will be credited with the redemption on the settlement of next premium.

By order of the Board.

WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

During the year 7,296 new policies were issued, insuring \$22,734,308

## BALANCE-SHEET OF THE COMPANY JANUARY 1, 1867.

|                                                                                                                |                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Assets as above, at cost .....                                                                                 | \$3,727,816 65        |
| Market value .....                                                                                             | \$7,009,092 25        |
| Disposed of as follows .....                                                                                   |                       |
| Reserved for losses due subsequent to January 1, 1867.....                                                     | \$64,291 45           |
| Reserved for reported losses, awaiting proofs, &c. ....                                                        | 40,000 00             |
| Amount reserved for reinsurance on all existing policies (valuations at 4 per cent. interest net premium)..... | 4,979,867 99          |
| Return premium, declared prior to 1864, payable on demand,                                                     | 93,591 96             |
| Return premium, 1865 (now to be paid).....                                                                     | 331,643 56            |
| Return premium, 1866 (present value).....                                                                      | 422,817 86            |
| Return premium, 1867 (present value).....                                                                      | 597,392 00            |
| Special reserve (not divided).....                                                                             | 191,408 83            |
|                                                                                                                | <b>\$6,727,816 65</b> |
| Reserve undivided, reckoning securities at market value..                                                      | 1472,898 75           |

MORRIS FRANKLIN, President.  
ISAAC C. KENDALL, Vice-President.  
WILLIAM H. BEERS, Actuary.

THEODORE M. BANTA, Cashier.  
CORNELIUS R. BOGERT, M. D., } Medical Examiners.  
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